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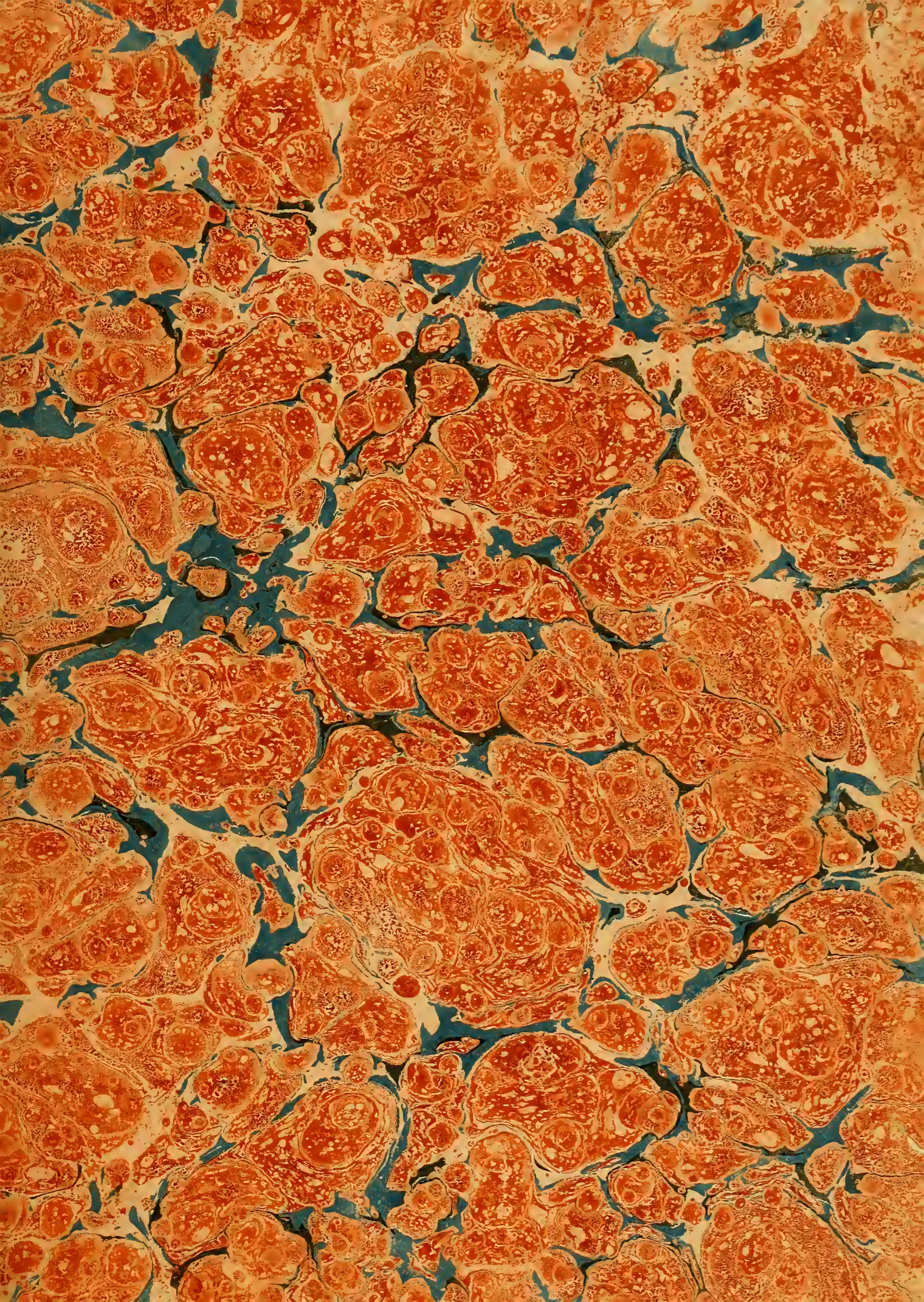

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THE

WORKS

OF THE LATE

RIGHT HONORABLE

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;

VOLUME the FOURTH.

With a Complete INDEX.

BIRMINGHAM:

Printed by JOHN BASKERVILLE, for J. and R. TONSON,

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N° 507. *Saturday, October* 11. 1712.

Defendit numerus, junctæque umbone phalanges. Juv.

THERE is ſomething very ſublime, though very fanciful in *Plato*'s deſcription of the ſupreme Being, That *Truth is his body, and Light his ſhadow.* According to this definition, there is nothing ſo contradictory to his nature, as error and falſehood. The Platoniſts have ſo juſt a notion of the Almighty's averſion to every thing that is falſe and erroneous, that they looked upon *Truth* as no leſs neceſſary than *Virtue*, to qualify a human Soul for the enjoyment of a ſeparate ſtate. For this reaſon, as they recommended moral duties to qualify and ſeaſon the will, for a future life, ſo they preſcribed ſeveral contemplations and ſciences to rectify the underſtanding. Thus *Plato* has called mathematical demonſtrations the Cathartics or purgatives of the Soul, as being the moſt proper means to cleanſe it from error, and to give it a reliſh of truth; which is the natural food and nouriſhment of the underſtanding, as virtue is the perfection and happineſs of the will.

There are many Authors who have ſhewn wherein the malignity of a *Lie* conſiſts, and ſet forth in proper colors, the heniouſneſs of the offence. I ſhall here conſider one particular kind of this crime, which has not been ſo much ſpoken to; I mean the abominable practice of *Party-Lying*. This vice is ſo very predominant among us at preſent, that a man is thought of no principles, who does not propagate a certain ſyſtem of Lies. The coffee-houſes are ſupported by them, the preſs is choked with them, eminent Authors live upon them. Our bottle-converſation is ſo infected with them, that a Party-lie is grown as faſhionable an entertainment, as a lively catch or a merry ſtory: the truth of it is, half the great talkers in the nation would be ſtruck dumb, were this fountain of diſcourſe dried up. There is however one advantage reſulting from this deteſtable practice; the very appearances of truth are ſo little regarded, that lies are at preſent diſcharged in the air, and begin to hurt no body. When we hear a party-ſtory from a ſtranger, we conſider whether he is a Whig or a Tory that relates it, and immediately conclude they are words of courſe, in which the honeſt Gentleman deſigns to recommend his zeal, without any concern for his veracity. A man is looked upon as bereft of common ſenſe, that gives

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credit to the relations of Party-writers; nay his own friends ſhake their heads at him, and conſider him in no other light than as an officious tool or a well-meaning Idiot. When it was formerly the faſhion to huſband a Lie, and trump it up in ſome extraordinary emergency, it generally did execution, and was not a little ſerviceable to the faction that made uſe of it; but at preſent every man is upon his guard, the artifice has been too often repeated to take effect.

I have frequently wondered to ſee men of probity, who would ſcorn to utter a falſehood for their own particular advantage, give ſo readily into a Lie when it is become the voice of their faction, notwithſtanding they are thoroughly ſenſible of it as ſuch. How is it poſſible for thoſe who are men of honor in their perſons, thus to become notorious liers in their party? If we look into the bottom of this matter, we may find, I think, three reaſons for it, and at the ſame time diſcover the inſufficiency of theſe reaſons to juſtify ſo criminal a practice.

In the firſt place, men are apt to think the guilt of a Lie, and conſequently the puniſhment may be very much diminiſhed, if not wholly worn out, by the multitudes of thoſe who partake of it. Though the weight of a falſehood would be too heavy for *one* to bear, it grows light in their imaginations, when it is ſhared among *many*. But in this caſe a man very much deceives himſelf; guilt when it ſpreads through numbers, is not ſo properly divided as multiplied: every one is criminal in proportion to the offence which he commits, not to the number of thoſe who are his companions in it. Both the crime and the penalty lie as heavy upon every individual of an offending multitude, as they would upon any ſingle perſon, had none ſhared with him in the offence. In a word, the diviſion of guilt is like that of matter; though it may be ſeparated into infinite portions, every portion ſhall have the whole eſſenſe of matter in it, and conſiſt of as many parts as the whole did before it was divided.

But in the ſecond place, though multitudes, who join in a Lie, cannot exempt themſelves from the guilt, they may from the ſhame of it. The ſcandal of a Lie is in a manner loſt and annihilated, when diffuſed among ſeveral thouſands; as a drop of the blackeſt tincture wears away and vaniſhes, when mixed and confuſed in a conſiderable body of water; the blot is ſtill in it, but is not able to diſcover itſelf. This is certainly a very great motive to ſeveral party-offenders, who avoid crimes, not as they are prejudcial to their virtue, but to their reputation. It is enough to ſhew the weakneſs of this reaſon, which palliates guilt without removing it, that every man who is influenced by it declares himſelf in effect an infamous hypocrite, prefers the appearance of virtue to its reality, and is determined in his

his conduct neither by the dictates of his own conſcience, the ſuggeſtions of true honor, nor the principles of Religion.

The third and laſt great motive for mens joining in a popular falſehood, or, as I have hitherto called it, a Party-lie, notwithſtanding they are convinced of it as ſuch, is the doing good to a cauſe which every party may be ſuppoſed to look upon as the moſt meritorious. The unſoundneſs of this principle has been ſo often expoſed, and is ſo univerſally acknowledged, that a man muſt be an utter ſtranger to the principles, either of natural religion or chriſtianity, who ſuffers himſelf to be guided by it. If a man might promote the ſuppoſed good of his country by the blackeſt calumnies and falſehoods, our nation abounds more in patriots than any other of the chriſtian world. When *Pompey* was deſired not to ſet ſail in a tempeſt that would hazard his life, *It is neceſſary for me*, ſays he, *to ſail, but it is not neceſſary for me to live:* every man ſhould ſay to himſelf with the ſame ſpirit, It is my duty to ſpeak truth, though it is not my duty to be in an office. One of the Fathers has carried this point ſo high, as to declare, *He would not tel a lie, though he were ſure to gain Heaven by it.* However extravagant ſuch a proteſtation may appear, every one will own, that a man may ſay very reaſonably, *He would not tell a lie, if he were ſure to gain Hell by it;* or, if you have a mind to ſoften the expreſſion, that he would not tell a lie to gain any temporal reward by it, when he ſhould run the hazard of loſing much more than it was poſſible for him to gain.

N° 511. *Thurſday, October* 16.

Quis non invenit turbâ quod amaret in illâ? Ovid.

Dear SPEC.

"FINDING that my laſt Letter took I do intend to continue my "epiſtolary correſpodence with thee, on thoſe dear confounded crea- "tures, *Women.* Thou knoweſt, all the little learning I am maſter of is "upon that ſubject: I never looked in a book, but for their ſakes. I have "lately met with two pure ſtories for a *Spectator*, which I am ſure will "pleaſe mightily, if they paſs through thy hands. The firſt of them I "found by chance in an *Engliſh* book called *Herodotus*, that lay in my friend "*Dapperwit's* window, as I viſited him one morning. It luckily opened

"in

" in the place where I met the following account. He tells us that it was " the manner among the *Perſians* to have ſeveral fairs in the kingdom, at " which all the young unmarried women were annually expoſed to ſale. " The men who wanted wives came hither to provide themſelves: every " woman was given to the higheſt bidder, and the money which ſhe fetched " laid aſide for the public uſe, to be employed as thou ſhalt hear by and by. " By this means the richeſt people had the choice of the market, and culled " out the moſt extraordinary beauties. As ſoon as the fair was thus pick- " ed, the refuſe was to be diſtributed among the poor, and among thoſe " who could not go to the price of a *Beauty*. Several of theſe married the " *Agreeables*, without paying a farthing for them, unleſs ſomebody chanced " to think it worth his while to bid for them, in which caſe the beſt bidder " was always the purchaſer. But now you muſt know, SPEC. it happen- " ed in *Perſia*, as it does in our own country, that there were as many *ugly* " *women*, as *Beauties* or *Agreeables*; ſo that by conſequence, after the magi- " ſtrates had put off a great many, there were ſtill a great many that ſtuck " upon their hands. In order therefore to clear the market, the money " which the beauties had ſold for, was diſpoſed of among the ugly; ſo that " a poor man, who could not afford to have a beauty for his wife, was " forced to take up with a fortune; the greateſt portion being always given " to the moſt deformed. To this the Author adds, that every poor man was " forced to live kindly with his wife, or, in caſe he repented of his bar- " gain, to return her portion with her to the next public ſale.

" What I would recommend to thee on this occaſion is, to eſtabliſh ſuch " an imaginary fair in *Great Britain:* thou couldſt make it very pleaſant, by " matching women of quality with coblers and carmen, or deſcribing titles " and garters leading off in great ceremony ſhop-keepers and farmers " daughters. Though, to tell thee the truth, I am confoundedly afraid " that as the love of money prevails in our Iſland more than it did in " *Perſia*, we ſhould find that ſome of our greateſt men would chooſe out the " portions, and rival one another for the richeſt piece of deformity; and " that on the contrary, the Toaſts and Belles would be bought up by ex- " travagant heirs, gameſters and ſpendthrifts. Thou couldſt make very " pretty reflections upon this occaſion in honor of the *Perſian* Politics, who " took care, by ſuch marriages, to beautify the upper part of the ſpecies, " and to make the greateſt perſons in the government the moſt graceful. " But this I ſhall leave to thy judicious pen.

" I have another ſtory to tell thee, which I likewiſe met with in a book. " It ſeems the General of the *Tartars*, after having laid ſiege to a ſtrong town " in *China*, and taken it by ſtorm, would ſet to ſale all the women that were

" found

" found in it. Accordingly, he put each of them into a ſack, and after ha-
" ving thoroughly conſidered the value of the woman who was incloſed,
" marked the price that was demanded for her upon the ſack. There were
" a great confluence of chapmen, that reſorted from every part, with a de-
" ſign to purchaſe, which they were to do *unſight unſeen*. The book men-
" tions a Merchant in particular, who obſerving one of the ſacks to be
" marked pretty high, bargained for it, and carried it off with him to his
" houſe. As he was reſting with it upon a half-way bridge, he was reſolved
" to take a ſurvey of his purchaſe: upon opening the ſack, a little old wo-
" man popped her head out of it; at which the adventurer was in ſo great
" a rage, that he was going to ſhoot her out into the river. The old Lady,
" however, begged him firſt of all to hear her ſtory, by which he learned
" that ſhe was ſiſter to a great *Mandarin*, who would infallibly make the
" fortune of his brother-in-law as ſoon as he ſhould know to whoſe lot ſhe
" fell. Upon which the Merchant again tied her up in his ſack, and car-
" ried her to his houſe, where ſhe proved an excellent wife, and procured
" him all the riches from her brother that ſhe promiſed him.

" I fancy, if I was diſpoſed to dream a ſecond time, I could make a tole-
" rable viſion upon this plan. I would ſuppoſe all the unmarried women
" in *London* and *Weſtminſter* brought to market in ſacks, with their reſpec-
" tive price on each ſack. The firſt ſack that is ſold is marked with five
" thouſand pound: upon the opening of it, I find it filled with an admi-
" rable houſewife, of an agreeable countenance: the purchaſer, upon hear-
" ing her good qualities, pays down her price very chearfully. The ſecond
" I would open, ſhould be a five hundred pound ſack: the Lady in it, to
" our ſurpriſe, has the face and perſon of a Toaſt: as we are wondering
" how ſhe came to be ſet at ſo low a price, we hear that ſhe would have
" been valued at ten thouſand pound, but that the public had made thoſe
" abatements for her being a Scold. I would afterwards find ſome beau-
" tiful, modeſt, and diſcreet woman, that ſhould be the top of the market;
" and perhaps diſcover half a dozen romps tied up together in the ſame
" ſack, of one hundred pound a head. The Prude and the Coquette ſhould
" be valued at the ſame price, though the firſt ſhould go off the better of
" the two. I fancy thou wouldſt like ſuch a viſion, had I time to finiſh
" it; becauſe, to talk in thy own way, there is a moral in it. Whatever
" thou mayeſt think of it, pr'ythee do not make any of thy queer apolo-
" gies for this Letter, as thou didſt for my laſt. The women love a gay
" lively fellow, and are never angry at the ralleries of one who is their
" known admirer. I am always bitter upon them, but well with them.

Thine, HONEYCOMB.

Friday,

N° 512. *Friday, October* 17.

Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo. Hor.

THERE is nothing which we receive with ſo much reluctance as Advice. We look upon the man who gives it us as offering an affront to our underſtanding, and treating us like children or idiots. We conſider the inſtruction as an implicit cenſure, and the zeal which any one ſhews for our good on ſuch an occaſion as a piece of preſumption or impertinence. The truth of it is, the perſon who pretends to adviſe, does, in that particular, exerciſe a ſuperiority over us, and can have no other reaſon for it, but that, in comparing us with himſelf, he thinks us defective either in our conduct or our underſtanding. For theſe reaſons, there is nothing ſo difficult as the art of making advice agreeable; and indeed all the writers, both ancient and modern, have diſtinguiſhed themſelves among one another, according to the perfection at which they have arrived in this art. How many devices have been made uſe of, to render this bitter potion palatable? ſome convey their inſtructions to us in the beſt choſen words, others in the moſt harmonious numbers, ſome in points of wit, and others in ſhort proverbs.

But among all the different ways of giving counſel, I think the fineſt, and that which pleaſes the moſt univerſally, is *Fable,* in whatſoever ſhape it appears. If we conſider this way of inſtructing or giving advice, it excells all others, becauſe it is the leaſt ſhocking, and the leaſt ſubject to thoſe exceptions which I have before mentioned.

This will appear to us, if we reflect, in the firſt place, that upon reading of a Fable we are made to believe we adviſe ourſelves. We peruſe the Author for the ſake of the ſtory, and conſider the precepts rather as our own concluſions, than his inſtructions. The moral inſinuates itſelf imperceptibly, we are taught by ſurpriſe, and become wiſer and better unawares. In ſhort, by this method a man is ſo far over-reached as to think he is directing himſelf, while he is following the dictates of another, and conſequently is not ſenſible of that which is the moſt unpleaſing circumſtance in advice.

In the next place, if we look into human nature, we ſhall find that the mind is never ſo much pleaſed, as when ſhe exerts herſelf in any action that gives

gives her an idea of her own perfections and abilities. This natural pride and ambition of the Soul is very much gratified in the reading of a fable: for in writings of this kind, the reader comes in for half of the performance; every thing appears to him like a diſcovery of his own; he is buſied all the while in applying characters and circumſtances, and is in this reſpect both a reader and a compoſer. It is no wonder therefore that on ſuch occaſions, when the mind is thus pleaſed with itſelf, and amuſed with its own diſcoveries, it is highly delighted with the writing which is the occaſion of it. For this reaſon the *Abſalom* and *Architophel* was one of the moſt popular Poems that ever appeared in *Engliſh*. The Poetry is indeed very fine, but had it been much finer, it would not have ſo much pleaſed, without a plan which gave the reader an opportunity of exerting his own talents.

This oblique manner of giving advice is ſo inoffenſive, that if we look into ancient hiſtories, we find the wiſe men of old very often choſe to give counſel to their Kings in fables. To omit many which will occur to every one's memory, there is a pretty inſtance of this nature in a *Turkiſh* tale, which I do not like the worſe for that little oriental extravagance which is mixed with it.

We are told that the Sultan *Mahmoud*, by his perpetual wars abroad, and his tyranny at home, had filled his dominions with ruin and deſolation, and half unpeopled the *Perſian* Empire. The Viſier to this great Sultan (whether an Humoriſt or an Enthuſiaſt, we are not informed) pretended to have learned of a certain Derviſe to underſtand the language of birds, ſo that there was not a bird that could open his mouth but the Viſier knew what it was he ſaid. As he was one evening with the Emperor, in their return from hunting, they ſaw a couple of Owls upon a tree that grew near an old wall out of an heap of rubbiſh. *I would fain know*, ſays the Sultan, *what thoſe two Owls are ſaying to one another; liſten to their diſcourſe, and give me an account of it.* The Viſier approached the tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two Owls. Upon his return, to the Sultan, *Sir*, ſays he; *I have heard part of their converſation, but dare not tell you what it is.* The Sultan would not be ſatisfied with ſuch an anſwer, but forced him to repeat word for word every thing that the Owls had ſaid. *You muſt know then*, ſaid the Viſier, *that one of theſe Owls has a ſon, and the other a daughter, between whom they are now upon a treaty of marriage. The father of the ſon ſaid to the father of the daughter, in my hearing, Brother, I conſent to this marriage, provided you will ſettle upon your daughter fifty ruined villages for her portion. To which the father of the daughter replied, Inſtead of fifty I will give her five hundred, if you pleaſe. God grant a long life to Sultan* Mahmoud; *whilſt he reigns over us we ſhall never want ruined villages.*

The ſtory ſays, the Sultan was ſo touched with the fable, that he rebuilt the towns and villages which had been deſtroyed, and from that time forward conſulted the good of his people.

To fill up my paper, I ſhall add a moſt ridiculous piece of natural Magic, which was taught by no leſs a Philoſopher than *Democritus*, namely, that if the blood of certain birds, which he mentioned, were mixed together, it would produce a ſerpent of ſuch a wonderful virtue, that whoever did eat it ſhould be ſkilled in the language of birds, and underſtand every thing they ſaid to one another. Whether the Derviſe above-mentioned might not have eaten ſuch a ſerpent, I ſhall leave to the determinations of the learned.

N° 513. *Saturday, October* 18.

——Afflata eſt numine quando
Jam propiore Dei—— Virg.

THE following letter comes to me from that excellent man in holy Orders, whom I have mentioned more than once as one of that ſociety who aſſiſts me in my ſpeculations. It is a *Thought in ſickneſs*, and of a very ſerious nature, for which reaſon I give it a place in the paper of this day.

SIR.

"THE indiſpoſition which has long hung upon me, is at laſt grown to "ſuch an head, that it muſt quickly make an end of me, or of itſelf. "You may imagine, that whilſt I am in this bad ſtate of health, there are "none of your works which I read with greater pleaſure than your *Saturday*'s papers. I ſhould be very glad if I could furniſh you with any "hints for that day's entertainment. Were I able to dreſs up ſeveral "thoughts of a ſerious nature, which have made great impreſſions on my "mind during a long fit of ſickneſs, they might not be an improper "entertainment for that occaſion.

"Among all the reflections which uſually riſe in the mind of a ſick man, "who has time and inclination to conſider his approaching end, there is "none more natural than that of his going to appear naked and unbodied "before him who made him. When a man conſiders, that as ſoon as the

"vital

" vital union is diſſolved, he ſhall ſee that ſupreme Being, whom he now " contemplates at a diſtance, and only in his works; or, to ſpeak more " philoſophically, when by ſome faculty in the Soul he ſhall apprehend " the Divine Being, and be more ſenſible of his preſence, than we are now " of the preſence of any object which the eye beholds, a man muſt be loſt " in careleſſneſs and ſtupidity, who is not alarmed at ſuch a thought. Dr. " *Sherlock*, in his excellent treatiſe upon Death, has repreſented in very " ſtrong and lively colors, the ſtate of the Soul in its firſt ſeparation from " the body, with regard to that inviſible world which every where ſurrounds " us, though we are not able to diſcover it through this groſſer world of " matter, which is accommodated to our ſenſes in this life. His words " are as follow.

" *That Death, which is our leaving this world, is nothing elſe but our putting* " *off theſe bodies, teaches us, that it is only our union to theſe bodies, which in-* " *tercepts the ſight of the other world: the other world is not at ſuch a diſtance* " *from us, as we may imagine; the throne of God indeed is at a great remove* " *from this earth, above the third Heavens, where he diſplays his glory to thoſe* " *bleſſed Spirits which encompaſs his throne; but as ſoon as we ſtep out of theſe* " *bodies, we ſtep into the other world, which is not ſo properly another world* " *(for there is the ſame heaven and earth ſtill) as a new ſtate of life. To* " *live in theſe bodies is to live in this world; to live out of them is to remove* " *into the next: for while our Souls are confined to theſe bodies, and can look* " *only through theſe material caſements, nothing but what is material can affect* " *us; nay, nothing but what is ſo groſs, that it can reflect light, and convey* " *the ſhapes and colors of things with it to the eye: ſo that though within this* " *viſible world, there be a more glorious ſcene of things than what appears* " *to us, we perceive nothing at all of it; for this veil of fleſh parts the viſible* " *and inviſible world: but when we put off theſe bodies, there are new and* " *ſurpriſing wonders preſent themſelves to our view; when theſe material ſpec-* " *tacles are taken off, the Soul with its own naked eyes ſees what was inviſible before:* " *and then we are in the other world, when we can ſee it, and converſe with* " *it: thus St.* Paul *tells us, That* when we are at home in the body, we " are abſent from the Lord; but when we are abſent from the body, we " are preſent with the Lord, 2 *Cor.* 5. 6. 8. *And methinks this is enough* " *to cure us of our fondneſs for theſe bodies, unleſs we think it more deſirable to* " *be confined to a priſon, and to look through a grate all our lives, which gives* " *us but a very narrow proſpect, and that none of the beſt neither, than to be* " *ſet at liberty to view all the glories of the world. What would we give now* " *for the leaſt glimpſe of that inviſible world, which the firſt ſtep we take out of*

" *theſe bodies will preſent us with? There are ſuch things* as eye hath not ſeen, " nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive: " *Death opens our eyes, enlarges our proſpect, preſents us with a new and more* " *glorious world, which we can never ſee while we are ſhut up in fleſh; which ſhould* " *make us as willing to part with this veil, as to take the film off of our eyes, which* " *hinders our ſight.*

" As a thinking man cannot but be very much affected with the idea of " his appearing in the preſence of that Being *whom none can ſee and live*, he " muſt be much more affected when he conſiders that this Being whom he " appears before, will examine all the actions of his paſt life, and re- " ward or puniſh him accordingly. I muſt confeſs that I think there is no " ſcheme of religion, beſides that of chriſtianity, which can poſſibly ſup- " port the moſt virtuous perſon under this thought. Let a man's inno- " cence be what it will, let his virtues riſe to the higheſt pitch of perfection " attainable in this life, there will be ſtill in him ſo many ſecret ſins, ſo " many human frailties, ſo many offences of ignorance, paſſion and preju- " dice, ſo many unguarded words and thoughts, and in ſhort, ſo many de- " fects in his beſt actions, that without the advantages of ſuch an expi- " ation and atonement as chriſtianity has revealed to us, it is impoſſible that " he ſhould be cleared before his ſovereign judge, or that he ſhould be able " *to ſtand in his ſight.* Our Holy religion ſuggeſts to us the only means where- " by our guilt may be taken away, and our imperfect obedience accepted.

" It is this ſeries of thought that I have endeavored to expreſs in the " following Hymn, which I have compoſed during this my ſickneſs.

I.

WHEN riſing from the bed of Death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I ſee my Maker, face to face,
O how ſhall I appear!

II.

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be ſought,
My heart with inward horror ſhrinks,
And trembles at the thought;

III.

When thou, O Lord, ſhalt ſtand diſclos'd
In majeſty ſevere,

And

And ſit in judgment on my ſoul
O how ſhall I appear!

IV.

But thou haſt told the troubled mind,
Who does her ſins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endleſs woe prevent.

V.

Then ſee the ſorrows of my heart,
E'er yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give thoſe ſorrows weight.

VI.

For never ſhall my ſoul deſpair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thine only Son has dy'd
To make her pardon ſure.

"There is a noble Hymn in *French*, which Monſieur *Bayle* has celebrated for a *very fine one*, and which the famous Author of the *Art of ſpeaking* calls an *admirable one*, that turns upon a thought of the ſame nature. If I could have done it juſtice in *Engliſh*, I would have ſent it you tranſlated; it was written by Monſieur *Des Barreaux*, who had been one of the greateſt Wits and Libertines in *France*, but in his laſt years was as remarkable a penitent.

GRAND Dieu, tes jugemens ſont remplis d' equité;
Toûjours tu prens plaiſir à nous être propice:
Mais j' ai tant fait de mal, que jamais ta bonté
Ne me pardonnera, ſans choquer ta Juſtice.
Oui, mon Dieu, la grandeur de mon impieté,
Ne laiſſe à ton pouvoir que le choix du ſupplice:
Ton intereſt s' oppoſe à ma felicité,
Et ta clemence meme attend que je periſſe.
Contente ton deſir, puis qu'il t'eſt glorieux;
Offenſe toy des pleurs qui coulent de mes yeux;
Tonne, frappe, il eſt temps, rens moi guerre pour guerre:
J' adore en periſſant la raiſon qui t' aigrit,

Mais

Mais deſſus quel endroit tombera ton tonnerre,
Qui ne ſoit tout couvert du ſang de Jeſus Chriſt.

" If theſe thoughts may be ſerviceable to you, I deſire you would place " them in a proper light; and am ever, with great ſincerity,

SIR, Yours, &c.

N° 517. *Thurſday, October* 23.

Heu pietas! heu priſca fides! Virg.

WE laſt night received a piece of ill news at our Club, which very ſenſibly afflicted every one of us. I queſtion not but my Readers themſelves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in ſuſpence, Sir *Roger de Coverly is Dead.* He departed this life at his houſe in the country, after a few weeks ſickneſs. Sir *Andrew Freeport* has a letter from one of his correſpondents in thoſe parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the county-ſeſſions; as he was very warmly promoting an Addreſs of his own penning, in which he ſucceeded according to his wiſhes. But this particular comes from a Whig Juſtice of Peace, who was always Sir *Roger*'s enemy and antagoniſt. I have Letters both from the Chaplain and Captain *Sentry* which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honor of the good old man. I have likewiſe a Letter from the Butler, who took ſo much care of me laſt ſummer when I was at the Knight's houſe. As my friend the Butler mentions, in the ſimplicity of his heart, ſeveral circumſtances the others have paſſed over in ſilence, I ſhall give my Reader a copy of his Letter, without any alteration or diminution.

Honored Sir,

" KNowing that you was my old Maſter's good friend, I could not forbear " ſending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted " the whole country, as well as his poor ſervants, who loved him, I may ſay, " better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the laſt " county-ſeſſions, where he would go to ſee juſtice done to a poor widow " woman and her fatherleſs children, that had been wronged by a neigh-

" bouring

" bouring Gentleman; for you know my good maſter was always the poor
" man's friend. Upon his coming home, the firſt complaint he made was,
" that he had loſt his roaſt-beef ſtomach, not being able to touch a ſirloin,
" which was ſerved up according to cuſtom; and you know he uſed to take
" great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worſe and worſe,
" but ſtill kept a good heart to the laſt. Indeed we were once in great
" hopes of his recovery, upon a kind meſſage that was ſent him from the
" widow Lady whom he had made love to the forty laſt years of his life;
" but this only proved a lightning before his death. He has bequeathed
" to this Lady, as a token of his love a great pearl necklace, and a couple
" of ſilver bracelets ſet with jewels, which belonged to my good old Lady
" his mother: he has bequeathed the fine white gelding, that he uſed to
" ride a hunting upon, to his Chaplain, becauſe he thought he would be
" kind to him, and has left you all his books. He has, moreover, be-
" queathed to the Chaplain a very pretty tenement with good Lands about
" it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourn-
" ing, to every man in the pariſh a great frize coat, and to every woman
" a black riding-hood. It was a moſt moving ſight to ſee him take leave
" of his poor Servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilſt we were
" not able to ſpeak a word for weeping. As we moſt of us are grown grey-
" headed in our dear maſter's ſervice, he has left us penſions and legacies,
" which we may live very comfortably upon the remaining part of our
" days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is not
" yet come to my knowledge, and it is peremptorily ſaid in the pariſh,
" that he has left money to build a ſteeple to the Church; for he was heard
" to ſay ſome time ago, that if he lived two years longer, *Coverly* Church
" ſhould have a ſteeple to it. The Chaplain tells every body that he made
" a very good end, and never ſpeaks of him without tears. He was bu-
" ried, according to his own directions, among the family of the *Coverlies,*
" on the left hand of his father Sir *Arthur*. The Coffin was carried by ſix
" of his tenants, and the Pall held up by ſix of the *Quorum:* the whole
" pariſh followed the corps with heavy hearts, and in their mourning ſuits,
" the men in frize, and the women in riding-hoods. Captain *Sentry,* my
" maſter's nephew, has taken poſſeſſion of the hall-houſe, and the whole
" eſtate. When my old maſter ſaw him a little before his death, he ſhook
" him by the hand, and wiſhed him joy of the eſtate which was falling to
" him, deſiring him only to make a good uſe of it, and to pay the ſeveral
" legacies, and the gifts of charity which he told him he had left as quit-
" rents upon the eſtate. The Captain truly ſeems a courteous man, though
" he ſays but little. He makes much of thoſe whom my maſter loved, and

" ſhews

" ſhews great kindneſs to the old houſe-dog, that you know my poor ma-
" ſter was ſo fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard
" the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my maſter's death.
" He has never joyed himſelf ſince; no more has any of us. It was the
" melancholieſt day for the poor people that ever happened in *Worceſter-*
" *ſhire.* This being all from,

Honored Sir, Your moſt ſorrowful Servant,

Edward Biſcuit.

P. S. " My maſter deſired, ſome weeks before he died, that a book which
" comes up to you by the carrier ſhould be given to Sir *Andrew Freeport*
" in his name.

This Letter notwithſtanding the poor Butler's manner of writing it, gave us ſuch an idea of our good old friend, that upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the Club. Sir *Andrew* opening the book, found it to be a collection of Acts of Parliament. There was in particular the Act of Uniformity with ſome paſſages in it marked by Sir *Roger*'s own hand. Sir *Andrew* found that they related to two or three points, which he had diſputed with Sir *Roger* the laſt time he appeared at the Club. Sir *Andrew,* who would have been merry at ſuch an incident on another occaſion, at the ſight of the old man's hand-writing burſt into tears, and put the book into his pocket. Captain *Sentry* informs me, that the Knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the Club.

N° 519. *Saturday, October* 25.

Inde hominum pecudumque genus, vitæque volantum,
Et quæ marmoreo fert monſtra ſub æquore pontus. Virg.

THOUGH there is a great deal of pleaſure in contemplating the material world, by which I mean that ſyſtem of bodies into which nature has ſo curiouſly wrought the maſs of dead matter, with the ſeveral relations which thoſe bodies bear to one another; there is ſtill, methinks, ſomething more wonderful and ſurpriſing in contemplations on the world of life, by which I mean all thoſe animals with which every part of the

the univerſe is furniſhed. The material world is only the ſhell of the univerſe: the world of life are its inhabitants.

If we conſider thoſe parts of the material world which lie the neareſt to us, and are therefore ſubject to our obſervations and enquiries, it is amazing to conſider the infinity of animals with which it is ſtocked. Every part of matter is peopled: every green leaf ſwarms with inhabitants. There is ſcarce a ſingle humor in the body of a man, or of any other animal, in which our glaſſes do not diſcover myriads of living creatures. The ſurface of animals is alſo covered with other animals, which are in the ſame manner the baſis of other animals that live upon it; nay, we find in the moſt ſolid bodies, as in marble itſelf, innumerable cells, and cavities, that are crouded with ſuch imperceptible inhabitants, as are too little for the naked eye to diſcover. On the other hand, if we look into the more bulky parts of nature, we ſee the ſeas, lakes and rivers, teeming with numberleſs kinds of living creatures: we find every mountain and marſh, wilderneſs and wood, plentifully ſtocked with birds and beaſts, and every part of matter affording proper neceſſaries and conveniencies for the livelihood of multitudes which inhabit it.

The Author of the *Plurality of Worlds* draws a very good argument from this conſideration, for the *peopling* of every planet; as indeed it ſeems very probable from the analogy of reaſon, that if no part of matter which we are acquainted with, lies waſte and uſeleſs, thoſe great bodies which are at ſuch a diſtance from us ſhould not be deſert and unpeopled, but rather that they ſhould be furniſhed with Beings adapted to their reſpective ſituations.

Exiſtence is a bleſſing to thoſe Beings only, which are endowed with perception, and is in a manner thrown away upon dead matter, any further than as it is ſubſervient to Beings which are conſcious of their exiſtence. Accordingly we find, from the bodies which lie under our obſervation, that matter is only made as the baſis and ſupport of animals, and that there is no more of the one, than what is neceſſary for the exiſtence of the other.

Infinite goodneſs is of ſo communicative a nature, that it ſeems to delight in the conferring of exiſtence upon every degree of perceptive Being. As this is a Speculation, which I have often purſued with great pleaſure to myſelf I ſhall enlarge farther upon it, by conſidering that part of the ſcale of Beings which comes within our knowledge.

There are ſome living creatures which are raiſed but juſt above dead matter. To mention only that ſpecies of ſhell-fiſh, which are formed in the faſhion of a cone, that grow to the ſurface of ſeveral rocks, and immediately die upon their being ſevered from the place where they grow. There are many other creatures but one remove from theſe, which have no other ſenſe

beſides that of feeling and taſte. Others have ſtill an additional one of hearing; others of ſmell, and others of ſight. It is wonderful to obſerve, by what a gradual progreſs the world of life advances through a prodigious variety of ſpecies, before a creature is formed that is complete in all its ſenſes; and even among theſe there is ſuch a different degree of perfection in the ſenſe which one animal enjoys, beyond what appears in another, that though the ſenſe in different animals be diſtinguiſhed by the ſame common denomination, it ſeems almoſt of a different nature. If after this we look into the ſeveral inward perfections of cunning and ſagacity, or what we generally call inſtinct, we find them riſing after the ſame manner, imperceptibly one above another, and receiving additional improvements, according to the ſpecies in which they are implanted. This progreſs in nature is ſo very gradual, that the moſt perfect of an inferior ſpecies comes very near to the moſt imperfect of that which is immediately above it.

The exuberant and overflowing goodneſs of the ſupreme Being, whoſe mercy extends to all his works, is plainly ſeen, as I have before hinted, from his having made ſo very little matter, at leaſt what falls within our knowledge, that does not ſwarm with life: nor is his goodneſs leſs ſeen in the diverſity, than in the multitude of living creatures. Had he only made one ſpecies of animals, none of the reſt would have enjoyed the happineſs of exiſtence; he has therefore *ſpecified* in his creation every degree of life, every capacity of Being. The whole chaſm of nature, from a plant to a man, is filled up with diverſe kinds of creatures, riſing one over another, by ſuch a gentle and eaſy aſcent, that the little tranſitions and deviations from one ſpecies to another are almoſt inſenſible. This intermediate ſpace is ſo well huſbanded and managed, that there is ſcarce a degree of perception which does not appear in ſome one part of the world of life. Is the Goodneſs or Wiſdom of the divine Being more manifeſted in this his proceeding?

There is a conſequence, beſides thoſe I have already mentioned, which ſeems very naturally deducible from the foregoing conſiderations. If the ſcale of Being riſes by ſuch a regular progreſs, ſo high as man, we may by a parity of reaſon ſuppoſe that it ſtill proceeds gradually through thoſe Beings which are of a ſuperior nature to him; ſince there is an infinitely greater ſpace and room for different degrees of perfection, between the ſupreme Being and man, than between man and the moſt deſpicable inſect. This conſequence, of ſo great a variety of Beings which are ſuperior to us, from that variety which is inferior to us, is made by Mr. *Locke*, in a paſſage which I ſhall here ſet down, after having premiſed, that notwithſtanding there is ſuch infinite room between man and his Maker for the creative power

power to exert itſelf in, it is impoſſible that it ſhould ever be filled up, ſince there will be ſtill an infinite gap or diſtance between the higheſt created Being, and the power which produced him.

That there ſhould be more Species *of intelligent creatures above us, than there are of ſenſible and material below us, is probable to me from hence; that in all the viſible corporeal world, we ſee no chaſms, or gaps. All quite down from us, the deſcent is by eaſy ſteps, and a continued ſeries of things, that in each remove, differ very little one from the other. There are fiſhes that have wings, and are not ſtrangers to the airy regions; and there are ſome birds, that are inhabitants of the water; whoſe blood is cold as fiſhes, and their fleſh ſo like in taſte, that the ſcrupulous are allowed them on fiſh-days. There are animals ſo near of kin both to birds and beaſts, that they are in the middle between both: amphibious animals link the terreſtrial and aquatic together; Seals live at land and at ſea, and Porpoiſes have the warm blood and entrails of a Hog; not to mention what is confidently reported of Mermaids or Seamen. There are ſome brutes, that ſeem to have as much knowledge and reaſon, as ſome that are called Men; and the animal and vegetable kingdoms are ſo nearly joined, that if you will take the loweſt of one, and the higheſt of the other, there will ſcarce be perceived any great difference between them: and ſo on till we come to the loweſt and the moſt inorganical parts of matter, we ſhall find every where that the ſeveral* Species *are linked together, and differ but in almoſt inſenſible degrees. And when we conſider the infinite Power and Wiſdom of the Maker, we have reaſon to think that it is ſuitable to the magnificent harmony of the Univerſe, and the great deſign and infinite goodneſs of the Architect, that the* Species *of creatures ſhould alſo, by gentle degrees, aſcend upward from us toward his infinite perfection, as we ſee they gradually deſcend from us downwards: which if it be probable, we have reaſon then to be perſuaded, that there are far more* Species *of creatures above us, than there are beneath; we being in degrees of perfection much more remote from the infinite Being of God, than we are from the loweſt ſtate of Being, and that which approaches neareſt to nothing. And yet of all thoſe diſtinct* Species, *we have no clear diſtinct* Ideas.

In this Syſtem of Being, there is no creature ſo wonderful in its nature, and which ſo much deſerves our particular attention, as Man, who fills up the middle ſpace between the animal and intellectual nature, the viſible and inviſible world, and is that link in the chain of Beings which has been often termed the *Nexus utriuſque Mundi*. So that he, who in one reſpect being aſſociated with Angels and Arch-Angels, may look upon a Being of infinite perfection as his Father, and the higheſt order of ſpirits as his brethren, may in another reſpect ſay to *Corruption, thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother and my ſiſter.*

N° 523. *Thurſday, October* 30.

——— *Nunc augur Apollo,*
Nunc Lyciæ ſortes, nunc et Jove miſſus ab ipſo
Interpres divûm fert horrida juſſa per auras.
Scilicet is ſuperis labor——— Virg.

I Am always highly delighted with the diſcovery of any riſing genius among my countrymen. For this reaſon I have read over, with great pleaſure, the late Miſcellany publiſhed by Mr. *Pope*, in which there are many excellent compoſitions of that ingenious Gentleman. I have had a pleaſure of the ſame kind, in peruſing a Poem that is juſt publiſhed *on the Proſpect of Peace*, and which, I hope, will meet with ſuch a reward from its patrons, as ſo noble a performance deſerves. I was particularly well-pleaſed to find that the Author had not amuſed himſelf with fables out of the Pagan Theology, and that when he hints at any thing of this nature, he alludes to it only as to a fable.

Many of our modern Authors, whoſe learning very often extends no farther than *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoſes*, do not know how to celebrate a great man, without mixing a parcel of ſchool-boy tales with the recital of his actions. If you read a poem on a fine woman, among the authors of this claſs, you ſhall ſee that it turns more upon *Venus* or *Helen*, than on the party concerned. I have known a copy of verſes on a great hero highly commended: but upon aſking to hear ſome of the beautiful paſſages, the admirer of it has repeated to me a ſpeech of *Apollo*, or deſcription of *Polypheme*. At other times when I have ſearched for the actions of a great man who gave a ſubject to the writer, I have been entertained with the exploits of a River-god, or have been forced to attend a Fury in her miſchievous progreſs, from one end of the poem to the other. When we are at ſchool, it is neceſſary for us to be acquainted with the ſyſtem of Pagan theology, and may be allowed to enliven a theme, or point an epigram with an heathen god; but when we would write a manly Panegyric, that ſhould carry in it all the colors of truth, nothing can be more ridiculous than to have recourſe to our *Jupiters* and *Junos*.

No thought is beautiful which is not juſt, and no thought can be juſt which is not founded in Truth, or at leaſt in that which paſſes for ſuch.

In

In mock-heroic Poems, the uſe of the heathen mythology is not only excuſable but graceful, becauſe it is the deſign of ſuch compoſitions to divert, by adapting the fabulous machines of the ancients to low ſubjects, and at the ſame time by ridiculing ſuch kinds of machinery in modern writers. If any are of opinion, that there is a neceſſity of admitting theſe claſſical legends into our ſerious compoſitions, in order to give them a more poetical turn; I would recommend to their conſideration the Paſtorals of Mr. *Philips*. One would have thought it impoſſible for this kind of poetry to have ſubſiſted without Fauns and Satyrs, Wood-nymphs and Water-nymphs, with all the tribe of rural deities. But we ſee he has given a new life, and a more natural beauty to this way of writing, by ſubſtituting in the place of theſe antiquated fables, the ſuperſtitious Mythology which prevails among the ſhepherds of our own country.

Virgil and *Homer* might compliment their heroes, by interweaving the actions of deities with their atchievements: but for a chriſtian Author to write in the pagan Creed, to make Prince *Eugene* a favorite of *Mars,* or to carry on a correſpondence between *Bellona* and the Marſhal *de Villars*, would be downright puerility, and unpardonable in a Poet that is paſt ſixteen. It is want of ſufficient elevation in a genius to deſcribe realities, and place them in a ſhining light, that makes him have recourſe to ſuch trifling antiquated fables; as a man may write a fine deſcription of *Bacchus* or *Apollo*, that does not know how to draw the character of any of his contemporaries.

In order therefore to put a ſtop to this abſurd practice, I ſhall publiſh the following Edict, by virtue of that ſpectatorial authority with which I ſtand inveſted.

" WHereas the time of a general peace is, in all appearance, drawing " near, being informed that there are ſeveral ingenious perſons who " intend to ſhew their talents on ſo happy an occaſion, and being willing, " as much as in me lies, to prevent that effuſion of nonſenſe, which we " have good cauſe to apprehend; I do hereby ſtrictly require every per- " ſon, who ſhall write on this ſubject, to remember that he is a Chriſtian, " and not to ſacrifice his catechiſm to his poetry. In order to it, I do ex- " pect of him in the firſt place, to make his own poem, without depend- " ing upon *Phœbus* for any part of it, or calling out for aid upon any one " of the Muſes by name. I do likewiſe poſitively forbid the ſending of " *Mercury* with any particular meſſage or diſpatch relating to the peace, " and ſhall by no means ſuffer *Minerva* to take upon her the ſhape of any " Plenipotentiary concerned in this great work. I do further declare, that " I ſhall not allow the Deſtinies to have had an hand in the deaths of the

" ſeveral

" ſeveral thouſands who have been ſlain in the late war, being of opinion " that all ſuch deaths may be very well accounted for by the chriſtian ſy- " ſtem of powder and ball. I do therefore ſtrictly forbid the Fates to cut " the thread of man's life upon any pretence whatſoever, unleſs it be for the " ſake of the rhyme. And whereas I have good reaſon to fear, that *Neptune* " will have a great deal of buſineſs on his hands, in ſeveral poems which we " may now ſuppoſe are upon the anvil, I do alſo prohibit his appearance, " unleſs it be done in metaphor, ſimile, or any very ſhort alluſion, and " that even here he be not permitted to enter, but with great caution and " circumſpection. I deſire that the ſame rule may be extended to his " whole fraternity of heathen Gods, it being my deſign to condemn every " poem to the flames in which *Jupiter* thunders, or exerciſes any other act " of authority which does not belong to him: in ſhort, I expect that no " pagan agent ſhall be introduced, or any fact related which a man can- " not give credit to with a good conſcience. Provided always, that no- " thing herein contained ſhall extend, or be conſtrued to extend, to ſeveral " of the female Poets in this nation, who ſhall ſtill be left in full poſſeſſion " of their Gods and Goddeſſes, in the ſame manner as if this paper had " never been written.

N° 529. *Thurſday, November* 6.

Singula quæque locum teneant ſortita decenter. Hor.

UPON the hearing of ſeveral late diſputes concerning rank and precedence, I could not forbear amuſing myſelf with ſome obſervations, which I have made upon the learned world, as to this great particular. By the learned world I here mean at large, all thoſe who are any way concerned in works of Literature, whether in the writing, printing, or repeating part. To begin with the writers; I have obſerved that the Author of a *Folio*, in all companies and converſations, ſets himſelf above the Author of a *Quarto;* the Author of a *Quarto* above the Author of an *Octavo;* and ſo on, by a gradual deſcent and ſubordination, to an Author in *Twenty-Fours*. This diſtinction is ſo well obſerved, that in an aſſembly of the Learned, I have ſeen a *Folio* writer place himſelf in an elbow-chair, when the Author of a *Duodecimo* has, out of a juſt deference to his ſuperior quality,

quality, ſeated himſelf upon a ſquab. In a word, Authors are uſually ranged in company after the ſame manner as their works are upon a ſhelf.

The moſt minute pocket-author hath beneath him the writers of all pamphlets, or works that are only ſtitched. As for the Pamphleteer, he takes place of none but of the Authors of ſingle ſheets, and of that fraternity who publiſh their labors on certain days, or on every day of the week. I do not find that the precedency among the individuals, in this latter claſs of writers, is yet ſettled.

For my own part, I have had ſo ſtrict a regard to the ceremonial which prevails in the learned world, that I never preſumed to take place of a Pamphleteer till my daily papers were gathered into thoſe two firſt volumes, which have already appeared. After which I naturally jumped over the heads not only of all Pamphleteers, but of every *Octavo* writer in *Great Britain*, that had written but one book. I am alſo informed by my bookſeller, that ſix *Octavos* have at all times been looked upon as an equivalent to a *Folio*, which I take notice of the rather, becauſe I would not have the learned world ſurpriſed, if after the publication of half a dozen volumes I take my place accordingly. When my ſcattered forces are thus rallied, and reduced into regular bodies, I flatter myſelf that I ſhall make no deſpicable figure at the head of them.

Whether theſe rules, which have been received time out of mind in the commonwealth of letters, were not originally eſtabliſhed with an eye to our paper manufacture, I ſhall leave to the diſcuſſion of others, and ſhall only remark further in this place, that all printers and bookſellers take the wall of one another, according to the abovementioned merits of the Authors to whom they reſpectively belong.

I come now to that point of precedency which is ſettled among the three learned profeſſions, by the wiſdom of our laws. I need not here take notice of the rank which is allotted to every Doctor in each of theſe profeſſions, who are all of them, though not ſo high as Knights, yet a degree above Squires; this laſt order of men being the illiterate body of the nation, are conſequently thrown together into a claſs below the three learned profeſſions. I mention this for the ſake of ſeveral rural Squires, whoſe reading does not riſe ſo high as to *the preſent State of England*, and who are often apt to uſurp that precedency which by the laws of their Country is not due to them. Their want of learning, which has planted them in this ſtation, may in ſome meaſure extenuate their miſdemeanor; and our profeſſors ought to pardon them when they offend in this particular, conſidering that they are in a ſtate of ignorance, or, as we uſually ſay, do not know their right hand from their left.

There

There is another tribe of perſons who are retainers to the learned world, and who regulate themſelves upon all occaſions by ſeveral laws peculiar to their body. I mean the players or actors of both ſexes. Among theſe it is a ſtanding and uncontroverted principle, that a Tragedian always takes place of a Comedian; and it is very well known the merry drolls who make us laugh are always placed at the lower end of the table, and in every entertainment give way to the dignity of the buſkin. It is a Stage maxim, *Once a King and always a King*. For this reaſon it would be thought very abſurd in Mr. *Bullock*, notwithſtanding the height and gracefulneſs of his perſon, to ſit at the right hand of an Hero, though he were but five foot high. The ſame diſtinction is obſerved among the Ladies of the Theatre. Queens and Heroines preſerve their rank in private converſation, while thoſe who are waiting-women and maids of honor upon the Stage, keep their diſtance alſo behind the Scenes.

I ſhall only add, that by a parity of reaſon, all writers of Tragedy look upon it as their due to be ſeated, ſerved, or ſaluted before Comic writers: thoſe who deal in Tragi-Comedy uſually taking their ſeats between the Authors of either ſide. There has been a long diſpute for precedency between the Tragic and Heroic Poets. *Ariſtotle* would have the latter yield the *Pas* to the former; but Mr. *Dryden* and many others would never ſubmit to this deciſion. Burleſque writers pay the ſame deference to the Heroic, as Comic writers to their ſerious brothers in the Drama.

By this ſhort table of laws, order is kept up, and diſtinction preſerved in the whole republic of letters.

N° 530. *Friday, November 7.*

Sic viſum Veneri; cui placet impares
Formas atque animos ſub juga ahenea
Sævo mittere cum joco. Hor.

IT is very uſual for thoſe who have been ſevere upon marriage, in ſome part or other of their lives to enter into the fraternity which they have ridiculed, and to ſee their rallery return upon their own heads. I ſcarce ever knew a woman-hater that did not, ſooner or later, pay for it. Marriage, which is a bleſſing to another man, falls upon ſuch an one as a judgment. Mr. *Congreve*'s *Old Batchelor* is ſet forth to us with much wit and humor,

as

as an example of this kind. In ſhort, thoſe who have moſt diſtinguiſhed themſelves by railing at the ſex in general, very often make an honorable amends, by chooſing one of the moſt worthleſs perſons of it, for a companion and yoke-fellow. *Hymen* takes his revenge in kind, on thoſe who turn his myſteries into ridicule.

My friend *Will Honeycomb,* who was ſo unmercifully witty upon the women, in a couple of Letters, which I lately communicated to the public, has given the Ladies ample ſatisfaction by marrying a farmer's daughter; a piece of news which came to our Club by the laſt poſt. The *Templar* is very poſitive that he has married a dairy-maid: but *Will,* in his Letter to me on this occaſion, ſets the beſt face upon the matter that he can, and gives a more tolerable account of his ſpouſe. I muſt confeſs I ſuſpected ſomething more than ordinary, when upon opening the Letter I found that *Will* was fallen off from his former gaiety, having changed *Dear Spec,* which was his uſual ſalute at the beginning of the Letter, into *My worthy friend*, and ſubſcribed himſelf in the latter end of it at full length *William Honeycomb.* In ſhort, the gay, the loud, the vain *Will Honeycomb,* who had made love to every great fortune that has appeared in town for above thirty years together, and boaſted of favors from Ladies whom he had never ſeen, is at length wedded to a plain country girl.

His Letter gives us the picture of a converted rake. The ſober character of the huſband is daſhed with the man of the town, and enlivened with thoſe little cant-phraſes which have made my friend *Will* often thought very pretty company. But let us hear what he ſays for himſelf.

My worthy friend,

" I Queſtion not but you, and the reſt of my acquaintance, wonder that " I who have lived in the ſmoke and gallantries of the town for thirty " years together, ſhould all on a ſudden grow fond of a country life. Had " not my dog of a ſteward run away as he did, without making up his ac- " counts, I had ſtill been immerſed in ſin and ſea-coal. But ſince my late " forced viſit to my eſtate, I am ſo pleaſed with it, that I am reſolved to " live and die upon it. I am every day abroad among my acres, and can " ſcarce forbear filling my Letter with breezes, ſhades, flowers, meadows, " and purling ſtreams. The ſimplicity of manners, which I have heard " you ſo often ſpeak of, and which appears here in perfection, charms me " wonderfully. As an inſtance of it, I muſt acquaint you, and by your " means the whole Club, that I have lately married one of my tenant's " daughters. She is born of honeſt parents, and though ſhe has no por- " tion, ſhe has a great deal of virtue. The natural ſweetneſs and inno-

" cence of her behaviour, the freſhneſs of her complexion, the unaffected " turn of her ſhape and perſon, ſhot me through and through every time " I ſaw her, and did more execution upon me in grogram, than the great- " eſt beauty in town or court had ever done in brocade. In ſhort, ſhe is " ſuch an one as promiſes me a good heir to my eſtate; and if by her " means I cannot leave to my children what are falſely called the gifts of " birth, high titles and alliances, I hope to convey to them the more real " and valuable gifts of birth, ſtrong bodies, and healthy conſtitutions: as " for your fine women, I need not tell thee that I know them. I have had " my ſhare in their graces, but no more of that. It ſhall be my buſineſs " hereafter to live the life of an honeſt man, and to act as becomes the " maſter of a family. I queſtion not but I ſhall draw upon me the rallery " of the town, and be treated to the tune of *The marriage-hater matched;* but " I am prepared for it. I have been as witty upon others in my time. " To tell thee truly, I ſaw ſuch a tribe of faſhionable young fluttering " coxcombs ſhot up, that I did not think my poſt of an *Homme de ruelle* any " longer tenable. I felt a certain ſtiffneſs in my limbs, which entirely de- " ſtroyed that jantineſs of air I was once maſter of. Beſides, for I may " now confeſs my age to thee, I have been eight and forty above theſe " twelve years. Since my retirement into the country will make a va- " cancy in the Club, I could wiſh you would fill up my place with my " friend *Tom Dapperwit.* He has an infinite deal of fire, and knows the " town. For my own part, as I have ſaid before, I ſhall endeavour to live " hereafter ſuitable to a man in my ſtation, as a prudent head of a fa- " mily, a good huſband, a careful father (when it ſhall ſo happen) and as

Your moſt ſincere friend, and humble ſervant,

WILLIAM HONEYCOMB.

Saturday,

N° 531. *Saturday, November* 8.

Qui mare et terras variiſque mundum
Temperat horis:
Unde nil majus generatur ipſo,
Nec viget quicquam ſimile aut ſecundum. Hor.

SIMONIDES being aſked by *Dionyſius* the tyrant what God was, deſired a day's time to conſider of it before he made his reply. When the day was expired, he deſired two days; and afterwards, inſtead of returning his anſwer, demanded ſtill double time to conſider of it. This great Poet and Philoſopher, the more he contemplated the nature of the Deity, found that he waded but the more out of his depth; and that he loſt himſelf in the thought, inſtead of finding an end of it.

If we conſider the idea which wiſe men, by the light of reaſon, have framed of the Divine Being, it amounts to This; that he has in him all the perfection of a ſpiritual nature; and ſince we have no notion of any kind of ſpiritual perfection but what we diſcover in our own ſouls, we join infinitude to each kind of theſe perfections, and what is a faculty in an human ſoul, becomes an attribute in God. *We* exiſt in place and time, the Divine Being fills the immenſity of ſpace with his preſence, and inhabits Eternity. *We* are poſſeſſed of a little power and a little knowledge, the Divine Being is Almighty and Omniſcient. In ſhort, by adding infinity to any kind of perfection we enjoy, and by joining all theſe different kinds of perfections in one Being, we form our idea of the great Sovereign of nature.

Though every one who thinks, muſt have made this obſervation, I ſhall produce Mr. *Locke*'s authority to the ſame purpoſe, out of his Eſſay on Human Underſtanding. " If we examine the *Idea* we have of the incompre-
" henſible ſupreme Being, we ſhall find that we come by it the ſame way;
" and that the complex *Ideas* we have both of God and ſeparate ſpirits, are
" made up of the ſimple *Ideas* we receive from *Reflection: v. g.* having from
" what we experiment in ourſelves, got the *Ideas* of exiſtence and duration,
" of knowledge and power, of pleaſure and happineſs, and of ſeveral other
" qualities and powers, which it is better to have, than to be without;
" when we would frame an *Idea* the moſt ſuitable we can to the ſupreme

" Being, we enlarge every one of theſe with our *Idea* of infinity; and ſo " putting them together, make our complex *Idea* of *God*."

It is not impoſſible that there may be many kinds of ſpiritual perfection, beſides thoſe which are lodged in an human ſoul; but it is impoſſible that we ſhould have ideas of any kinds of perfection, except thoſe of which we have ſome ſmall rays and ſhort imperfect ſtrokes in ourſelves. It would be therefore a very high preſumption to determine whether the ſupreme Being has not many more attributes than thoſe which enter into our conceptions of him. This is certain, that if there be any kind of ſpiritual perfection which is not marked out in an human ſoul, it belongs in its fulneſs to the Divine Nature.

Several eminent Philoſophers have imagined that the ſoul, in her ſeparate ſtate, may have new faculties ſpringing up in her, which ſhe is not capable of exerting during her preſent union with the body; and whether theſe faculties may not correſpond with other attributes in the Divine Nature, and open to us hereafter new matter of wonder and adoration, we are altogether ignorant. This, as I have ſaid before, we ought to acquieſce in, that the Sovereign Being, the great Author of nature, has in him all poſſible perfection, as well in *kind* as in *degree;* to ſpeak according to our methods of conceiving. I ſhall only add under this head, that when we have raiſed our notion of this infinite Being as high as it is poſſible for the mind of man to go, it will fall infinitely ſhort of what he really is. *There is no end of his greatneſs:* the moſt exalted creature he has made, is only capable of adoring it, none but himſelf can comprehend it.

The advice of the Son of *Sirach* is very juſt and ſublime in this light. *By his word all things conſiſt. We may ſpeak much, and yet come ſhort: wherefore in ſum, he is all. How ſhall we be able to magnify him? for he is great above all his works. The Lord is terrible and very great; and marvellous in his power. When you glorify the Lord, exalt him as much as you can; for even yet will he far exceed. And when you exalt him, put forth all your ſtrength, and be not weary; for you can never go far enough. Who hath ſeen him, that he might tell us? and who can magnify him as he is? there are yet hid greater things than theſe be, for we have ſeen but a few of his works.*

I have here only conſidered the Supreme Being by the light of reaſon and philoſophy. If we would ſee him in all the wonders of his mercy, we muſt have recourſe to revelation, which repreſents him to us, not only as infinitely Great and Glorious, but as infinitely Good and Juſt in his diſpenſations towards man. But as this is a Theory which falls under every one's conſideration, though indeed it can never be ſufficiently conſidered, I ſhall here only take notice of that habitual worſhip and veneration which we ought

ought to pay to this Almighty Being. We ſhould often refreſh our minds with the thoughts of him, and annihilate ourſelves before him, in the contemplation of our own worthleſſneſs, and of his tranſcendent excellency and perfection. This would imprint in our minds ſuch a conſtant and uninterrupted awe and veneration as that which I am here recommending, and which is in reality a kind of inceſſant prayer, and reaſonable humiliation of the ſoul before him who made it.

This would effectually kill in us all the little ſeeds of pride, vanity and ſelf-conceit, which are apt to ſhoot up in the minds of ſuch whoſe thoughts turn more on thoſe comparative advantages which they enjoy over ſome of their fellow-creatures, than on that infinite diſtance which is placed between them and the Supreme Model of all perfection. It would likewiſe quicken our deſires and endeavours of uniting ourſelves to him by all the acts of religion and virtue.

Such an habitual homage to the ſupreme Being would, in a particular manner, baniſh from among us that prevailing impiety of uſing his name on the moſt trivial occaſions.

I find the following paſſage in an excellent Sermon, preached at the funeral of a Gentleman who was an honor to his country, and a more diligent as well as ſucceſsful enquirer into the works of Nature, than any other our nation has ever produced. "He had the profoundeſt veneration "for the great God of heaven and earth that I have ever obſerved in any "perſon. The very name of God was never mentioned by him without a "pauſe and a viſible ſtop in his diſcourſe; in which, one that knew him moſt "particularly above twenty years, has told me, that he was ſo exact, that "he does not remember to have obſerved him once to fail in it.

Every one knows the veneration which was paid by the *Jews* to a name ſo great, wonderful and holy. They would not let it enter even into their religious diſcourſes. What can we then think of thoſe who make uſe of ſo tremendous a name in the ordinary expreſſions of their anger, mirth, and moſt impertinent paſſions? of thoſe who admit it into the moſt familiar queſtions and aſſertions, ludicrous phraſes and works of humor? not to mention thoſe who violate it by ſolemn perjuries? It would be an affront to reaſon to endeavour to ſet forth the horror and profaneneſs of ſuch a practice. The very mention of it expoſes it ſufficiently to thoſe in whom the light of nature, not to ſay religion, is not utterly extinguiſhed.

Thurſday,

N° 535. *Thurſday, November* 13.

Spem longam reſeces —— Hor.

MY four hundred and ſeventy firſt ſpeculation turned upon the ſubject of Hope in general. I deſign this paper as a ſpeculation upon that vain and fooliſh Hope, which is miſemployed on temporal objects, and produces many ſorrows and calamities in human life.

It is a precept ſeveral times inculcated by *Horace*, that we ſhould not entertain an hope of any thing in life which lies at a great diſtance from us. The ſhortneſs and uncertainty of our time here, makes ſuch a kind of hope unreaſonable and abſurd. The grave lies unſeen between us and the object which we reach after: where one man lives to enjoy the good he has in view, ten thouſand are cut off in the purſuit of it.

It happens likewiſe unluckily, that one Hope no ſooner dies in us, but another riſes up in its ſtead. We are apt to fancy that we ſhall be happy and ſatisfied if we poſſeſs ourſelves of ſuch and ſuch particular enjoyments; but either by reaſon of their emptineſs, or the natural inquietude of the mind, we have no ſooner gained one point but we extend our hopes to another. We ſtill find new inviting ſcenes and landſcapes lying behind thoſe which at a diſtance terminated our view.

The natural conſequences of ſuch reflections are theſe; that we ſhould take care not to let our hopes run out into too great a length; that we ſhould ſufficiently weigh the objects of our Hope, whether they be ſuch as we may reaſonably expect from them what they propoſe in their fruition; and whether they are ſuch as we are pretty ſure of attaining, in caſe our life extend itſelf ſo far. If we hope for things which are at too great a diſtance from us, it is poſſible that we may be intercepted by death in our progreſs towards them. If we hope for things of which we have not thoroughly conſidered the value, our diſappointment will be greater than our pleaſure in the fruition of them. If we hope for what we are not likely to poſſeſs, we act and think in vain, and make life a greater dream and ſhadow than it really is.

Many of the miſeries and misfortunes of life proceed from our want of conſideration, in one or all of theſe particulars. They are the rocks on which the ſanguine tribe of lovers daily ſplit, and on which the bankrupt, the

the politician, the alchymiſt and projector are caſt away in every age. Men of warm imaginations and towring thoughts are apt to overlook the goods of fortune which are near them, for ſomething that glitters in the ſight at a diſtance: to neglect ſolid and ſubſtantial happineſs, for what is ſhowy and ſuperficial; and to contemn that good which lies within their reach, for that which they are not capable of attaining. Hope calculates its ſchemes for a long and durable life; preſſes forward to imaginary points of bliſs; and graſps at impoſſibilities; and conſequently very often enſnares men into beggary, ruin and diſhonor.

What I have here ſaid, may ſerve as a moral to an *Arabian* fable, which I find tranſlated into *French* by Monſieur *Galland*. The fable has in it ſuch a wild, but natural ſimplicity, that I queſtion not but my Reader will be as much pleaſed with it as I have been, and that he will conſider himſelf, if he reflects on the ſeveral amuſements of Hope which have ſometimes paſſed in his mind, as a near relation to the *Perſian* glaſs-man.

Alnaſchar, ſays the fable, was a very idle fellow, that never would ſet his hand to any buſineſs during his father's life. When his father died, he left him to the value of an hundred Drachmas in *Perſian* money. *Alnaſchar*, in order to make the beſt of it, laid it out in glaſſes, bottles, and the fineſt earthen-ware. Theſe he piled up in a large open baſket, and having made choice of a very little ſhop, placed the baſket at his feet, and leaned his back upon the wall, in expectation of cuſtomers. As he ſat in this poſture with his eyes upon the baſket, he fell into a moſt amuſing train of thought, and was over-heard by one of his neighbours as he talked to himſelf in the following manner: *This Baſket*, ſays he, *coſt me at the wholeſale Merchant's an hundred Drachmas, which is all I have in the world. I ſhall quickly make two hundred of it, by ſelling it in retail. Theſe two hundred Drachmas will in a very little while riſe to four hundred, which of courſe will amount in time to four thouſand. Four thouſand Drachmas cannot fail of making eight thouſand. As ſoon as by this means I am Maſter of ten thouſand, I will lay aſide my trade of a glaſs-man, and turn Jeweller. I ſhall then deal in Diamonds, Pearls, and all ſorts of rich ſtones. When I have got together as much wealth as I can well deſire, I will make a purchaſe of the fineſt houſe I can find, with lands, ſlaves, eunuchs and horſes. I ſhall then begin to enjoy myſelf, and make a noiſe in the world. I will not, however, ſtop there, but ſtill continue my traffic, till I have got together an hundred thouſand Drachmas. When I have thus made myſelf maſter of an hundred thouſand Drachmas, I ſhall naturally ſet myſelf on the foot of a Prince, and will demand the Grand Viſier's daughter in marriage, after having repreſented to that Miniſter the information which I have received of the beauty, wit, diſcretion, and other high qualities which his daughter poſſeſſes. I will let him know at the ſame time, that it is my intention to make him a preſent*

preſent of a thouſand pieces of gold on our marriage-night. As ſoon as I have married the Grand Viſier's daughter, I'll buy her ten black Eunuchs, the youngeſt and beſt that can be got for money. I muſt afterwards make my father-in-law a viſit with a great train of equipage. And when I am placed at his right-hand, which he will do of courſe, if it be only to honor his daughter, I will give him the thouſand pieces of gold which I promiſed him, and afterwards to his great ſurpriſe, will preſent him with another purſe of the ſame value, with ſome ſhort ſpeech; as, Sir, you ſee I am a man of my word: I always give more than I promiſe.

When I have brought the Princeſs to my houſe, I ſhall take particular care to breed in her a due reſpect for me, before I give the reins to love and dalliance. To this end I ſhall confine her to her own apartment, make her a ſhort viſit, and talk but little to her. Her women will repreſent to me, that ſhe is inconſolable by reaſon of my unkindneſs, and beg me with tears to careſs her, and let her ſit down by me; but I ſhall ſtill remain inexorable, and will turn my back upon her all the firſt night. Her mother will then come and bring her daughter to me, as I am ſeated upon my ſofa. The daughter, with tears in her eyes, will fling herſelf at my feet, and beg of me to receive her into my favor: then will I, to imprint in her a thorough veneration for my perſon, draw up my legs and ſpurn her from me with my foot, in ſuch a manner that ſhe ſhall fall down ſeveral paces from the ſofa.

Alnaſchar was entirely ſwallowed up in this chimerical viſion, and could not forbear acting with his foot what he had in his thoughts: ſo that unluckily ſtriking his baſket of brittle ware, which was the foundation of all his grandeur, he kicked his glaſſes to a great diſtance from him into the ſtreet, and broke them into ten thouſand pieces.

Friday,

N° 536. *Friday, November* 14.

O! veræ Phrygiæ, neque enim Phryges! Virg.

AS I was the other day ſtanding in my bookſeller's ſhop, a pretty young thing, about eighteen years of age, ſtept out of her coach, and bruſhing by me, beckoned the man of the ſhop to the farther end of his counter, where ſhe whiſpered ſomething to him with an attentive look, and at the ſame time preſented him with a letter: after which, preſſing the end of her fan upon his hand, ſhe delivered the remaining part of her meſſage, and withdrew. I obſerved, in the midſt of her diſcourſe, that ſhe fluſhed, and caſt an eye upon me over her ſhoulder, having been informed by my bookſeller, that I was the man of the ſhort face whom ſhe had ſo often read of. Upon her paſſing by me, the pretty blooming creature ſmiled in my face, and dropped me a curtſy. She ſcarce gave me time to return her ſalute, before ſhe quitted the ſhop with an eaſy ſkuttle, and ſtepped again into her coach, giving the footman directions to drive where they were bid. Upon her departure, my bookſeller gave me a letter, ſubſcribed, *To the ingenious Spectator*, which the young Lady had deſired him to deliver into my own hands, and to tell me, that the ſpeedy publication of it would not only oblige herſelf, but a whole tea-table of my friends. I opened it therefore, with a reſolution to publiſh it, whatever it ſhould contain, and am ſure if any of my male Readers will be ſo ſeverely critical as not to like it, they would have been as well pleaſed with it as myſelf, had they ſeen the face of the pretty ſcribe.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *London, Nov.* 1712.

"YOU are always ready to receive any uſeful hint or propoſal, and "ſuch, I believe, you will think one that may put you in a way to "employ the moſt idle part of the Kingdom; I mean that part of mankind "who are known by the name of Womens-men or Beaus, *&c.* *Mr.* SPEC-"TATOR, you are ſenſible theſe pretty Gentlemen are not made for any "manly employments, and for want of buſineſs are often as much in the "vapors as the Ladies. Now what I propoſe is this, that ſince knotting is "again in faſhion, which has been found a very pretty amuſement, that "you would recommend it to theſe Gentlemen as ſomething that may "make them uſeful to the Ladies they admire. And ſince it is not incon-

" ſiſtent with any game, or other diverſion, for it may be done in the " Play-houſe, in their coaches, at the tea-table, and, in ſhort, in all places " where they come for the ſake of the Ladies (except at Church, be pleaſed " to forbid it there, to prevent miſtakes) it will be eaſily complied with. " It is beſides an employment that allows, as we ſee by the fair ſex, of many " graces, which will make the Beaus more readily come into it; it ſhews " a white hand and a diamond ring to great advantage; it leaves the eyes " at full liberty to be employed as before, as alſo the thoughts, and the " tongue. In ſhort, it ſeems in every reſpect ſo proper, that it is need- " leſs to urge it farther, by ſpeaking of the ſatisfaction theſe male-knotters " will find, when they ſee their work mixed up in a fringe, and worn by " the fair Lady for whom and with whom it was done. Truly, *Mr.* SPEC- " TATOR, I cannot but be pleaſed I have hit upon ſomething that theſe " Gentlemen are capable of; for it is ſad ſo conſiderable a part of the " kingdom (I mean for numbers) ſhould be of no manner of uſe. I ſhall " not trouble you farther at this time, but only to ſay, that I am always " your reader, and generally your admirer, *C. B.*

P. S. " The ſooner theſe fine Gentlemen are ſet to work, the better; there " being at this time ſeveral fine fringes that only ſtay for more hands."

I ſhall, in the next place, preſent my Reader with the deſcription of a ſet of men who are common enough in the world, though I do not remember that I have yet taken notice of them, as they are drawn in the following Letter.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

" SINCE you have lately, to ſo good purpoſe, enlarged upon conjugal " love, it is to be hoped you will diſcourage every practice that rather " proceeds from a regard to intereſt, than to happineſs. Now you cannot " but obſerve, that moſt of our fine young Ladies readily fall in with the " direction of the graver ſort, to retain in their ſervice, by ſome ſmall en- " couragement, as great a number as they can of ſupernumerary and " inſignificant fellows, which they uſe like whifflers, and commonly call " *Shoeing-horns*. Theſe are never deſigned to know the length of the foot, " but only, when a good offer comes, to whet and ſpur him up to the " point. Nay, it is the opinion of that grave Lady, Madam *Matchwell*, that " it is abſolutely convenient for every prudent family to have ſeveral of " theſe implements about the houſe, to clap on as occaſion ſerves, and that " every ſpark ought to produce a certificate of his being a Shoeing-horn,

" before

" before he be admitted as a Shoe. A certain Lady, whom I could name, if " it was neceſſary, has at preſent more Shoeing-horns of all ſizes, countries " and colors, in her ſervice, than ever ſhe had new ſhoes in her life. I have " known a Woman make uſe of a Shoeing-horn for ſeveral years, and find- " ing him unſucceſsful in that function, convert him at length into a Shoe. " I am miſtaken if your friend, Mr. *William Honeycomb*, was not a caſt Shoe- " ing-horn before his late marriage. As for myſelf, I muſt frankly declare to " you, that I have been an arrant Shoeing-horn for above theſe twenty " years. I ſerved my firſt miſtreſs in that capacity above five of the num- " ber, before ſhe was ſhod. I confeſs, though ſhe had many who made " their applications to her, I always thought myſelf the beſt ſhoe in her " ſhop, and it was not till a month before her marriage, that I diſcovered " what I was. This had like to have broke my heart, and raiſed ſuch " ſuſpicions in me, that I told the next I made love to, upon receiving " ſome unkind uſage from her, that I began to look upon myſelf as no " more than her Shoeing-horn. Upon which, my dear, who was a Co- " quette in her nature, told me I was hypochondriacal, and that I might as " well look upon myſelf to be an egg or a pipkin. But in a very ſhort time " after ſhe gave me to know that I was not miſtaken in myſelf. It would " be tedious to recount to you the life of an unfortunate Shoeing-horn, or " I might entertain you with a very long and melancholy relation of my " ſufferings. Upon the whole, I think, Sir, it would very well become a " man in your poſt, to determine in what caſes a woman may be allowed, " with honor, to make uſe of a Shoeing-horn, as alſo to declare whether a " maid on this ſide five and twenty, or a widow who has not been three " years in that ſtate, may be granted ſuch a privilege, with other dif- " ficulties, which will naturally occur to you upon that ſubject.

I am, SIR, with the moſt profound veneration, Yours, &c.

N° 538. *Monday, November* 17.

——— *Ultra*
Finem tendere opus. Hor.

SURPRISE is so much the life of stories, that every one aims at it, who endeavours to please by telling them. Smooth delivery, an elegant choice of words, and a sweet arrangement, are all beautifying *Graces;* but not the particulars in this point of conversation which either long command the attention, or strike with the violence of a sudden passion, or occasion the burst of laughter which accompanies humor. I have sometimes fancied that the mind is in this case like a traveller who sees a fine seat in haste; he acknowledges the delightfulness of a walk set with regularity, but would be uneasy if he were obliged to pass it over, when the first view had let him into all its beauties from one end to the other.

However, a knowledge of the success which stories will have when they are attended with a turn of surprise, as it has happily made the characters of some, so has it also been the ruin of the characters of others. There is a set of men who outrage truth, instead of affecting us with a manner in telling it; who over-leap the line of probability, that they may be seen to move out of the common road; and endeavour only to make their hearers stare, by imposing upon them with a kind of nonsense against the philosophy of nature, or such a heap of wonders told upon their own knowledge, as it is not likely one man should ever have met with.

I have been led to this observation by a company into which I fell accidentally. The subject of *Antipathies* was a proper field wherein such false surprises might expatiate, and there were those present who appeared very fond to shew it in its full extent of traditional history. Some of them, in a learned manner, offered to our consideration the miraculous powers which the effluviums of cheese have over bodies whose pores are disposed to receive them in a noxious manner; others gave an account of such who could indeed bear the sight of cheese, but not the taste; for which they brought a reason from the milk of their nurses. Others again discoursed, without endeavouring at reasons, concerning an unconquerable aversion which some stomachs have against a joint of meat when it is whole, and the eager inclination they have for it, when, by its being cut up, the shape which

which had affected them is altered. From hence they paſſed to Eels, then to Parſnips, and ſo from one averſion to another, till we had worked up ourſelves to ſuch a pitch of complaiſance, that when the dinner was to come in, we enquired the name of every diſh, and hoped it would be no offence to any in the company, before it was admitted. When we had ſat down, this civility among us turned the diſcourſe from eatables to other ſorts of averſions; and the eternal cat, which plagues every converſation of this nature, began then to engroſs the ſubject. One had ſweated at the ſight of it; another had ſmelled it out as it lay concealed in a very diſtant cupboard; and he who crowned the whole ſet of theſe ſtories, reckoned up the number of times in which it had occaſioned him to ſwoon away. At laſt, ſays he, that you may all be ſatisfied of my invincible averſion to a cat, I ſhall give an unanſwerable inſtance: As I was going through a ſtreet of *London*, where I never had been till then, I felt a general damp and a faintneſs all over me, which I could not tell how to account for, till I chanced to caſt my eyes upwards, and found that I was paſſing under a ſign-poſt on which the picture of a cat was hung.

The extravagance of this turn in the way of ſurpriſe, gave a ſtop to the talk we had been carrying on: ſome were ſilent becauſe they doubted, and others becauſe they were conquered in their own way; ſo that the Gentleman had opportunity to preſs the belief of it upon us, and let us ſee that he was rather expoſing himſelf than ridiculing others.

I muſt freely own that I did not all this while diſbelieve every thing that was ſaid, but yet I thought ſome in the company had been endeavouring who ſhould pitch the bar fartheſt; that it had for ſome time been a meaſuring caſt, and at laſt my friend of the cat and ſign-poſt had thrown beyond them all.

I then conſidered the manner in which this ſtory had been received, and the poſſibility that it might have paſſed for a jeſt upon others, if he had not labored againſt himſelf. From hence, thought I, there are two ways which the well-bred world generally takes to correct ſuch a practice, when they do not think fit to contradict it flatly.

The firſt of theſe is a general ſilence, which I would not adviſe any one to interpret in his own behalf. It is often the effect of prudence in avoiding a quarrel, when they ſee another drive ſo faſt, that there is no ſtopping him without being run againſt; and but very ſeldom the effect of weakneſs in believing ſuddenly. The generality of mankind are not ſo groſly ignorant, as ſome over-bearing ſpirits would perſuade themſelves; and if the authority of a character, or a caution againſt danger, make us ſuppreſs our opinion, yet neither of theſe are of force enough to ſuppreſs our thoughts

of

of them. If a man who has endeavoured to amuſe his company with improbabilities could but look into their minds, he would find that they imagine he lightly eſteems of their ſenſe when he thinks to impoſe upon them, and that he is leſs eſteemed by them for his attempt in doing ſo. His endeavour to glory at their expence becomes a ground of quarrel, and the ſcorn and indifference with which they entertain it, begins the immediate puniſhment: and indeed (if we ſhould even go no further) ſilence, or a negligent indifference, has a deeper way of wounding than oppoſition; becauſe oppoſition proceeds from an anger that has a ſort of generous ſentiment for the adverſary mingling along with it, while it ſhews that there is ſome eſteem in your mind for him; in ſhort, that you think him worth while to conteſt with: but ſilence, or a negligent indifference, proceeds from anger, mixed with a ſcorn that ſhews another he is thought by you too contemptible to be regarded.

The other method which the world has taken for correcting this practice of falſe ſurpriſe, is to over-ſhoot ſuch talkers in their own bow, or to raiſe the ſtory with further degrees of impoſſibility, and ſet up for a voucher to them in ſuch a manner as muſt let them ſee they ſtand detected. Thus I have heard a diſcourſe was once managed upon the effects of fear. One of the company had given an account how it had turned his friend's hair grey in a night, while the terrors of a ſhipwreck encompaſſed him. Another taking the hint from hence, began, upon his own knowledge, to enlarge his inſtances of the like nature to ſuch a number, that it was not probable he could ever have met with them; and as he ſtill grounded thoſe upon different cauſes, for the ſake of variety, it might ſeem at laſt, from his ſhare of the converſation, almoſt impoſſible that any one who can feel the paſſion of fear ſhould all his life eſcape ſo common an effect of it. By this time ſome of the company grew negligent, or deſirous to contradict him: but one rebuked the reſt with an appearance of ſeverity, and with the known old ſtory in his head, aſſured them they need not ſcruple to believe that the fear of any thing can make a man's hair grey, ſince he knew one whoſe periwig had ſuffered ſo by it: thus he ſtopped the talk, and made them eaſy. Thus is the ſame method taken to bring us to ſhame, which we fondly take to encreaſe our character. It is indeed a kind of mimickry, by which another puts on our air of converſation to ſhew us to ourſelves: he ſeems to look ridiculous before you, that you may remember how near a reſemblance you bear to him, or that you may know he will not lie under the imputation of believing you. Then it is that you are ſtruck dumb immediately with a conſcientious ſhame for what you have been ſaying: then it is that you are inwardly grieved at the ſentiments which you cannot

cannot but perceive others entertain concerning you. In ſhort, you are againſt yourſelf; the laugh of the company runs againſt you; the cenſuring world is obliged to you for that triumph which you have allowed them at your own expence; and truth, which you have injured, has a near way of being revenged on you, when by the bare repetition of your ſtory you become a frequent diverſion for the public.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

" THE other day, walking in *Pancras* Church-yard, I thought of your " paper wherein you mention Epitaphs, and am of opinion this has " a thought in it worth being communicated to your Readers.

Here innocence and beauty lies, whoſe breath
Was ſnatch'd by early, not untimely death.
Hence did ſhe go, juſt as ſhe did begin
Sorrow to know, before ſhe knew to ſin.
Death, that does ſin and ſorrow thus prevent,
Is the next bleſſing to a life well ſpent.

I am, SIR, your ſervant.

N° 542. *Friday, November* 21.

Et ſibi præferri ſe gaudet ——— Ovid.

WHEN I have been preſent in aſſemblies where my paper has been talked of, I have been very well pleaſed to hear thoſe who would detract from the Author of it obſerve, that the Letters which are ſent to the *Spectator* are as good, if not better, than any of his works. Upon this occaſion many Letters of mirth are uſually mentioned, which ſome think the *Spectator* writ to himſelf, and which others commend becauſe they fancy he received them from his correſpondents: ſuch are thoſe from the *Valetudinarian;* the inſpector of the ſign-poſts; the maſter of the Fan-exerciſe; with that of the hooped-petticoat; that of *Nicholas Hart* the annual ſleeper; that from Sir *John Envill;* that upon the *London* cries; with multitudes of the ſame nature. As I love nothing more than to mortify the ill-natured, that I may do it effectually, I muſt acquaint them, they have very often praiſed me when they did not deſign it, and that they have approved my writings when they thought they had derogated from them. I have heard

ſeveral

ſeveral of theſe unhappy Gentlemen proving, by undeniable arguments, that I was not able to pen a Letter which I had written the day before. Nay, I have heard ſome of them throwing out ambiguous expreſſions, and giving the company reaſon to ſuſpect that they themſelves did me the honor to ſend me ſuch and ſuch a particular epiſtle, which happened to be talked of with the eſteem or approbation of thoſe who were preſent. Theſe rigid Critics are ſo afraid of allowing me any thing which does not belong to me, that they will not be poſitive whether the Lion, the wild Boar, and the Flower-pots in the Playhouſe, did not actually write thoſe Letters which came to me in their names. I muſt therefore inform theſe Gentlemen, that I often chooſe this way of caſting my thoughts into a Letter, for the following reaſons: Firſt, out of the policy of thoſe who try their jeſt upon another, before they own it themſelves. Secondly, becauſe I would extort a little praiſe from ſuch who will never applaud any thing whoſe Author is known and certain. Thirdly, becauſe it gave me an opportunity of introducing a great variety of characters into my work, which could not have been done, had I always written in the perſon of the *Spectator*. Fourthly, becauſe the dignity ſpectatorial would have ſuffered, had I publiſhed as from myſelf thoſe ſeveral ludicrous compoſitions which I have aſcribed to fictitious names and characters. And laſtly, becauſe they often ſerve to bring in, more naturally, ſuch additional reflections as have been placed at the end of them.

There are others who have likewiſe done me a very particular honor, though undeſignedly. Theſe are ſuch who will needs have it, that I have tranſlated or borrowed many of my thoughts out of books which are written in other languages. I have heard of a perſon, who is more famous for his library than his learning, that has aſſerted this more than once in his private converſation. Were it true, I am ſure he could not ſpeak it from his own knowledge; but had he read the books which he has collected, he would find this accuſation to be wholly groundleſs. Thoſe who are truly learned will acquit me in this point, in which I have been ſo far from offending, that I have been ſcrupulous perhaps to a fault in quoting the Authors of ſeveral paſſages which I might have made my own. But as this aſſertion is in reality an encomium on what I have publiſhed, I ought rather to glory in it, than endeavour to confute it.

Some are ſo very willing to alienate from me that ſmall reputation which might accrue to me from any of theſe my Speculations, that they attribute ſome of the beſt of them to thoſe imaginary Manuſcripts with which I have introduced them. There are others, I muſt confeſs, whoſe objections have given me a greater concern, as they ſeem to reflect, under this head, rather on my morality

morality than on my invention. Theſe are they who ſay an Author is guilty of falſhood, when he talks to the public of Manuſcripts which he never ſaw, or deſcribes ſcenes of action or diſcourſe in which he was never engaged. But theſe Gentlemen would do well to conſider, there is not a fable or parable which ever was made uſe of, that is not liable to this exception; ſince nothing, according to this notion, can be related innocently, which was not once matter of fact. Beſides, I think the moſt ordinary Reader may be able to diſcover, by my way of writing, what I deliver in theſe occurrences as truth, and what as fiction.

Since I am unawares engaged in anſwering the ſeveral objections which have been made againſt theſe my works, I muſt take notice that there are ſome who affirm a paper of this nature ſhould always turn upon diverting ſubjects, and others who find fault with every one of them that hath not an immediate tendency to the advancement of religion or learning. I ſhall leave theſe Gentlemen to diſpute it out among themſelves, ſince I ſee one half of my conduct patroniſed by each ſide. Were I ſerious on an improper ſubject, or trifling in a ſerious one, I ſhould deſervedly draw upon me the cenſure of my Readers; or were I conſcious of any thing in my writings that is not innocent at leaſt, or that the greateſt part of them were not ſincerely deſigned to diſcountenance vice and ignorance, and ſupport the intereſt of true wiſdom and virtue, I ſhould be more ſevere upon myſelf than the public is diſpoſed to be. In the mean while I deſire my Reader to conſider every particular paper or diſcourſe as a diſtinct tract by itſelf, and independent of every thing that goes before or after it.

I ſhall end this paper with the following letter, which was really ſent me, as ſome others have been which I have publiſhed, and for which I muſt own myſelf indebted to their reſpective writers.

SIR,

"I Was this morning in a company of your well-wiſhers, when we read "over, with great ſatisfaction, *Tully*'s obſervations on action adapted to "the *Britiſh* theatre: though, by the way, we were very ſorry to find that "you have diſpoſed of another member of your club. Poor Sir *Roger* is "dead, and the worthy Clergyman dying. Captain *Sentry* has taken poſ-"ſeſſion of a fair eſtate; *Will Honeycomb* has married a farmer's daughter, "and the *Templar* withdraws himſelf into the buſineſs of his own profeſſion. "What will all this end in? We are afraid it portends no good to the "public. Unleſs you very ſpeedily fix a day for the election of new mem-"bers, we are under apprehenſions of loſing the *Britiſh Spectator*. I hear "of a party of Ladies who intend to addreſs you on this ſubject, and queſ-"tion

" tion not, if you do not give us the ſlip very ſuddenly, that you will re-
" ceive addreſſes from all parts of the kingdom to continue ſo uſeful a
" work. Pray deliver us out of this perplexity, and among the multitude
" of your readers you will particularly oblige,

Your moſt ſincere friend and ſervant, Philo-ſpec.

N° 543. *Saturday, November* 22.

——— *Facies non omnibus una,*
Nec diverſa tamen ——— Ovid.

THOSE who were ſkilful in Anatomy among the ancients, concluded from the outward and inward make of an human body, that it was the work of a Being tranſcendently wiſe and powerful. As the world grew more enlightened in this art, their diſcoveries gave them freſh opportunities of admiring the conduct of Providence in the formation of an human body. *Galen* was converted by his diſſections, and could not but own a ſupreme Being upon a ſurvey of this his handy-work. There are, indeed, many parts, of which the old Anatomiſts did not know the certain uſe; but as they ſaw that moſt of thoſe which they examined were adapted with admirable art to their ſeveral functions, they did not queſtion but thoſe, whoſe uſes they could not determine, were contrived with the ſame wiſdom for reſpective ends and purpoſes. Since the circulation of the blood has been found out, and many other great diſcoveries have been made by our modern Anatomiſts, we ſee new wonders in the human frame, and diſcern ſeveral important uſes for thoſe parts, which uſes the ancients knew nothing of. In ſhort, the body of man is ſuch a ſubject as ſtands the utmoſt teſt of examination. Though it appears formed with the niceſt wiſdom, upon the moſt ſuperficial ſurvey of it, it ſtill mends upon the ſearch, and produces our ſurpriſe and amazement in proportion as we pry into it. What I have here ſaid of an human body, may be applied to the body of every animal which has been the ſubject of anatomical obſervations.

The body of an animal is an object adequate to our ſenſes. It is a particular ſyſtem of Providence, that lies in a narrow compaſs. The eye is able to command it, and by ſucceſſive enquiries can ſearch into all its parts. Could the body of the whole earth, or indeed the whole univerſe, be thus

ſubmitted

ſubmitted to the examination of our ſenſes, were it not too big and diſproportioned for our enquiries, too unwieldy for the management of the eye and hand, there is no queſtion but it would appear to us as curious and well-contrived a frame as that of an human body. We ſhould ſee the ſame concatenation and ſubſerviency, the ſame neceſſity and uſefulneſs, the ſame beauty and harmony in all and every of its parts, as what we diſcover in the body of every ſingle animal.

The more extended our reaſon is, and the more able to grapple with immenſe objects, the greater ſtill are thoſe diſcoveries which it makes of wiſdom and providence in the works of the Creation. A Sir *Iſaac Newton*, who ſtands up as the miracle of the preſent age, can look through a whole planetary ſyſtem; conſider it in its weight, number, and meaſure; and draw from it as many demonſtrations of infinite power and wiſdom, as a more confined underſtanding is able to deduce from the ſyſtem of an human body.

But to return to our ſpeculations on Anatomy. I ſhall here conſider the fabric and texture of the bodies of animals in one particular view; which, in my opinion, ſhews the hand of a thinking and all-wiſe Being in their formation, with the evidence of a thouſand demonſtrations. I think we may lay this down as an inconteſted principle, that Chance never acts in a perpetual uniformity and conſiſtence with itſelf. If one ſhould always fling the ſame number with ten thouſand dice, or ſee every throw juſt five times leſs, or five times more in number than the throw which immediately preceded it; who would not imagine there is ſome inviſible power which directs the caſt? this is the proceeding which we find in the operations of nature. Every kind of animal is diverſified by different magnitudes, each of which gives riſe to a different ſpecies. Let a man trace the dog or lion kind, and he will obſerve how many of the works of Nature are publiſhed, if I may uſe the expreſſion, in a variety of editions. If we look into the Reptile world, or into thoſe different kinds of animals that fill the element of water, we meet with the ſame repetitons among ſeveral ſpecies, that differ very little from one another, but in ſize and bulk. You find the ſame creature that is drawn at large, copied out in ſeveral proportions, and ending in miniature. It would be tedious to produce inſtances of this regular conduct in Providence, as it would be ſuperfluous to thoſe who are verſed in the natural hiſtory of animals. The magnificent harmony of the univerſe is ſuch, that we may obſerve innumerable *diviſions* running upon the ſame *ground*. I might alſo extend this ſpeculation to the dead parts of nature, in which we may find matter diſpoſed into many *ſimilar* ſyſtems, as well in our ſurvey of ſtars and planets, as of ſtones, vegetables, and other ſublunary parts of the creation. In a word,

Providence has ſhewn the richneſs of its goodneſs and wiſdom, not only in the production of many original ſpecies, but in the multiplicity of Deſcants which it has made on every original ſpecies in particular.

But to purſue this thought ſtill farther: every living creature, conſidered in itſelf, has many very complicated parts, that are exact copies of ſome other parts which it poſſeſſes, and which are complicated in the ſame manner. One *Eye* would have been ſufficient for the ſubſiſtence and preſervation of an animal; but, in order to better his condition, we ſee another placed with a mathematical exactneſs in the ſame moſt advantageous ſituation, and in every particular of the ſame ſize and texture. Is it poſſible for Chance to be thus delicate and uniform in her Operations? Should a million of dice turn up twice together the ſame number, the wonder would be nothing in compariſon with this. But when we ſee this ſimilitude and reſemblance in the arm, the hand, the fingers; when we ſee one half of the body entirely correſpond with the other in all thoſe minute ſtrokes, without which a man might have very well ſubſiſted; nay, when we often ſee a ſingle part repeated an hundred times in the ſame body, notwithſtanding it conſiſts of the moſt intricate weaving of numberleſs fibres, and theſe parts differing ſtill in magnitude, as the convenience of their particular ſituation requires; ſure a man muſt have a ſtrange caſt of underſtanding, who does not diſcover the finger of God in ſo wonderful a work. Theſe duplicates in thoſe parts of the body, without which a man might have very well ſubſiſted, though not ſo well as with them, are a plain demonſtration of an all-wiſe contriver: as thoſe more numerous copyings, which are found among the veſſels of the ſame body, are evident demonſtrations that they could not be the work of chance. This argument receives additional ſtrength, if we apply it to every animal and inſect within our knowledge, as well as to thoſe numberleſs living creatures that are objects too minute for an human eye: and if we conſider how the ſeveral ſpecies in the whole world of life reſemble one another in very many particulars, ſo far as is convenient for their reſpective ſtates of exiſtence; it is much more probable that an hundred million of dice ſhould be caſually thrown an hundred million of times in the ſame number, than that the body of any ſingle animal ſhould be produced by the fortuitous concourſe of matter. And that the like chance ſhould ariſe in innumerable inſtances, requires a degree of credulity that is not under the direction of common ſenſe. We may carry this conſideration yet farther, if we reflect on the two ſexes in every living ſpecies, with their reſemblances to each other, and thoſe particular diſtinctions that were neceſſary for the keeping up of this great world of life.

There

There are many more demonſtrations of a ſupreme Being, and of his tranſcendent wiſdom, power and goodneſs, in the formation of the body of a living creature, for which I refer my reader to other writings, particularly to the ſixth book of the poem, entitled *Creation*, where the Anatomy of the human body is deſcribed with great perſpicuity and elegance. I have been particular on the thought which runs through this Speculation, becauſe I have not ſeen it enlarged upon by others.

N° 547. *Thurſday, November* 27.

Si vulnus tibi, monſtratâ radice vel herbâ,
Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herbâ
Proficiente nihil curarier ——— Hor.

IT is very difficult to praiſe a man without putting him out of countenance. My following correſpondent has found out this uncommon art, and, together with his friends, has celebrated ſome of my Speculations after ſuch a concealed but diverting manner, that if any of my readers think I am to blame in publiſhing my own commendations, they will allow I ſhould have deſerved their cenſure as much, had I ſuppreſſed the humor, in which they are conveyed to me.

SIR,

" I Am often in a private aſſembly of wits of both ſexes, where we gene-
" rally deſcant upon your Speculations, or upon the ſubjects on which
" you have treated. We were laſt *Tueſday* talking of thoſe two volumes
" which you have lately publiſhed. Some were commending one of your
" papers, and ſome another; and there was ſcarce a ſingle perſon in the
" company that had not a favorite Speculation. Upon this a man of wit
" and learning told us, he thought it would not be amiſs if we paid the
" *Spectator* the ſame compliment that is often made in our public prints to
" Sir *William Read*, Dr. *Grant*, Mr. *Moor* the Apothecary, and other emi-
" nent phyſicians, where it is uſual for the patients to publiſh the cures
" which have been made upon them, and the ſeveral diſtempers under
" which they labored. The propoſal took, and the Lady where we viſited
" having the two laſt volumes in large paper interleaved for her own pri-
" vate uſe, ordered them to be brought down, and laid in the window,

" whither

" whither every one in the company retired, and writ down a particular " Advertiſement, in the ſtyle and phraſe of the late ingenious compoſitions " which we frequently meet with at the end of our News-papers. When " we had finiſhed our work, we read them with a great deal of mirth at the " fire-ſide, and agreed, *Nemine Contradicente,* to get them tranſcribed, and " ſent to the *Spectator.* The Gentleman who made the propoſal entered " the following Advertiſement before the Title-page, after which the reſt " ſucceeded in order.

" *Remedium efficax et univerſum;* or, an effectual remedy adapted to all ca- " pacities; ſhewing how any perſon may cure himſelf of ill-nature, pride, " party-ſpleen, or any other diſtemper incident to the human ſyſtem, with " an eaſy way to know when the infection is upon him. This Panacea is " as innocent as bread, agreeable to the taſte, and requires no confine- " ment. It has not its equal in the univerſe, as abundance of the Nobi- " lity and Gentry throughout the kingdom have experienced.

" *N. B.* No family ought to be without it.

Over the two Spectators *on Jealouſy, being the two firſt in the third volume.*

" I *William Crazy,* aged threeſcore and ſeven, having been for ſeveral " years afflicted with uneaſy doubts, fears and vapors, occaſioned by the " youth and beauty of *Mary* my wife, aged twenty five, do hereby for the " benefit of the public give notice, that I have found great relief from the " two following doſes, having taken them two mornings together with a " diſh of Chocolate. Witneſs my hand, *&c.*

For the benefit of the poor.

" In charity to ſuch as are troubled with the diſeaſe of Levee-hunting, " and are forced to ſeek their bread every morning at the chamber-doors " of great men, I *A. B.* do teſtify, that for many years paſt I labored un- " der this faſhionable diſtemper, but was cured of it by a remedy which I " bought of Mrs. *Baldwin,* contained in a half-ſheet of paper, marked " N° 193, where any one may be provided with the ſame remedy at the " price of a ſingle penny.

" An infallible cure for *Hypochondriac Melancholy.* N° 173. 184. 191. 203. " 209. 221. 233. 235. 239. 245. 247. 251.

Probatum eſt. *Charles Eaſy.*

" I *Chriſtopher Query,* having been troubled with a certain diſtemper in " my tongue, which ſhewed itſelf in impertinent and ſuperfluous interro- " gatories,

" gatories, have not aſked one unneceſſary queſtion ſince my peruſal of " the preſcription marked N° 228.

" The *Britannic Beautifier,* being an Eſſay on Modeſty, N° 231, which " gives ſuch a delightful bluſhing color to the cheeks of thoſe that are white " or pale, that it is not to be diſtinguiſhed from a natural fine complexion, " nor perceived to be artificial by the neareſt friend: is nothing of paint, " or in the leaſt hurtful. It renders the face delightfully handſome; is not " ſubject to be rubbed off, and cannot be paralleled by either waſh, " powder, coſmetic, *&c.* It is certainly the beſt beautifier in the world.

Martha Gloworm.

" I *Samuel Self,* of the pariſh of St. *James*'s, having a conſtitution which " naturally abounds with acids, made uſe of a paper of directions marked " N° 177, recommending a healthful exerciſe called *Good-nature,* and have " found it a moſt excellent ſweetner of the blood.

" Whereas I, *Elizabeth Rainbow,* was troubled with that diſtemper in my " head, which about a year ago was pretty epidemical among the Ladies, " and diſcovered itſelf in the color of their hoods, having made uſe of the " doctor's cephalic tincture, which he exhibited to the public in one of his " laſt year's papers, I recovered in a very few days.

" I *George Gloom* having for a long time been troubled with the ſpleen, and " being adviſed by my friends to put myſelf into a courſe of *Steele,* did for " that end make uſe of remedies conveyed to me ſeveral mornings in ſhort " Letters, from the hands of the inviſible Doctor. They were marked at " the bottom, *Nathaniel Henrooſt, Alice Threadneedle, Rebecca Nettletop, Tom* " *Loveleſs, Mary Meanwell, Thomas Smoaky, Anthony Freeman, Tom Meggot, Ruſ-* " *tic Sprightly,* &c. which have had ſo good an effect upon me, that I now " find myſelf chearful, lightſome and eaſy; and therefore do recommend " them to all ſuch as labor under the ſame diſtemper.

Not having room to inſert all the Advertiſements which were ſent me, I have only picked out ſome few from the third Volume, reſerving the fourth for another opportunity.

Saturday,

N° 549. *Saturday, November* 29.

Quamvis digreſſu veteris confuſus amici,
Laudo tamen ——— Juv.

I Believe moſt people begin the world with a reſolution to withdraw from it into a ſerious kind of ſolitude or retirement, when they have made themſelves eaſy in it. Our happineſs is, that we find out ſome excuſe or other for deferring ſuch our good reſolutions till our intended retreat is cut off by Death. But among all kinds of people, there are none who are ſo hard to part with the world, as thoſe who are grown old in the heaping up of riches. Their minds are ſo warped with their conſtant attention to gain, that it is very difficult for them to give their ſouls another bent, and convert them towards thoſe objects, which, though they are proper for every ſtage of life, are ſo more eſpecially for the laſt. *Horace* deſcribes an old uſurer as ſo charmed with the pleaſures of a country life, that in order to make a purchaſe he called in all his money; but what was the event of it? why in a very few days after he put it out again. I am engaged in this ſeries of thought by a diſcourſe which I had laſt week with my worthy friend Sir *Andrew Freeport*, a man of ſo much natural eloquence, good ſenſe, and probity of mind, that I always hear him with a particular pleaſure. As we were ſitting together, being the ſole remaining members of our Club, Sir *Andrew* gave me an account of the many buſy ſcenes of life in which he had been engaged, and at the ſame time reckoned up to me abundance of thoſe lucky hits, which at another time he would have called pieces of good fortune; but in the temper of mind he was then, he termed them mercies, favors of Providence, and bleſſings upon an honeſt induſtry. Now, ſays he, you muſt know, my good friend, I am ſo uſed to conſider myſelf as creditor and debtor, that I often ſtate my accounts after the ſame manner, with regard to heaven and my own ſoul. In this caſe, when I look upon the debtor-ſide, I find ſuch innumerable articles, that I want arithmetic to caſt them up; but when I look upon the creditor-ſide, I find little more than blank paper. Now though I am very well ſatisfied that it is not in my power to balance accounts with my Maker, I am reſolved however to turn all my future endeavours that way. You muſt not therefore

therefore be ſurpriſed, my friend, if you hear that I am betaking myſelf to a more thoughtful kind of life, and if I meet you no more in this place.

I could not but approve ſo good a reſolution, notwithſtanding the loſs I ſhall ſuffer by it. Sir *Andrew* has ſince explained himſelf to me more at large in the following Letter, which is juſt come to my hands.

Good Mr. SPECTATOR,

" NOTWITHSTANDING my friends at the Club have always ral-
" lied me, when I have talked of retiring from buſineſs, and repeated
" to me one of my own ſayings, *That a Merchant has never enough till he has got*
" *a little more;* I can now inform you, that there is one in the world who
" thinks he has enough, and is determined to paſs the remainder of his life
" in the enjoyment of what he has. You know me ſo well, that I need
" not tell you, I mean, by the enjoyments of my poſſeſſions, the making of
" them uſeful to the public. As the greateſt part of my eſtate has been
" hitherto of an unſteady and volatile nature, either toſſed upon ſeas or fluc-
" tuating in funds; it is now fixed and ſettled in ſubſtantial acres and te-
" nements. I have removed it from the uncertainty of ſtocks, winds and
" waves, and diſpoſed of it in a conſiderable purchaſe. This will give me
" great opportunity of being charitable in my way, that is, in ſetting my
" poor neighbours to work, and giving them a comfortable ſubſiſtence out
" of their own induſtry. My gardens, my fiſh-ponds, my arable and paſture
" grounds ſhall be my ſeveral hoſpitals, or rather work-houſes, in which I
" propoſe to maintain a great many indigent perſons, who are now ſtarving
" in my neighborhood. I have got a fine ſpread of improveable lands,
" and in my own thoughts am already plowing up ſome of them, fencing
" others; planting woods, and draining marſhes. In fine, as I have my
" ſhare in the ſurface of this iſland, I am reſolved to make it as beautiful
" a ſpot as any in her Majeſty's dominions; at leaſt there is not an inch of
" it which ſhall not be cultivated to the beſt advantage, and do its utmoſt
" for its owner. As in my mercantile employment, I ſo diſpoſed of my
" affairs, that from whatever corner of the compaſs the wind blew, it was
" bringing home one or other of my ſhips; I hope, as a huſbandman, to
" contrive it ſo, that not a ſhower of rain, or a glimpſe of ſunſhine, ſhall
" fall upon my eſtate without bettering ſome part of it, and contributing
" to the products of the ſeaſon. You know it has been hitherto my opi-
" nion of life, that it is thrown away when it is not ſome way uſeful to
" others. But when I am riding out by myſelf, in the freſh air on the
" open heath that lies by my houſe, I find ſeveral other thoughts growing
" up in me. I am now of opinion, that a man of my age may find buſi-

" neſs enough on himſelf, by ſetting his mind in order, preparing it for " another world, and reconciling it to the thoughts of death. I muſt there- " fore acquaint you, that beſides thoſe uſual methods of charity, of which " I have before ſpoken, I am at this very inſtant finding out a convenient " place where I may build an alms-houſe, which I intend to endow very " handſomely, for a dozen ſuperannuated huſbandmen. It will be a great " pleaſure to me to ſay my prayers twice a day with men of my own years, " who all of them, as well as myſelf, may have their thoughts taken up " how they ſhall die, rather than how they ſhall live. I remember an ex- " cellent ſaying that I learned at ſchool, *Finis coronat opus.* You know beſt " whether it be in *Virgil* or in *Horace,* it is my buſineſs to apply it. If your " affairs will permit you to take the country air with me ſometimes, you " ſhall find an apartment fitted up for you, and ſhall be every day enter- " tained with beef or mutton of my own feeding; fiſh out of my own " ponds; and fruit out of my own gardens. You ſhall have free egreſs " and regreſs about my houſe, without having any queſtions aſked you, " and, in a word, ſuch an hearty welcome as you may expect from

Your moſt ſincere friend and humble ſervant,

ANDREW FREEPORT.

The Club, of which I am a member, being intirely diſperſed, I ſhall conſult my Reader next week, upon a project relating to the inſtitution of a new one.

N° 550. *Monday, December* 1.

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promiſſor Hiatu? Hor.

SINCE the late diſſolution of the Club whereof I have often declared myſelf a member, there are very many Perſons who by letters, petitions, and recommendations, put up for the next election. At the ſame time I muſt complain, that ſeveral indirect and underhand practices have been made uſe of upon this occaſion. A certain country Gentleman began to *tap* upon the firſt information he received of Sir *Roger*'s death; when he ſent me up word, that if I would get him choſen in the place of the deceaſed, he would preſent me with a barrel of the beſt *October* I had ever drank

drank in my life. The Ladies are in great pain to know whom I intend to elect in the room of *Will Honeycomb*. Some of them indeed are of opinion that Mr. *Honeycomb* did not take ſufficient care of their Intereſts in the Club, and are therefore deſirous of having in it hereafter a repreſentative of their own ſex. A citizen who ſubſcribes himſelf *Y. Z.* tells me that he has one and twenty ſhares in the *African* company, and offers to bribe me with the odd one in caſe he may ſucceed Sir *Andrew Freeport*, which he thinks would raiſe the credit of that fund. I have ſeveral Letters, dated from *Jenny Man*'s, by Gentlemen who are candidates for Captain *Sentry*'s place, and as many from a Coffee-houſe in *Paul*'s Church-yard of ſuch who would fill up the vacancy occaſioned by the death of my worthy friend the Clergyman, whom I can never mention but with a particular reſpect.

Having maturely weighed theſe ſeveral particulars, with the many remonſtrances that have been made to me on this ſubject, and conſidering how invidious an office I ſhall take upon me if I make the whole election depend upon my ſingle voice, and being unwilling to expoſe myſelf to thoſe clamors, which, on ſuch an occaſion, will not fail to be raiſed againſt me for partiality, injuſtice, corruption, and other qualities which my nature abhors, I have formed to myſelf the project of a Club as follows.

I have thoughts of iſſuing out writs to all and every of the Clubs that are eſtabliſhed in the Cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*, requiring them to chooſe out of their reſpective bodies a perſon of the greateſt merit, and to return his name to me before *Lady-day*, at which time I intend to ſit upon buſineſs.

By this means I may have reaſon to hope, that the Club over which I ſhall preſide will be the very flower and quinteſſence of all other Clubs. I have communicated this my project to none but a particular friend of mine, whom I have celebrated twice or thrice for his happineſs in that kind of wit which is commonly known by the name of a Pun. The only objection he makes to it is, that I ſhall raiſe up enemies to myſelf if I act with ſo regal an air; and that my detractors, inſtead of giving me the uſual title of SPECTATOR, will be apt to call me the *King of Clubs*.

But to proceed on my intended project: It is very well known that I at firſt ſet forth in this work with the character of a ſilent man; and I think I have ſo well preſerved my taciturnity, that I do not remember to have violated it with three ſentences in the ſpace of almoſt two years. As a monoſyllable is my delight, I have made very few excurſions, in the converſations which I have related, beyond a Yes or a No. By this means my Readers have loſt many good things which I have had in my heart, though I did not care for uttering them.

Now in order to diverſify my character, and to ſhew the world how well I can talk if I have a mind, I have thoughts of being very loquacious in the Club which I have now under conſideration. But that I may proceed the more regularly in this affair, I deſign, upon the firſt meeting of the ſaid Club, to have *my mouth opened* in form; intending to regulate myſelf in this particular by a certain ritual which I have by me, that contains all the ceremonies which are practiſed at the opening the mouth of a Cardinal. I have likewiſe examined the forms which were uſed of old by *Pythagoras*, when any of his ſcholars, after an apprenticeſhip of ſilence, was made free of his ſpeech. In the mean time, as I have of late found my name in foreign Gazettes upon leſs occaſions, I queſtion not but in their next articles from *Great-Britain*, they will inform the world, that *the* SPECTATOR*'s mouth is to be opened on the twenty-fifth of* March *next*. I may perhaps publiſh a very uſeful paper at that time, of the proceedings in that ſolemnity, and of the perſons who ſhall aſſiſt at it. But of this more hereafter.

N° 556. *Friday, June* 18, 1714.

Qualis ubi in lucem coluber mala gramina paſtus,
Frigida ſub terrâ tumidum quem bruma tegebat;
Nunc poſitis novus exuviis, nitiduſque juventa,
Lubrica convolvit ſublato pectore terga
Arduus ad ſolem, et linguis micat ore triſulcis. Virg.

UPON laying down the office of SPECTATOR, I acquainted the world with my deſign of electing a new Club, and of opening my mouth in it after a moſt ſolemn manner. Both the election and the ceremony are now paſt; but not finding it ſo eaſy as I at firſt imagined, to break through a fifty years ſilence, I would not venture into the world under the character of a man who pretends to talk like other people, until I had arrived at a full freedom of ſpeech.

I ſhall reſerve for another time the hiſtory of ſuch Club or Clubs of which I am now a talkative, but unworthy member; and ſhall here give an account of this ſurpriſing change which has been produced in me, and which I look upon to be as remarkable an accident as any recorded in hiſtory, ſince

ſince that which happened to the ſon of *Cræſus,* after having been many years as much tongue-tied as myſelf.

Upon the firſt opening of my mouth, I made a ſpeech conſiſting of about half a dozen well-turned periods; but grew ſo very hoarſe upon it, that for three days together, inſtead of finding the uſe of my tongue, I was afraid that I had quite loſt it. Beſides, the unuſual extenſion of my muſcles on this occaſion, made my face ake on both ſides to ſuch a degree, that nothing but an invincible reſolution and perſeverance could have prevented me from falling back to my monoſyllables.

I afterwards made ſeveral eſſays towards ſpeaking; and that I might not be ſtartled at my own voice, which has happened to me more than once, I uſed to read aloud in my chamber, and have often ſtood in the middle of the ſtreet to call a Coach, when I knew there was none within hearing.

When I was thus grown pretty well acquainted with my own voice, I laid hold of all opportunities to exert it. Not caring however to ſpeak much by myſelf, and to draw upon me the whole attention of thoſe I converſed with, I uſed, for ſome time, to walk every morning in the *Mall,* and talk in chorus with a parcel of *Frenchmen.* I found my modeſty greatly relieved by the communicative temper of this nation, who are ſo very ſociable, as to think they are never better company than when they are all opening at the ſame time.

I then fancied I might receive great benefit from female converſation, and that I ſhould have a convenience of talking with the greateſt freedom, when I was not under any impediment of thinking: I therefore threw myſelf into an aſſembly of Ladies, but could not for my life get in a word among them; and found that if I did not change my company, I was in danger of being reduced to my primitive taciturnity.

The Coffee-houſes have ever ſince been my chief places of reſort, where I have made the greateſt improvements; in order to which I have taken a particular care never to be of the ſame opinion with the man I converſed with. I was a Tory at *Button*'s and a Whig at *Child*'s; a friend to the *Engliſhman,* or an advocate for the *Examiner,* as it beſt ſerved my turn: ſome fancy me a great enemy to the *French* King, though, in reality, I only make uſe of him for a help to diſcourſe. In ſhort, I wrangle and diſpute for exerciſe; and have carried this point ſo far, that I was once like to have been run through the body for making a little too free with my betters.

In a word, I am quite another man to what I was.

——— Nil fuit unquam
Tam diſpar ſibi ———

My

My old acquaintance ſcarce knew me; nay, I was aſked the other day by a *Jew* at *Jonathan*'s, whether I was not related to a dumb Gentleman, who uſed to come to that Coffee-houſe? But I think I never was better pleaſed in my life than about a week ago, when, as I was battling it acroſs the table with a young Templar, his companion gave him a pull by the ſleeve, begging him to come away, for that the old prig would talk him to death.

Being now a very good proficient in diſcourſe, I ſhall appear in the world with this addition to my character, that my countrymen may reap the fruits of my new acquired loquacity.

Thoſe who have been preſent at public diſputes in the Univerſity, know that it is uſual to maintain hereſies for argument's ſake. I have heard a man a moſt impudent Socinian for half an hour, who has been an orthodox Divine all his life after. I have taken the ſame method to accompliſh myſelf in the gift of utterance, having talked above a twelvemonth, not ſo much for the benefit of my hearers as of myſelf. But ſince I have now gained the faculty I have been ſo long endeavouring after, I intend to make a right uſe of it, and ſhall think myſelf obliged for the future, to ſpeak always in truth and ſincerity of heart. While a man is learning to fence, he practiſes both on friend and foe; but when he is a Maſter in the art, he never exerts it but on what he thinks the right ſide.

That this laſt alluſion may not give my reader a wrong idea of my deſign in this paper, I muſt here inform him, that the Author of it is of no faction, that he is a friend to no intereſts but thoſe of truth and virtue, nor a foe to any but thoſe of vice and folly. Though I make more noiſe in the world than I uſed to do, I am ſtill reſolved to act in it as an indifferent SPECTATOR. It is not my ambition to encreaſe the number either of Whigs or Tories, but of wiſe and good men; and I could heartily wiſh there were not faults common to both parties, which afford me ſufficient matter to work upon, without deſcending to thoſe which are peculiar to either.

If in a multitude of Counſellors there is ſafety, we ought to think ourſelves the ſecureſt nation in the world. Moſt of our garrets are inhabited by Stateſmen, who watch over the liberties of their country, and make a ſhift to keep themſelves from ſtarving, by taking into their care the properties of their fellow-ſubjects.

As theſe politicians of both ſides have already worked the nation into a moſt unnatural ferment, I ſhall be ſo far from endeavouring to raiſe it to a greater height, that, on the contrary, it ſhall be the chief tendency of my papers, to inſpire my countrymen with a mutual good-will and benevolence. Whatever faults either party may be guilty of, they are rather inflamed than cured by thoſe reproaches, which they caſt upon one another. The

moſt

moſt likely method of rectifying any man's conduct, is, by recommending to him the principles of truth and honor, religion and virtue; and ſo long as he acts with an eye to theſe principles, whatever party he is of, he cannot fail of being a good *Engliſhman,* and a lover of his country.

As for the perſons concerned in this work, the names of all of them, or at leaſt of ſuch as deſire it, ſhall be publiſhed hereafter: 'till which time I muſt entreat the curious Reader to ſuſpend his curioſity, and rather to conſider what is written, than who they are that write it.

Having thus adjuſted all neceſſary preliminaries with my Reader, I ſhall not trouble him with any more prefatory diſcourſes, but proceed in my old method, and entertain him with Speculations on every uſeful ſubject that falls in my way.

N° 557. *Monday, June* 21.

Quippe domum timet ambiguam, Tyrioſque bilingues. Virg.

THERE is nothing, ſays *Plato, ſo delightful as the hearing or the ſpeaking of truth.* For this reaſon there is no converſation ſo agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and ſpeaks without any intention to deceive.

Among all the accounts which are given of *Cato,* I do not remember one that more redounds to his honor than the following paſſage related by *Plutarch.* As an advocate was pleading the cauſe of his client before one of the Prætors, he could only produce a ſingle witneſs in a point where the law required the teſtimony of two perſons; upon which the advocate inſiſted on the integrity of that perſon whom he had produced: but the Prætor told him, That where the law required two witneſſes, he would not accept of one, though it were *Cato* himſelf. Such a ſpeech from a perſon who ſat at the head of a court of Juſtice, while *Cato* was ſtill living, ſhews us, more than a thouſand examples, the high reputation this great man had gained among his contemporaries upon the account of his ſincerity.

When ſuch an inflexible integrity is a little ſoftened and qualified by the rules of converſation and good-breeding, there is not a more ſhining virtue in the whole catalogue of ſocial duties. A man however ought to take great care not to poliſh himſelf out of his veracity, nor to refine his behaviour to the prejudice of his virtue.

This

This ſubject is exquiſitely treated in the moſt elegant Sermon of the great *Britiſh* preacher. I ſhall beg leave to tranſcribe out of it two or three ſentences, as a proper introduction to a very curious letter, which I ſhall make the chief entertainment of this Speculation.

" The old *Engliſh* plainneſs and ſincerity, that generous integrity of na-
" ture, and honeſty of diſpoſition, which always argues true greatneſs of
" mind, and is uſually accompanied with undaunted courage and reſolu-
" tion, is in a great meaſure loſt among us.

" The dialect of converſation is now-a-days ſo ſwelled with vanity and
" compliment, and ſo ſurfeited (as I may ſay) of expreſſions of kindneſs
" and reſpect, that if a man that lived an age or two ago ſhould return
" into the world again, he would really want a Dictionary to help him to
" underſtand his own language, and to know the true intrinſic value of the
" phraſe in faſhion; and would hardly, at firſt, believe at what a low rate
" the higheſt ſtrains and expreſſions of kindneſs imaginable do commonly
" paſs in current payment; and when he ſhould come to underſtand it, it
" would be a great while before he could bring himſelf with a good coun-
" tenance and a good conſcience, to converſe with men upon equal terms
" and in their own way.

I have by me a letter which I look upon as a great curioſity, and which may ſerve as an exemplification to the foregoing paſſage, cited out of this moſt excellent Prelate. It is ſaid to have been written in King *Charles* the Second's reign by the Ambaſſador of *Bantam*, a little after his arrival in *England*.

Maſter,

" THE people, where I now am, have tongues further from their hearts
" than from *London* to *Bantam*, and thou knoweſt the inhabitants of
" one of theſe places do not know what is done in the other. They call
" thee and thy ſubjects Barbarians, becauſe we ſpeak what we mean; and
" account themſelves a civiliſed people, becauſe they ſpeak one thing and
" mean another: Truth they call barbarity, and falſhood politeneſs. Upon
" my firſt landing, one who was ſent from the King of this place to meet
" me, told me, *That he was extremely ſorry for the ſtorm I had met with juſt be-*
" *fore my arrival.* I was troubled to hear him grieve and afflict himſelf upon
" my account; but in leſs than a quarter of an hour he ſmiled, and was as
" merry as if nothing had happened. Another who came with him told
" me by my interpreter, *He ſhould be glad to do me any ſervice that lay in his*
" *power.* Upon which I deſired him to carry one of my portmanteaus for
" me; but inſtead of ſerving me according to his promiſe, he laughed, and
" bid

" bid another do it. I lodged, the firſt week, at the houſe of one, who de-
" ſired me *to think myſelf at home, and to conſider his houſe as my own.* Accord-
" ingly, I the next morning began to knock down one of the walls of it,
" in order to let in the freſh air, and had packed up ſome of the houſhold-
" goods, of which I intended to have made thee a preſent: but the falſe
" varlet no ſooner ſaw me falling to work, but he ſent word to deſire me
" to give over, for that he would have no ſuch doings in his houſe. I had
" not been long in this nation, before I was told by one, for whom I had
" aſked a certain favor from the chief of the King's ſervants, whom they
" here call the Lord-Treaſurer, That I had *eternally obliged him.* I was ſo
" ſurpriſed at this gratitude, that I could not forbear ſaying, What ſervice
" is there which one man can do for another, that can oblige him to all
" eternity! However I only aſked him, for my reward, that he would lend
" me his eldeſt daughter during my ſtay in this country; but I quickly found
" that he was as treacherous as the reſt of his countrymen.

" At my firſt going to Court, one of the great men almoſt put me out of
" countenance, by aſking *ten thouſand pardons* of me for only treading by ac-
" cident upon my toe. They call this kind of lie a compliment; for when
" they are civil to a great man, they tell him untruths, for which thou
" wouldeſt order any of thy officers of State to receive a hundred blows
" upon his foot. I do not know how I ſhall negotiate any thing with this
" people, ſince there is ſo little credit to be given to them. When I go to
" ſee the King's Scribe, I am generally told that he is not at home, though
" perhaps I ſaw him go into his houſe almoſt the very moment before.
" Thou wouldeſt fancy that the whole nation are Phyſicians, for the firſt
" queſtion they always aſk me, is, *How I do?* I have this queſtion put to
" me above an hundred times a day. Nay, they are not only thus inqui-
" ſitive after my health, but wiſh it in a more ſolemn manner, with a full
" glaſs in their hands, every time I ſit with them at table, though at the
" ſame time they would perſuade me to drink their liquors in ſuch quan-
" tities as I have found by experience will make me ſick. They often pre-
" tend to pray for thy health alſo in the ſame manner; but I have more
" reaſon to expect it from the goodneſs of thy conſtitution, than the ſince-
" rity of their wiſhes. May thy ſlave eſcape in ſafety from this double-
" tongued race of men, and live to lay himſelf once more at thy feet in thy
" royal city of *Bantam.*

N° 558. *Wednesday, June* 23.

Quî fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem
Seu ratio dederit, seu fors objecerit, illa
Contentus vivat: laudet diversa sequentes?
O fortunati mercatores, gravis annis
Miles ait, multo jam fractus membra labore!
Contra mercator, navim jactantibus austris,
Militia est potior. Quid enim? concurritur: horæ
Momento cita mors venit, aut victoria læta.
Agricolam laudat juris legumque peritus,
Sub galli cantum consultor ubi ostia pulsat.
Ille, datis vadibus, qui rure extractus in urbem est,
Solos felices viventes clamat in urbe.
Cætera de genere hoc (adeo sunt multa) loquacem
Delassare valent Fabium. Ne te morer, audi
Quo rem deducam. Si quis deus, en ego, dicat,
Jam faciam quod vultis: eris tu, qui modo miles,
Mercator: tu consultus modo, rusticus. Hinc vos,
Vos hinc mutatis discedite partibus. Eja,
Quid statis? Nolint. Atqui licet esse beatis.—— Hor.

IT is a celebrated thought of *Socrates*, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. *Horace* has carried this thought a great deal farther in the motto of my paper, which implies that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under, are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could change conditions with him.

As I was ruminating on these two remarks, and seated in my elbow-chair, I insensibly fell asleep; when, on a sudden, methought there was a proclamation made by *Jupiter*, that every mortal should bring in his griefs, and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the centre of it, and saw with

with a great deal of pleaſure the whole human ſpecies marching one after another, and throwing down their ſeveral loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain that ſeemed to riſe above the clouds.

There was a certain Lady of a thin airy ſhape, who was very active in this ſolemnity. She carried a magnifying glaſs in one of her hands, and was clothed in a looſe flowing robe, embroidered with ſeveral figures of fiends and ſpectres, that diſcovered themſelves in a thouſand chimerical ſhapes, as her garment hovered in the wind. There was ſomething wild and diſtracted in her looks. Her name was *FANCY*. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiouſly aſſiſted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his ſhoulders. My heart melted within me to ſee my fellow creatures groaning under their reſpective burdens, and to conſider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were however ſeveral perſons who gave me great diverſion upon this occaſion. I obſerved one bringing in a fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloke, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I diſcovered to be Poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage; which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were multitudes of Lovers ſaddled with very whimſical burdens, compoſed of darts and flames; but, what was very odd, though they ſighed as if their hearts would break under theſe bundles of calamities, they could not perſuade themſelves to caſt them into the heap, when they came up to it; but after a few faint efforts, ſhook their heads and marched away, as heavy loaden as they came. I ſaw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and ſeveral young ones who ſtripped themſelves of a tawny ſkin. There were very great heaps of red noſes, large lips and ruſty teeth. The truth of it is, I was ſurpriſed to ſee the greateſt part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Obſerving one advancing towards the heap with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found upon his near approach, that it was only a natural hump, which he diſpoſed of, with great joy of heart, among this collection of human miſeries. There were likewiſe diſtempers of all ſorts, though I could not but obſerve, that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diſeaſes incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people: this was called the Spleen. But what moſt of all ſurpriſed me, was a remark I made, that there was not a ſingle vice or folly thrown into the whole heap: at which I was very much aſtoniſhed, having concluded within myſelf, that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his paſſions, prejudices and frailties.

I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who I did not queſtion came loaden with his crimes, but upon ſearching into the bundle, I found that inſtead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthleſs Rogue, who flung away his modeſty inſtead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus caſt their burdens, the *Phantom* which had been ſo buſy on this occaſion, ſeeing me an idle ſpectator of what paſſed, approached towards me. I grew uneaſy at her preſence, when of a ſudden ſhe held her magnifying glaſs full before my eyes. I no ſooner ſaw my face in it, but was ſtartled at the ſhortneſs of it, which now appeared to me in its utmoſt aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humor with my own countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a maſk. It happened very luckily, that one who ſtood by me had juſt before thrown down his viſage, which, it ſeems, was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a moſt ſhameful length; I believe the very chin was, modeſtly ſpeaking, as long as my whole face. We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourſelves, and, all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for thoſe of another perſon. But as there aroſe many new incidents in the ſequel of my viſion, I ſhall reſerve them for the ſubject of my next paper.

N° 559. *Friday, June* 25.

Quid cauſæ eſt, meritò quin illis Jupiter ambas
Iratus buccas inflet: neque ſe fore poſthac
Tam facilem dicat, votis ut præbeat aurem? Hor.

IN my laſt paper, I gave my Reader a ſight of that mountain of miſeries, which was made up of thoſe ſeveral calamities that afflict the minds of men. I ſaw, with unſpeakable pleaſure, the whole ſpecies thus delivered from its ſorrows; though, at the ſame time, as we ſtood round the heap, and ſurveyed the ſeveral materials of which it was compoſed, there was ſcarce a mortal, in this vaſt multitude, who did not diſcover what he thought pleaſures and bleſſings of life; and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confuſion of miſeries, this chaos of calamity, *Jupiter* iſſued out a ſecond proclamation, that every one was now

now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation with any ſuch other bundle as ſhould be delivered to him.

Upon this, *FANCY* began again to beſtir herſelf, and parcelling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confuſion at this time was not to be expreſſed. Some obſervations, which I made upon the occaſion, I ſhall communicate to the public. A venerable grey-headed man, who had laid down the cholic, and who I found wanted an heir to his eſtate, ſnatched up an undutiful ſon, that had been thrown into the heap by his angry father. The graceleſs youth, in leſs than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old Gentleman by the beard, and had like to have knocked his brains out; ſo that meeting the true father, who came towards him in a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his ſon again, and give him back his cholic; but they were incapable either of them to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley-ſlave who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their ſtead, but made ſuch wry faces, that one might eaſily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleaſant enough to ſee the ſeveral exchanges that were made, for ſickneſs againſt poverty, hunger againſt want of appetite, and care againſt pain.

The female world were very buſy among themſelves in bartering for features; one was trucking a lock of grey hairs for a carbuncle, another was making over a ſhort waiſt for a pair of round ſhoulders, and a third cheapening a bad face for a loſt reputation: but on all theſe occaſions, there was not one of them who did not think the new blemiſh, as ſoon as ſhe had got it into her poſſeſſion, much more diſagreeable than the old one. I made the ſame obſervation on every other misfortune or calamity which every one in the aſſembly brought upon himſelf, in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the evils which befal us are in ſome meaſure ſuited and proportioned to our ſtrength, or that every evil becomes more ſupportable by our being accuſtomed to it, I ſhall not determine.

I could not for my heart forbear pitying the poor hump-backed Gentleman mentioned in the former paper, who went off a very well-ſhaped perſon with a ſtone in his bladder; nor the fine Gentleman who had ſtruck up this bargain with him, that limped through a whole aſſembly of Ladies who uſed to admire him, with a pair of ſhoulders peeping over his head.

I muſt not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with the long viſage had no ſooner taken upon him my ſhort face, but he made ſuch a groteſque figure in it, that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myſelf, inſomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The

poor

poor Gentleman was ſo ſenſible of the ridicule, that I found he was aſhamed of what he had done: on the other ſide I found that I myſelf had no great reaſon to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead, I miſſed the place and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Beſides, as my noſe was exceeding prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at ſome other part of it. I ſaw two other Gentlemen by me, who were in the ſame ridiculous circumſtances. Theſe had made a fooliſh ſwop between a couple of thick bandy legs, and two long trapſticks that had no calves to them. One of theſe looked like a man walking upon ſtilts, and was ſo lifted up into the air above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it, while the other made ſuch aukward circles, as he attempted to walk, that he ſcarce knew how to move forward upon his new ſupporters: obſerving him to be a pleaſant kind of fellow, I ſtuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine, that he did not march up to it on a line, that I drew for him, in a quarter of an hour.

The heap was at laſt diſtributed among the two ſexes, who made a moſt piteous ſight, as they wandered up and down under the preſſure of their ſeveral burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. *Jupiter* at length, taking compaſſion on the poor mortals, ordered them a ſecond time to lay down their loads, with a deſign to give every one his own again. They diſcharged themſelves with a great deal of pleaſure; after which, the Phantom, who had led them into ſuch groſs deluſions, was commanded to diſappear. There was ſent in her ſtead a Goddeſs of a quite different figure: her motions were ſteady and compoſed, and her aſpect ſerious but chearful. She every now and then caſt her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon *Jupiter:* her name was *PATIENCE.* She had no ſooner placed herſelf by the mount of ſorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap ſunk to ſuch a degree, that it did not appear a third part ſo big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and teaching him how to bear it in the moſt commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleaſed that he had not been left to his own choice, as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Beſides the ſeveral pieces of morality to be drawn out of this viſion, I learnt from it, never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happineſs of another, ſince it is impoſſible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbour's ſufferings; for which reaſon alſo I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the ſorrows of my fellow-creatures with ſentiments of humanity and compaſſion.

Wedneſday,

N°. 561. *Wedneſday, June* 30.

——— *Paulatim abolere Sichæum*
Incipit, et vivo tentat prævertere amore
Jampridem reſides animos deſuetaque corda. Virg.

SIR,

" I Am a tall, broad-ſhouldered, impudent, black fellow, and, as I thought, " every way qualified for a rich widow: but, after having tried my for- " tune for above three years together, I have not been able to get one " ſingle relict in the mind. My firſt attacks were generally ſucceſsful, but " always broke off as ſoon as they came to the word *Settlement*. Though I " have not improved my fortune this way, I have my experience, and have " learnt ſeveral ſecrets which may be of uſe to thoſe unhappy Gentlemen, " who are commonly diſtinguiſhed by the name of Widow-hunters, and who " do not know that this tribe of women are, generally ſpeaking, as much " upon the catch as themſelves. I ſhall here communicate to you the my- " ſteries of a certain female cabal of this order, who call themſelves the " *Widow-Club*. This Club conſiſts of nine experienced dames, who take their " places once a week round a large oval table.

" I. Mrs. Preſident is a perſon who has diſpoſed of ſix huſbands, and is " now determined to take a ſeventh; being of opinion that there is as much " virtue in the touch of a ſeventh huſband as of a ſeventh ſon. Her com- " rades are as follow.

" II. Mrs. *Snap*, who has four jointures, by four different bed-fellows, " of four different ſhires. She is at preſent upon the point of marriage " with a *Middleſex* man, and is ſaid to have an ambition of extending her " poſſeſſions through all the counties in *England*, on this ſide the *Trent*.

" III. Mrs. *Medlar*, who, after two huſbands and a gallant, is now wed- " ded to an old Gentleman of ſixty. Upon her making her report to the " Club after a week's cohabitation, ſhe is ſtill allowed to ſit as a widow, " and accordingly takes her place at the board.

" IV. The widow *Quick*, married within a fortnight after the death of " her laſt huſband. Her *Weeds* have ſerved her thrice, and are ſtill as " good as new.

" V. Lady

" V. Lady *Catharine Swallow*. She was a widow at eighteen, and has " ſince buried a ſecond huſband and two coachmen.

" VI. The Lady *Waddle*. She was married in the 15th year of her age " to Sir *Simon Waddle*, Knight, aged threeſcore and twelve, by whom ſhe had " twins nine months after his deceaſe. In the 55th year of her age ſhe " was married to *James Spindle*, Eſq; a youth of one and twenty, who did " not outlive the honey-moon.

" VII. *Deborah Conqueſt*. The caſe of this Lady is ſomething particular. " She is the relict of Sir *Sampſon Conqueſt*, ſometime Juſtice of the *Quorum*. " Sir *Sampſon* was ſeven foot high, and two foot in breadth from the tip of " one ſhoulder to the other. He had married three wives, who all of them " died in childbed. This terrified the whole ſex, who none of them durſt " venture on Sir *Sampſon*. At length Mrs. *Deborah* undertook him, and " gave ſo good an account of him, that in three years time ſhe very fairly " laid him out, and meaſured his length upon the ground. This exploit " has gained her ſo great a reputation in the Club, that they have added " Sir *Sampſon*'s three victories to hers, and gave her the merit of a fourth " widowhood; and ſhe takes her place accordingly.

" VIII. The Widow *Wildfire*, relict of Mr. *John Wildfire*, Fox-hunter, " who broke his neck over a ſix-bar gate. She took his death ſo much to " heart, that it was thought it would have put an end to her life, had ſhe " not diverted her ſorrows by receiving the addreſſes of a Gentleman in the " neighbourhood, who made love to her in the ſecond month of her widow- " hood. This Gentleman was diſcarded in a fortnight for the ſake of a " young *Templar*, who had the poſſeſſion of her for ſix weeks after, till he " was beaten out by a broken Officer, who likewiſe gave up his place to a " Gentleman at court. The courtier was as ſhort-lived a favorite as his " predeceſſors, but had the pleaſure to ſee himſelf ſucceeded by a long ſeries " of lovers, who followed the Widow *Wildfire* to the 37th year of her age, " at which time there enſued a ceſſation of ten years, when *John Felt*, " Haberdaſher, took it in his head to be in love with her, and it is thought " will very ſuddenly carry her off.

" IX. The laſt is pretty Mrs. *Runnet*, who broke her firſt huſband's heart " before ſhe was ſixteen, at which time ſhe was entered of the Club; but " ſoon after left it, upon account of a ſecond, whom ſhe made ſo quick a diſ- " patch of, that ſhe returned to her ſeat in leſs than a twelvemonth. This " young matron is looked upon as the moſt riſing member of the ſociety, " and will probably be in the Preſident's chair before ſhe dies.

" Theſe Ladies, upon their firſt inſtitution, reſolved to give the pictures " of their deceaſed huſbands to the Club-room, but two of them bringing

" in

" in their dead at full length, they covered all the walls: upon which they " came to a ſecond reſolution, that every matron ſhould give her own " picture, and ſet it round with her huſbands in miniature.

" As they have moſt of them the misfortune to be troubled with the " cholic, they have a noble cellar of cordials and ſtrong waters. When " they grow maudlin, they are very apt to commemorate their former part- " ners with a tear. But aſk them which of their huſbands they condole, " they are not able to tell you, and diſcover plainly that they do not weep " ſo much for the loſs of a huſband, as for the want of one.

" The principal rule, by which the whole ſociety are to govern them- " ſelves, is this, To cry up the pleaſures of a ſingle life upon all occaſions, " in order to deter the reſt of their ſex from marriage, and engroſs the " whole male world to themſelves.

" They are obliged, when any one makes love to a member of the ſo- " ciety, to communicate his name, at which time the whole aſſembly ſit " upon his reputation, perſon, fortune, and good humor; and if they find " him qualified for a Siſter of the Club, they lay their heads together how " to make him ſure. By this means they are acquainted with all the wi- " dow-hunters about town, who often afford them great diverſion. There " is an honeſt *Iriſh* Gentleman, it ſeems, who knows nothing of this ſociety, " but at different times has made love to the whole Club.

" Their converſation often turns upon their former huſbands, and it is " very diverting to hear them relate their ſeveral arts and ſtratagems, with " which they amuſed the jealous, pacified the choleric, or wheedled the " good-natured man, until at laſt, to uſe the Club phraſe, *They ſent him out* " *of the houſe with his heels foremoſt.*

" The politics, which are moſt cultivated by this ſociety of She-*Machia-* " *vels,* relate chiefly to theſe two points, How to treat a lover, and How to " manage a huſband. As for the firſt ſet of artifices, they are too nume- " rous to come within the compaſs of your paper, and ſhall therefore be " reſerved for a ſecond Letter.

" The management of a huſband is built upon the following doctrines, " which are univerſally aſſented to by the whole Club. Not to give him " his head at firſt. Not to allow him too great freedoms and familiarities. " Not to be treated by him like a raw girl, but as a woman that knows the " world. Not to leſſen any thing of her former figure. To celebrate the " generoſity, or any other virtue, of a deceaſed huſband, which ſhe would " recommend to his ſucceſſor. To turn away all his old friends and ſer- " vants, that ſhe may have the dear man to herſelf. To make him diſin- " herit the undutiful children of any former wife. Never to be thoroughly

" convinced of his affection, until he has made over to her all his goods " and chattels.

" After ſo long a Letter, I am, without more ceremony,

Your humble ſervant, &c.

N° 562. *Friday, July* 2.

——*Præſens, abſens ut ſies.* Ter.

IT is a hard and nice ſubject for a man to ſpeak of himſelf, ſays *Cowley; it grates his own heart to ſay any thing of diſparagement, and the Reader's ears to hear any thing of praiſe from him.* Let the tenor of his diſcourſe be what it will upon this ſubject, it generally proceeds from *Vanity.* An oſtentatious man will rather relate a blunder or an abſurdity he has committed, than be debarred from talking of his own dear perſon.

Some very great writers have been guilty of this fault. It is obſerved of *Tully* in particular, that his works run very much in the firſt perſon, and that he takes all occaſions of doing himſelf juſtice. " Does he think, ſays " *Brutus,* that his Conſulſhip deſerves more applauſe than my putting *Cæſar* " to death, becauſe I am not perpetually talking of the Ides of *March,* as he " is of the Nones of *December?*" I need not acquaint my learned Reader, that in the Ides of *March, Brutus* deſtroyed *Cæſar,* and that *Cicero* quaſhed the conſpiracy of *Catiline* in the Calends of *December.* How ſhocking ſoever this great man's talking of himſelf might have been to his contemporaries, I muſt confeſs I am never better pleaſed than when he is on this ſubject. Such openings of the heart give a man a thorough inſight into his perſonal character, and illuſtrate ſeveral paſſages in the hiſtory of his life: beſides, that there is ſome little pleaſure in diſcovering the infirmity of a great man, and ſeeing how the opinion he has of himſelf agrees with what the world entertains of him.

The Gentlemen of *Port-Royal,* who were more eminent for their learning and their humility than any other in *France,* baniſhed the way of ſpeaking in the firſt perſon out of all their works, as ariſing from vain-glory and ſelf-conceit. To ſhew their particular averſion to it, they branded this form of writing with the name of an *Egotiſm;* a figure not to be found among the ancient rhetoricians.

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The moſt violent Egotiſm which I have met with in the courſe of my reading, is that of Cardinal *Woolſey, Ego et Rex meus, I and my King;* as perhaps the moſt eminent Egotiſt that ever appeared in the world, was *Montagne,* the author of the celebrated Eſſays. This lively old *Gaſcon* has woven all his bodily infirmities into his works, and after having ſpoken of the faults or virtues of any other man, immediately publiſhes to the world how it ſtands with himſelf in that particular. Had he kept his own counſel, he might have paſſed for a much better man, though perhaps he would not have been ſo diverting an Author. The title of an Eſſay promiſes perhaps a diſcourſe upon *Virgil* or *Julius Cæſar;* but when you look into it, you are ſure to meet with more upon Monſieur *Montagne* than either of them. The younger *Scaliger,* who ſeems to have been no great friend to this Author, after having acquainted the world that his father ſold herrings, adds theſe words; *La grande fadaiſe de Montagne, qui a eſcrit qu'il aimoit mieux le vin blanc —— que diable a-t-on à faire de ſcavoir ce qu'il aime? For my part,* ſays *Montagne, I am a great lover of your white wines —— What the Devil ſignifies it to the public,* ſays *Scaliger, whether he is a lover of white wines or of red wines?*

I cannot here forbear mentioning a tribe of Egotiſts for whom I have always had a mortal averſion, I mean the Authors of Memoirs, who are never mentioned in any works but their own, and who raiſe all their productions out of this ſingle figure of ſpeech.

Moſt of our modern Prefaces favor very ſtrongly of the Egotiſm. Every inſignificant Author fancies it of importance to the world, to know that he writ his book in the country, that he did it to paſs away ſome of his idle hours, that it was publiſhed at the importunity of friends, or that his natural temper, ſtudies or converſations, directed him to the choice of his ſubject.

——— *Id populus curat ſcilicet.*

Such informations cannot but be highly improving to the Reader.

In works of humor, eſpecially when a man writes under a fictitious perſonage, the talking of one's ſelf may give ſome diverſion to the public; but I would adviſe every other writer never to ſpeak of himſelf, unleſs there be ſomething very conſiderable in his character: though I am ſenſible this rule will be of little uſe in the world, becauſe there is no man who fancies his thoughts worth publiſhing, that does not look upon himſelf as a conſiderable perſon.

I ſhall cloſe this paper with a remark upon ſuch as are Egotiſts in converſation: theſe are generally the vain or ſhallow part of mankind, people

being naturally full of themſelves when they have nothing elſe in them. There is one kind of Egotiſts which is very common in the world, though I do not remember that any writer has taken notice of them; I mean thoſe empty conceited fellows, who repeat, as ſayings of their own, or ſome of their particular friends, ſeveral jeſts which were made before they were born, and which every one who has converſed in the world has heard a hundred times over. A forward young fellow of my acquaintance was very guilty of this abſurdity: he would be always laying a new ſcene for ſome old piece of wit, and telling us, That as he and *Jack* ſuch-a-one were together, one or t'other of them had ſuch a conceit on ſuch an occaſion; upon which he would laugh very heartily, and wonder the company did not join with him. When his mirth was over, I have often reprehended him out of *Terence, Tuumne, obſecro te, hoc dictum erat? vetus credidi.* But finding him ſtill incorrigible, and having a kindneſs for the young coxcomb, who was otherwiſe a good-natured fellow, I recommended to his peruſal the *Oxford* and *Cambridge* Jeſts, with ſeveral little pieces of pleaſantry of the ſame nature. Upon the reading of them, he was under no ſmall confuſion to find that all his jokes had paſſed through ſeveral editions, and that what he thought was a new conceit, and had appropriated to his own uſe, had appeared in print before he or his ingenious friends were ever heard of. This had ſo good an effect upon him, that he is content at preſent to paſs for a man of plain ſenſe in his ordinary converſation, and is never facetious but when he knows his company.

N° 565. *Friday, July* 9.

——*Deum namque ire per omnes*
Terraſque, tractuſque maris, cœlumque profundum. Virg.

I Was yeſterday about ſun-ſet walking in the open fields, 'till the night inſenſibly fell upon me. I at firſt amuſed myſelf with all the richneſs and variety of colors, which appeared in the weſtern parts of Heaven: in proportion as they faded away and went out, ſeveral ſtars and planets appeared one after another, 'till the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueneſs of the *AEther* was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the ſeaſon of the year, and by the rays of all thoſe luminaries that paſſed through it.

it. The *Galaxy* appeared in its moſt beautiful white. To compleat the ſcene, the full Moon roſe at length in that clouded Majeſty, which *Milton* takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely ſhaded, and diſpoſed among ſofter lights, than that which the Sun had before diſcovered to us.

As I was ſurveying the Moon walking in her brightneſs, and taking her progreſs among the conſtellations, a thought roſe in me which I believe very often perplexes and diſturbs men of ſerious and contemplative natures. *David* himſelf fell into it, in that reflection, *When I conſider the Heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and the ſtars which thou haſt ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the ſon of man that thou regardeſt him!* In the ſame manner, when I conſidered that infinite hoſt of Stars, or, to ſpeak more philoſophically, of Suns, which were then ſhining upon me, with thoſe innumerable ſets of planets or worlds, which were moving round their reſpective ſuns; when I ſtill enlarged the idea, and ſuppoſed another heaven of ſuns and worlds riſing ſtill above this which we diſcovered, and theſe ſtill enlightened by a ſuperior firmament of Luminaries, which are planted at ſo great a diſtance that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the ſtars do to us; in ſhort, whilſt I purſued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little inſignificant figure which I myſelf bore amidſt the immenſity of God's works.

Were the Sun, which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the hoſt of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguiſhed and annihilated, they would not be miſſed more than a grain of ſand upon the ſea-ſhore. The ſpace they poſſeſs is ſo exceedingly little, in compariſon of the whole, that it would ſcarce make a *Blank* in the creation. The Chaſm would be imperceptible to an eye, that could take in the whole compaſs of nature, and paſs from one end of the creation to the other, as it is poſſible there may be ſuch a ſenſe in ourſelves hereafter, or in creatures which are at preſent more exalted than ourſelves. We ſee many ſtars by the help of glaſſes, which we do not diſcover with our naked eyes; and the finer our Teleſcopes are, the more ſtill are our diſcoveries. *Huygenius* carries this thought ſo far, that he does not think it impoſſible there may be ſtars whoſe light is not yet travelled down to us, ſince their firſt creation. There is no queſtion but the Univerſe has certain bounds ſet to it; but when we conſider that it is the work of infinite power, prompted by infinite goodneſs, with an infinite ſpace to exert itſelf in, how can our imagination ſet any bounds to it?

To return therefore to my firſt thought, I could not but look upon myſelf with ſecret horror, as a Being that was not worth the ſmalleſt regard of one who had ſo great a work under his care and ſuperintendency. I was afraid

afraid of being overlooked amidſt the immenſity of nature, and loſt among that infinite variety of creatures, which in all probability ſwarm through all theſe immeaſurable regions of matter.

In order to recover myſelf from this mortifying thought, I conſidered that it took its riſe from thoſe narrow conceptions, which we are apt to entertain of the Divine Nature. We ourſelves cannot attend to many different objects at the ſame time. If we are careful to inſpect ſome things, we muſt of courſe neglect others. This imperfection which we obſerve in ourſelves, is an imperfection that cleaves in ſome degree to creatures of the higheſt capacities, as they are creatures, that is, Beings of finite and limited natures. The preſence of every created Being is confined to a certain meaſure of ſpace, and conſequently his obſervation is ſtinted to a certain number of objects. The ſphere in which we move, and act, and underſtand, is of a wider circumference to one creature than another, according as we riſe one above another in the ſcale of exiſtence. But the wideſt of theſe our ſpheres has its circumference. When therefore we reflect on the Divine Nature, we are ſo uſed and accuſtomed to this imperfection in ourſelves, that we cannot forbear in ſome meaſure aſcribing it to him, in whom there is no ſhadow of imperfection. Our reaſon indeed aſſures us, that his attributes are infinite, but the poorneſs of our conceptions is ſuch, that it cannot forbear ſetting bounds to every thing it contemplates, 'till our reaſon comes again to our ſuccor, and throws down all thoſe little prejudices which riſe in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

We ſhall therefore utterly extinguiſh this melancholy thought, of our being overlooked by our Maker in the multiplicity of his works, and the infinity of thoſe objects among which he ſeems to be inceſſantly employed, if we conſider, in the firſt place, that he is Omnipreſent; and, in the ſecond, that he is Omniſcient.

If we conſider him in his Omnipreſence: his Being paſſes through, actuates and ſupports the whole frame of Nature. His Creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made that is either ſo diſtant, ſo little, or ſo inconſiderable, which he does not eſſentially inhabit. His ſubſtance is within the ſubſtance of every Being, whether material, or immaterial, and as intimately preſent to it, as that Being is to itſelf. It would be an imperfection in him, were he able to remove out of one place into another, or to withdraw himſelf from any thing he has created, or from any part of that ſpace which is diffuſed and ſpread abroad to infinity. In ſhort, to ſpeak of him in the language of the old Philoſopher, he is a Being whoſe centre is every where, and his circumference no where.

In

In the ſecond place, he is Omniſcient as well as Omnipreſent. His Omniſcience indeed neceſſarily and naturally flows from his Omnipreſence; he cannot but be conſcious of every motion that ariſes in the whole material world, which he thus eſſentially pervades, and of every thought that is ſtirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Several Moraliſts have conſidered the creation as the Temple of God, which he has built with his own hands, and which is filled with his preſence. Others have conſidered infinite ſpace as the receptacle, or rather the habitation of the Almighty: but the nobleſt and moſt exalted way of conſidering this infinite ſpace, is that of Sir *Iſaac Newton,* who calls it the *Senſorium* of the Godhead. Brutes and men have their *Senſoriola,* or little *Senſoriums,* by which they apprehend the preſence, and perceive the actions of a few objects that lie contiguous to them. Their knowledge and obſervation turn within a very narrow circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know every thing in which he reſides, infinite ſpace gives room to infinite knowledge, and is, as it were, an organ to Omniſcience.

Were the Soul ſeparate from the body, and with one glance of thought ſhould ſtart beyond the bounds of the Creation, ſhould it for millions of years continue its progreſs through infinite ſpace with the ſame activity, it would ſtill find itſelf within the embrace of its Creator, and encompaſſed round with the immenſity of the Godhead. While we are in the body he is not leſs preſent with us, becauſe he is concealed from us. *O that I knew where I might find him!* ſays *Job. Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him. On the left hand, where he does work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himſelf on the right hand, that I cannot ſee him.* In ſhort, reaſon as well as revelation aſſure us, that he cannot be abſent from us, notwithſtanding he is undiſcovered by us.

In this conſideration of God Almighty's Omnipreſence and Omniſcience, every uncomfortable thought vaniſhes. He cannot but regard every thing that has Being, eſpecially ſuch of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this occaſion: for as it is impoſſible he ſhould overlook any of his creatures, ſo we may be confident that he regards with an eye of mercy, thoſe who endeavour to recommend themſelves to his notice, and in an unfeigned humility of heart think themſelves unworthy that he ſhould be mindful of them.

Wedneſday,

N° 567. *Wedneſday, July* 14.

——— *Inceptus clamor fruſtratur hiantes.* Virg.

I Have received private advice from ſome of my correſpondents, that if I would give my paper a general run, I ſhould take care to ſeaſon it with ſcandal. I have indeed obſerved of late, that few writings ſell which are not filled with great names and illuſtrious titles. The Reader generally caſts his eye upon a new book, and if he finds ſeveral letters ſeparated from one another by a daſh, he buys it up, and peruſes it with great ſatisfaction. An *M* and an *h,* a *T* and an *r,* with a ſhort line between them, has ſold many an inſipid pamphlet. Nay, I have known a whole edition go off by virtue of two or three well written *&c*———'*s.*

A ſprinkling of the words *Faction, Frenchman, Papiſt, Plunderer,* and the like ſignificant terms, in an Italic character, hath alſo a very good effect upon the eye of the purchaſer; not to mention *Scribler, Liar, Rogue, Raſcal, Knave,* and *Villain,* without which it is impoſſible to carry on a modern controverſy.

Our party-writers are ſo ſenſible of the ſecret virtue of an innuendo to recommend their productions, that of late they never mention the Q——n or P——t at length, though they ſpeak of them with honor, and with that deference which is due to them from every private perſon. It gives a ſecret ſatisfaction to the peruſer of thoſe myſterious works, that he is able to decipher them without help, and, by the ſtrength of his own natural parts, to fill up a blank ſpace, or make out a word that has only the firſt or laſt letter to it.

Some of our Authors indeed, when they would be more ſatirical than ordinary, omit only the vowels of a great man's name, and fall moſt unmercifully upon all the conſonants. This way of writing was firſt of all introduced by *T-m Br-wn* of facetious memory, who after having gutted a proper name of all its intermediate vowels, uſed to plant it in his works, and make as free with it as he pleaſed, without any danger of the ſtatute.

That I may imitate theſe celebrated Authors, and publiſh a paper which ſhall be more taking than ordinary, I have here drawn up a very curious libel; in which the Reader of penetration will find a great deal of concealed ſatire,

ſatire, and if he be acquainted with the preſent poſture of affairs, will eaſily diſcover the meaning of it.

" If there are *four* perſons in the nation who endeavour to bring all " things into confuſion, and ruin their native country, I think every honeſt " *Engl-ſh-m-n* ought to be upon his guard. That there are ſuch, every one " will agree with me, who hears me name *** with his firſt friend and fa- " vorite ***, not to mention *** nor ***. Theſe people may cry Ch-rch, " Ch-rch, as long as they pleaſe, but, to make uſe of a homely proverb, " The proof of the p-dd-ng is in the eating. This I am ſure of, that if a " *certain Prince* ſhould concur with a *certain Prelate,* (and we have Monſieur " *Z——n*'s word for it) our poſterity would be in a ſweet p-ckle. Muſt " the *Britiſh* nation ſuffer forſooth, becauſe my Lady *Q-p-t-s* has been diſ- " obliged? or is it reaſonable that our *Engliſh* fleet, which uſed to be the " terror of the ocean, ſhould lie wind-bound for the ſake of a ——. I love " to ſpeak out and declare my mind clearly, when I am talking for the " good of my country. I will not make my court to an ill man, though " he were a *B——y* or a *T——t.* Nay, I would not ſtick to call ſo wretch- " ed a politician, a traitor, an enemy to his country, and a Bl-nd-rb-ſs, " *&c. &c.*

The remaining part of this political treatiſe, which is written after the manner of the moſt celebrated Authors in *Great Britain,* I may communicate to the public at a more convenient ſeaſon. In the mean while I ſhall leave this with my curious Reader, as ſome ingenious writers do their Enigmas, and if any ſagacious perſon can fairly unriddle it, I will print his explanation, and, if he pleaſes, acquaint the world with his name.

I hope this ſhort eſſay will convince my Readers it is not for want of abilities that I avoid State-tracts, and that if I would apply my mind to it, I might in a little time be as great a maſter of the political ſcratch as any the moſt eminent writer of the age. I ſhall only add, that in order to outſhine all the modern race of *Syncopiſts*, and thoroughly content my *Engliſh* Readers, I intend ſhortly to publiſh a SPECTATOR, that ſhall not have a ſingle vowel in it.

N° 568. *Friday, July* 16.

——*Dum recitas, incipit eſſe tuus.* Mart.

I Was yeſterday in a Coffee-houſe not far from the *Royal Exchange,* where I obſerved three perſons in cloſe conference over a pipe of tobacco; upon which, having filled one for my own uſe, I lighted it at the little wax candle that ſtood before them; and after having thrown in two or three whiffs amongſt them, ſat down and made one of the company. I need not tell my Reader, that lighting a man's pipe at the ſame candle, is looked upon among brother-ſmokers as an overture to converſation and friendſhip. As we here laid our heads together in a very amicable manner, being intrenched under a cloud of our own raiſing, I took up the laſt SPECTATOR, and caſting my eye over it, *The* SPECTATOR, ſays I, *is very witty to-day;* upon which a luſty lethargic old Gentleman, who ſat at the upper-end of the table, having gradually blown out of his mouth a great deal of ſmoke, which he had been collecting for ſome time before, *Ay,* ſays he, *more witty than wiſe, I am afraid.* His neighbour, who ſat at his right hand, immediately colored, and being an angry politician, laid down his pipe with ſo much wrath that he broke it in the middle, and by that means furniſhed me with a tobacco-ſtopper. I took it up very ſedately, and looking him full in the face, made uſe of it from time to time all the while he was ſpeaking: *This fellow,* ſays he, *cannot for his life keep out of politics. Do you ſee how he abuſes* four *great men here?* I fixed my eye very attentively on the paper, and aſked him if he meant thoſe who were repreſented by Aſteriſks. *Aſteriſks,* ſays he, *do you call them? they are all of them ſtars. He might as well have put garters to them. Then pray do but mind the two or three next lines, Ch-rch and p-dd-ng in the ſame ſentence! our Clergy are very much beholden to him.* Upon this the third Gentleman, who was of a mild diſpoſition, and, as I found, a Whig in his heart, deſired him not to be too ſevere upon the SPECTATOR neither; *For,* ſays he, *you find he is very cautious of giving offence, and has therefore put two daſhes into his pudding. A fig for his daſh,* ſays the angry politician. *In his next ſentence he gives a plain innuendo, that our poſterity will be in a ſweet p-ckle. What does the fool mean by his pickle? Why does he not write it at length if he means honeſtly? I have read over the whole ſentence,* ſays

I;

I; *but I look upon the parentheſis in the belly of it to be the moſt dangerous part, and as full of inſinuations as it can hold. But who,* ſays I, *is my Lady* Q--p--t--s? *Ay, anſwer that if you can, Sir,* ſays the furious Stateſman to the poor Whig that ſat over-againſt him. But without giving him time to reply, *I do aſſure you,* ſays he, *were I my Lady* Q—p—t—s, *I would ſue him for* Scandalum Magnatum. *What is the world come to? muſt every body be allowed to* ——? He had by this time filled a new pipe, and applying it to his lips, when we expected the laſt word of his ſentence, put us off with a whiff of tobacco; which he redoubled with ſo much rage and trepidation, that he almoſt ſtifled the whole company. After a ſhort pauſe, I owned that I thought the SPECTATOR had gone too far in writing ſo many letters of my Lady *Q-p-t-s*'s name; *but however,* ſays I, *he has made a little amends for it in his next ſentence, where he leaves a blank ſpace without ſo much as a conſonant to direct us! I mean,* ſays I, *after thoſe words,* The fleet, that uſed to be the terror of the ocean, ſhould lie wind-bound for the ſake of a ———; *after which enſues a chaſm, that, in my opinion, looks modeſt enough. Sir,* ſays my antagoniſt, *you may eaſily know his meaning by his gaping; I ſuppoſe he deſigns his chaſm, as you call it, for an hole to creep out at, but I believe it will hardly ſerve his turn. Who can endure to ſee the great Officers of State, the* B—y's *and* T—t's *treated after ſo ſcurrilous a manner? I cannot for my life,* ſays I, *imagine who the* SPECTATOR *means? No!* ſays he, —— *Your humble Servant, Sir!* Upon which he flung himſelf back in his chair after a contemptuous manner, and ſmiled upon the old lethargic Gentleman on his left hand, who I found was his great admirer. The Whig however had begun to conceive a good will towards me, and ſeeing my pipe out, very generouſly offered me the uſe of his box; but I declined it with great civility, being obliged to meet a friend about that time in another quarter of the city.

At my leaving the Coffee-houſe, I could not forbear reflecting with myſelf upon that groſs tribe of fools who may be termed the *Over-wiſe,* and upon the difficulty of writing any thing in this cenſorious age, which a weak head may not conſtrue into private ſatire and perſonal reflection.

A man who has a good noſe at an innuendo, ſmells treaſon and ſedition in the moſt innocent words that can be put together, and never ſees a vice or folly ſtigmatiſed, but finds out one or other of his acquaintance pointed at by the writer. I remember an empty pragmatical fellow in the country, who upon reading over *the whole Duty of Man,* had written the names of ſeveral perſons in the village at the ſide of every ſin which is mentioned by that excellent Author; ſo that he had converted one of the beſt books in the world into a libel againſt the 'Squire, Church-wardens, Overſeers of the poor, and all other the moſt conſiderable perſons in the pariſh. This book, with

theſe extraordinary marginal notes, fell accidentally into the hands of one who had never ſeen it before; upon which there aroſe a current report that ſome body had written a book againſt the 'Squire and the whole pariſh. The Miniſter of the place having at that time a controverſy with ſome of his congregation upon the account of his tithes, was under ſome ſuſpicion of being the Author, until the good man ſet the people right, by ſhewing them that the ſatirical paſſages might be applied to ſeveral others of two or three neighbouring villages, and that the book was writ againſt all the ſinners in *England*.

N° 569. *Monday, July* 19.

Reges dicuntur multis urgere cululis
Et torquere mero, quem perſpexiſſe laborant,
An ſit amicitia dignus ——— Hor.

NO vices are ſo incurable as thoſe which men are apt to glory in. One would wonder how drunkenneſs ſhould have the good luck to be of this number. *Anacharſis,* being invited to a match of drinking at *Corinth,* demanded the prize very humorouſly, becauſe he was drunk before any of the reſt of the company; for, ſays he, when we run a race, he who arrives at the goal firſt is entitled to the reward. On the contrary, in this thirſty generation the honor falls upon him who carries off the greateſt quantity of liquor, and knocks down the reſt of the company. I was the other day with honeſt *Will Funnell* the *Weſt Saxon,* who was reckoning up how much liquor had paſſed through him in the laſt twenty years of his life, which, according to his computation, amounted to twenty-three hogſheads of October, four ton of port, half a kilderkin of ſmall beer, nineteen barrels of cider, and three glaſſes of champaign; beſides which, he had aſſiſted at four hundred bowls of punch, not to mention ſips, drams, and whets without number. I queſtion not but every Reader's memory will ſuggeſt to him ſeveral ambitious young men, who are as vain in this particular as *Will Funnell,* and can boaſt of as glorious exploits.

Our modern Philoſophers obſerve, that there is a general decay of moiſture in the globe of the earth. This they chiefly aſcribe to the growth of vegetables, which incorporate into their own ſubſtance many fluid bodies that never

never return again to their former nature; but, with ſubmiſſion, they ought to throw into their account thoſe innumerable rational beings which fetch their nouriſhment chiefly out of liquids; eſpecially when we conſider that men, compared with their fellow-creatures, drink much more than comes to their ſhare.

But however highly this tribe of people may think of themſelves, a drunken man is a greater monſter than any that is to be found among all the Creatures which God has made; as indeed there is no character which appears more deſpicable and deformed, in the eyes of all reaſonable perſons, than that of a drunkard. *Bonoſus,* one of our own countrymen, who was addicted to this vice, having ſet up for a ſhare in the *Roman* Empire, and being defeated in a great battle, hanged himſelf. When he was ſeen by the army in this melancholy ſituation, notwithſtanding he had behaved himſelf very bravely, the common jeſt was, that the thing they ſaw hanging upon the tree before them, was not a man but a bottle.

This vice has very fatal effects on the mind, the body, and fortune of the perſon who is devoted to it.

In regard to the mind, it firſt of all diſcovers every flaw in it. The ſober man, by the ſtrength of reaſon, may keep under and ſubdue every vice or folly to which he is moſt inclined; but wine makes every latent ſeed ſprout up in the ſoul, and ſhew itſelf; it gives fury to the paſſions, and force to thoſe objects which are apt to produce them. When a young fellow complained to an old Philoſopher that his wife was not handſome, Put leſs water in your wine, ſays the Philoſopher, and you will quickly make her ſo. Wine heightens indifference into love, love into jealouſy, and jealouſy into madneſs. It often turns the good-natured man into an ideot, and the choleric into an aſſaſſin. It gives bitterneſs to reſentment, it makes vanity inſupportable, and diſplays every little ſpot of the ſoul in its utmoſt deformity.

Nor does this vice only betray the hidden faults of a man, and ſhew them in the moſt odious colors, but often occaſions faults to which he is not naturally ſubject. There is more of turn than of truth in a ſaying of *Seneca,* That drunkenneſs does not produce but diſcover faults. Common experience teaches the contrary. Wine throws a man out of himſelf, and infuſes qualities into the mind, which ſhe is a ſtranger to in her ſober moments. The perſon you converſe with, after the third bottle, is not the ſame man who at firſt ſat down at table with you. Upon this maxim is founded one of the prettieſt ſayings I ever met with, which is aſcribed to *Publius Syrus, Qui ebrium ludificat lædit abſentem; He who jeſts upon a man that is drunk, injures the abſent.*

Thus

Thus does drunkenneſs act in direct contradiction to reaſon, whoſe buſineſs it is to clear the mind of every vice which is crept into it, and to guard it againſt all the approaches of any that endeavours to make its entrance. But beſides theſe ill effects which this vice produces in the perſon who is actually under its dominion, it has alſo a bad influence on the mind even in its ſober moments; as it inſenſibly weakens the underſtanding, impairs the memory, and makes thoſe faults habitual which are produced by frequent exceſſes.

I ſhould now proceed to ſhew the ill effects which this vice has on the bodies and fortunes of men: but theſe I ſhall reſerve for the ſubject of ſome future paper.

N° 571. *Friday, July* 23.

——— *Cœlum quid quærimus ultra?* Luc.

AS the work I have engaged in, will not only conſiſt of papers of humor and learning, but of ſeveral Eſſays moral and divine, I ſhall publiſh the following one, which is founded on a former SPECTATOR, and ſent me by a particular friend, not queſtioning but it will pleaſe ſuch of my Readers as think it no diſparagement to their underſtandings to give way ſometimes to a ſerious thought.

SIR,

IN your paper of *Friday* the 9th inſtant, you had occaſion to conſider the Ubiquity of the God-head, and at the ſame time, to ſhew, that as he is preſent to every thing, he cannot but be attentive to every thing, and privy to all the modes and parts of its exiſtence; or, in other words, that his Omniſcience and Omnipreſence are co-exiſtent, and run together, through the whole infinitude of ſpace. This conſideration might furniſh us with many incentives to devotion and motives to morality, but as this ſubject has been handled by ſeveral excellent writers, I ſhall conſider it in a light wherein I have not ſeen it placed by others.

Firſt, How diſconſolate is the condition of an intellectual Being who is thus preſent with his Maker, but, at the ſame time, receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his preſence!

Secondly,

Secondly, How deplorable is the condition of an intellectual Being, who feels no other effects from this his preſence but ſuch as proceed from divine wrath and indignation!

Thirdly, How happy is the condition of that intellectual Being, who is ſenſible of his Maker's preſence from the ſecret effects of his mercy and loving-kindneſs!

Firſt, How diſconſolate is the condition of an intellectual Being, who is thus preſent with his Maker, but, at the ſame time, receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his preſence! Every particle of matter is actuated by this Almighty Being which paſſes through it. The heavens and the earth, the ſtars and planets, move and gravitate by virtue of this great principle within them. All the dead parts of nature are invigorated by the preſence of their Creator, and made capable of exerting their reſpective qualities. The ſeveral inſtincts, in the brute creation, do likewiſe operate and work towards the ſeveral ends which are agreeable to them, by this divine energy. Man only, who does not co-operate with this holy Spirit, and is unattentive to his preſence, receives none of thoſe advantages from it, which are perfective of his nature and neceſſary to his well-being. The Divinity is with him, and in him, and every where about him, but of no advantage to him. It is the ſame thing to a man without religion, as if there were no God in the world. It is indeed impoſſible for an infinite Being to remove himſelf from any of his creatures: but though he cannot withdraw his eſſence from us, which would argue an imperfection in him, he can withdraw from us all the joys and conſolations of it. His preſence may perhaps be neceſſary to ſupport us in our exiſtence; but he may leave this our exiſtence to itſelf, with regard to its happineſs or miſery. For, in this ſenſe, he may caſt us away from his preſence, and take his holy Spirit from us. This ſingle conſideration one would think ſufficient to make us open our hearts to all thoſe infuſions of joy and gladneſs which are ſo near at hand, and ready to be poured in upon us; eſpecially when we conſider, *Secondly,* The deplorable condition of an intellectual Being who feels no other effects from his Maker's preſence, but ſuch as proceed from divine wrath and indignation!

We may aſſure ourſelves, that the great Author of Nature will not always be as one, who is indifferent to any of his creatures. Thoſe who will not feel him in his love, will be ſure at length to feel him in his diſpleaſure. And how dreadful is the condition of that creature, who is only ſenſible of the Being of his Creator by what he ſuffers from him! He is as eſſentially preſent in hell as in heaven, but the inhabitants of thoſe accurſed places behold him only in his wrath, and ſhrink within their flames to conceal themſelves

themſelves from him. It is not in the power of imagination to conceive the fearful effects of Omnipotence incenſed.

But I ſhall only conſider the wretchedneſs of an intellectual Being, who, in this life, lies under the diſpleaſure of him, that at all times and in all places is intimately united with him. He is able to diſquiet the ſoul, and vex it in all its faculties. He can hinder any of the greateſt comforts of life from refreſhing us, and give an edge to every one of its ſlighteſt calamities. Who then can bear the thought of being an out-caſt from his preſence, that is, from the comforts of it, or of feeling it only in its terrors? How pathetic is that expoſtulation of *Job*, when, for the trial of his patience, he was made to look upon himſelf in this deplorable condition! *Why haſt thou ſet me as a mark againſt thee, ſo that I am become a burden to myſelf?* But, *Thirdly*, how happy is the condition of that intellectual Being, who is ſenſible of his Maker's preſence from the ſecret effects of his mercy and loving-kindneſs!

The Bleſſed in heaven behold him face to face, that is, are as ſenſible of his preſence as we are of the preſence of any perſon whom we look upon with our eyes. There is doubtleſs a faculty in ſpirits, by which they apprehend one another, as our ſenſes do material objects; and there is no queſtion but our ſouls, when they are diſembodied, or placed in glorified bodies, will by this faculty, in whatever part of ſpace they reſide, be always *ſenſible* of the divine preſence. We, who have this veil of fleſh ſtanding between us and the world of ſpirits, muſt be content to know that the Spirit of God is preſent with us, by the effects which he produceth in us. Our outward ſenſes are too groſs to apprehend him; we may however taſte and ſee how gracious he is, by his influence upon our minds, by thoſe virtuous thoughts which he awakens in us, by thoſe ſecret comforts and refreſhments which he conveys into our ſouls, and by thoſe raviſhing joys and inward ſatisfactions, which are perpetually ſpringing up, and diffuſing themſelves among all the thoughts of good men. He is lodged in our very eſſence, and is as a ſoul within the ſoul, to irradiate its underſtanding, rectify its will, purify its paſſions, and enliven all the powers of man. How happy therefore is an intellectual Being, who, by prayer and meditation, by virtue and good works, opens this communication between God and his own ſoul! Though the whole creation frowns upon him, and all nature looks black about him, he has his light and ſupport within him, that are able to chear his mind, and bear him up in the midſt of all thoſe horrors which encompaſs him. He knows that his Helper is at hand, and is always nearer to him than any thing elſe can be, which is capable of annoying or terrifying him. In the midſt of calumny or contempt, he attends to that Being

Being who whiſpers better things within his ſoul, and whom he looks upon as his Defender, his Glory, and the lifter up of his Head. In his deepeſt ſolitude and retirement, he knows that he is in company with the greateſt of Beings; and perceives within himſelf ſuch real ſenſations of his preſence, as are more delightful than any thing that can be met with in the converſation of his creatures. Even in the hour of death, he conſiders the pains of his diſſolution to be nothing elſe but the breaking down of that partition, which ſtands betwixt his ſoul, and the ſight of that Being, who is always preſent with him, and is about to manifeſt itſelf to him in fulneſs of joy.

If we would be thus happy, and thus ſenſible of our Maker's preſence, from the ſecret effects of his Mercy and Goodneſs, we muſt keep ſuch a watch over all our thoughts, that, in the language of the Scripture, his ſoul may have pleaſure in us. We muſt take care not to grieve his holy Spirit, and endeavour to make the meditations of our hearts always acceptable in his ſight, that he may delight thus to reſide and dwell in us. The light of nature could direct *Seneca* to this doctrine, in a very remarkable paſſage among his Epiſtles; *Sacer ineſt in nobis ſpiritus bonorum malorumque cuſtos, et obſervator, et quemadmodum nos illum tractamus, ita et ille nos.* There is a holy ſpirit reſiding in us, who watches and obſerves both good and evil men, and will treat us after the ſame manner that we treat him. But I ſhall conclude this diſcourſe with thoſe more emphatical words in divine revelation, *If a man love me, he will keep my words and my Father will love him; and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.*

N° 574. *Friday, July* 30.

Non poſſidentem multa vocaveris
Rectè beatum: rectiùs occupat
Nomen beati, qui deorum
Muneribus ſapienter uti,
Duramque callet pauperiem pati. Hor.

I Was once engaged in diſcourſe with a *Roſicrucian* about *the great ſecret.* As this kind of men (I mean thoſe of them who are not profeſſed cheats) are over-run with Enthuſiaſm and Philoſophy, it was very amuſing to hear this religious Adept deſcanting on his pretended diſcovery. He talked of the ſecret as of a ſpirit which lived within an emerald, and converted every thing that was near it to the higheſt perfection it was capable of. It gives a luſtre, ſays he, to the ſun, and water to the diamond. It irradiates every metal, and enriches lead with all the properties of gold. It heightens ſmoke into flame, flame into light, and light into glory. He further added, that a ſingle ray of it diſſipates pain, and care, and melancholy from the perſon on whom it falls. In ſhort, ſays he, its preſence naturally changes every place into a kind of heaven. After he had gone on for ſome time in this unintelligible cant, I found that he jumbled natural and moral ideas together into the ſame diſcourſe, and that his great ſecret was nothing elſe but *Content.*

This virtue does indeed produce, in ſome meaſure, all thoſe effects which the Alchymiſt uſually aſcribes to what he calls the Philoſopher's ſtone; and if it does not bring riches, it does the ſame thing, by baniſhing the deſire of them. If it cannot remove the diſquietudes ariſing out of a man's mind, body or fortune, it makes him eaſy under them. It has indeed a kindly influence on the ſoul of man, in reſpect of every Being to whom he ſtands related. It extinguiſhes all murmur, repining, and ingratitude towards that Being who has alloted him his part to act in this world. It deſtroys all inordinate ambition, and every tendency to corruption, with regard to the community wherein he is placed. It gives ſweetneſs to his converſation, and a perpetual ſerenity to all his thoughts.

Among

Among the many methods which might be made uſe of for the acquiring of this virtue, I ſhall only mention the two following. Firſt of all, a man ſhould always conſider how much he has more than he wants; and, ſecondly, how much more unhappy he might be than he really is.

Firſt of all, a man ſhould always conſider how much more he has than he wants. I am wonderfully pleaſed with the reply which *Ariſtippus* made to one who condoled him upon the loſs of a farm, *Why,* ſaid he, *I have three farms ſtill, and you have but one; ſo that I ought rather to be afflicted for you, than you for me.* On the contrary, fooliſh men are more apt to conſider what they have loſt than what they poſſeſs; and to fix their eyes upon thoſe who are richer than themſelves, rather than on thoſe who are under greater difficulties. All the real pleaſures and conveniences of life lie in a narrow compaſs; but it is the humor of mankind to be always looking forward, and ſtraining after one who has got the ſtart of them in wealth and honor. For this reaſon, as there are none can be properly called rich, who have not more than they want; there are few rich men in any of the politer nations but among the middle ſort of people, who keep their wiſhes within their fortunes, and have more wealth than they know how to enjoy. Perſons of a higher rank live in a kind of ſplendid poverty, and are perpetually wanting, becauſe inſtead of acquieſcing in the ſolid pleaſures of life, they endeavour to outvy one another in ſhadows and appearances. Men of ſenſe have at all times beheld, with a great deal of mirth, this ſilly game that is playing over their heads, and by contracting their deſires, enjoy all that ſecret ſatisfaction which others are always in queſt of. The truth is, this ridiculous chace after imaginary pleaſures cannot be ſufficiently expoſed, as it is the great ſource of thoſe evils which generally undo a nation. Let a man's eſtate be what it will, he is a poor man if he does not live within it, and naturally ſets himſelf to ſale to any one that can give him his price. When *Pittacus,* after the death of his brother, who had left him a good eſtate, was offered a great ſum of money by the King of *Lydia,* he thanked him for his kindneſs, but told him that he had already more by half than he knew what to do with. In ſhort, content is equivalent to wealth, and luxury to poverty; or, to give the thought a more agreeable turn, *content is natural wealth,* ſays *Socrates;* to which I ſhall add, *luxury is artificial poverty.* I ſhall therefore recommend to the conſideration of thoſe who are always aiming after ſuperfluous and imaginary enjoyments, and will not be at the trouble of contracting their deſires, an excellent ſaying of *Bion* the Philoſopher; namely, *That no man had ſo much care, as he who endeavours after the moſt happineſs.*

In the ſecond place, every one ought to reflect how much more unhappy he might be than he really is. The former conſideration took in all thoſe

who are ſufficiently provided with the means to make themſelves eaſy; this regards ſuch as actually lie under ſome preſſure or misfortune. Theſe may receive great alleviation from ſuch a compariſon as the unhappy perſon may make between himſelf and others, or between the misfortunes which he ſuffers, and greater misfortunes which might have befallen him.

I like the ſtory of the honeſt *Dutchman*, who, upon breaking his *leg* by a fall from the mainmaſt, told the ſtanders-by, It was a great mercy that it was not his *neck*. To which, ſince I am got into quotations, give me leave to add the ſaying of an old Philoſopher, who, after having invited ſome of his friends to dine with him, was ruffled by his wife that came into the room in a paſſion, and threw down the table that ſtood before them; *Every one*, ſays he, *has his calamity, and he is a happy man that has no greater than this.* We find an inſtance to the ſame purpoſe in the life of Doctor *Hammond*, written by Biſhop *Fell*. As this good man was troubled with a complication of diſtempers, when he had the Gout upon him, he uſed to thank God that it was not the Stone: and when he had the Stone, that he had not both theſe diſtempers on him at the ſame time.

I cannot conclude this Eſſay without obſerving, that there was never any ſyſtem beſides that of Chriſtianity, which could effectually produce in the mind of man the virtue I have been hitherto ſpeaking of. In order to make us content with our preſent condition, many of the ancient Philoſophers tell us that our diſcontent only hurts ourſelves, without being able to make any alteration in our circumſtances; others, that whatever evil befals us is derived to us by a fatal neceſſity, to which the Gods themſelves are ſubject; whilſt others very gravely tell the man who is miſerable, that it is neceſſary he ſhould be ſo to keep up the harmony of the univerſe, and that the *ſcheme* of providence would be troubled and perverted, were he otherwiſe. Theſe, and the like conſiderations, rather ſilence than ſatisfy a man. They may ſhew him that his diſcontent is unreaſonable, but are by no means ſufficient to relieve it. They rather give deſpair than conſolation. In a word, a man might reply to one of theſe comforters, as *Auguſtus* did to his friend who adviſed him not to grieve for the death of a perſon whom he loved, becauſe his grief could not fetch him again; *It is for that very reaſon*, ſaid the Emperor, *that I grieve.*

On the contrary, religion bears a more tender regard to human nature. It preſcribes to every miſerable man the means of bettering his condition; nay, it ſhews him, that the bearing of his afflictions as he ought to do, will naturally end in the removal of them: it makes him eaſy here, becauſe it can make him happy hereafter.

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Upon the whole, a contented mind is the greateſt bleſſing a man can enjoy in this world; and if in the preſent life his happineſs ariſes from the ſubduing of his deſires, it will ariſe in the next from the gratification of them.

N° 575. *Monday, Auguſt* 2.

——— *Nec morti eſſe locum* ——— Virg.

A Lewd young fellow ſeeing an aged Hermit go by him barefoot, *Father*, ſays he, *you are in a very miſerable condition if there is not another world. True, ſon*, ſaid the Hermit; *but what is thy condition if there is?* Man is a creature deſigned for two different ſtates of being, or rather, for two different lives. His firſt life is ſhort and tranſient; his ſecond permanent and laſting. The queſtion we are all concerned in is this, In which of theſe two lives it is our chief intereſt to make ourſelves happy? or, in other words, Whether we ſhould endeavour to ſecure to ourſelves the pleaſures and gratifications of a life which is uncertain and precarious, and at its utmoſt length of a very inconſiderable duration; or to ſecure to ourſelves the pleaſures of a life which is fixed and ſettled, and will never end? Every man, upon the firſt hearing of this queſtion, knows very well which ſide of it he ought to cloſe with. But however right we are in theory, it is plain that in practice we adhere to the wrong ſide of the queſtion. We make proviſions for this life as though it were never to have an end, and for the other life as though it were never to have a beginning.

Should a ſpirit of ſuperior rank, who is a ſtranger to human nature, accidentally alight upon the earth, and take a ſurvey of its inhabitants; what would his notions of us be? Would not he think that we are a ſpecies of Beings made for quite different ends and purpoſes than what we really are? Muſt not he imagine that we were placed in this world to get riches and honors? Would not he think that it was our duty to toil after wealth, and ſtation, and title? Nay, would not he believe we were forbidden poverty by threats of eternal puniſhment, and enjoined to purſue our pleaſures under pain of damnation? He would certainly imagine that we were influenced by a ſcheme of duties quite oppoſite to thoſe which are indeed preſcribed to us. And truly, according to ſuch an imagination, he muſt conclude that we are a ſpecies of the moſt obedient creatures in the univerſe;

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that we are conſtant to our duty; and that we keep a ſteady eye on the end for which we were ſent hither.

But how great would be his aſtoniſhment, when he learnt that we were Beings not deſigned to exiſt in this world above threeſcore and ten years? and that the greateſt part of this buſy ſpecies fall ſhort even of that age? How would he be loſt in horror and admiration, when he ſhould know that this ſett of creatures, who lay out all their endeavours for this life, which ſcarce deſerves the name of exiſtence, when, I ſay, he ſhould know that this ſett of creatures are to exiſt to all eternity in another life, for which they make no preparations? Nothing can be a greater diſgrace to reaſon, than that men, who are perſuaded of theſe two different ſtates of Being, ſhould be perpetually employed in providing for a life of threeſcore and ten years, and neglecting to make proviſion for that, which after many myriads of years will be ſtill new, and ſtill beginning; eſpecially when we conſider that our endeavours for making ourſelves great, or rich, or honorable, or whatever elſe we place our happineſs in, may after all prove unſucceſsful; whereas if we conſtantly and ſincerely endeavour to make ourſelves happy in the other life, we are ſure that our endeavours will ſucceed, and that we ſhall not be diſappointed of our hope.

The following queſtion is ſtarted by one of the ſchoolmen. Suppoſing the whole body of the earth were a great ball or maſs of the fineſt ſand, and that a ſingle grain or particle of this ſand ſhould be annihilated every thouſand years. Suppoſing then that you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious maſs of ſand was conſuming by this ſlow method till there was not a grain of it left, on condition you were to be miſerable for ever after; or, ſuppoſing that you might be happy for ever after, on condition you would be miſerable till the whole maſs of ſand were thus annihilated at the rate of one ſand in a thouſand years: which of theſe two caſes would you make your choice?

It muſt be confeſſed in this caſe, ſo many thouſands of years are to the imagination as a kind of eternity, though in reality they do not bear ſo great a proportion to that duration which is to follow them, as an Unit does to the greateſt number which you can put together in figures, or as one of thoſe ſands to the ſuppoſed heap. Reaſon therefore tells us, without any manner of heſitation, which would be the better part in this choice. However, as I have before intimated, our reaſon might in ſuch a caſe be ſo over-ſet by the imagination, as to diſpoſe ſome perſons to ſink under the conſideration of the great length of the firſt part of this duration, and of the great diſtance of that ſecond duration which is to ſucceed it. The mind, I ſay, might give itſelf up to that happineſs which is at hand, conſidering that it is ſo very

very near, and that it would laſt ſo very long. But when the choice we actually have before us is this, Whether we will chooſe to be happy for the ſpace of only threeſcore and ten, nay perhaps of only twenty or ten years, I might ſay of only a day or an hour, and miſerable to all eternity; or, on the contrary, miſerable for this ſhort term of years, and happy for a whole eternity: what words are ſufficient to expreſs that folly and want of conſideration which in ſuch a caſe makes a wrong choice?

I here put the caſe even at the worſt, by ſuppoſing (what ſeldom happens) that a courſe of virtue makes us miſerable in this life: but if we ſuppoſe (as it generally happens) that virtue would make us more happy even in this life than a contrary courſe of vice; how can we ſufficiently admire the ſtupidity or madneſs of thoſe perſons who are capable of making ſo abſurd a choice?

Every wiſe man therefore will conſider this life only as it may conduce to the happineſs of the other, and chearfully ſacrifice the pleaſures of a few years to thoſe of an eternity.

N° 576. *Wedneſday, Auguſt* 4.

Nitor in adverſum; nec me, qui cætera, vincit
Impetus; et rapido contrarius evehor orbi. Ovid.

I Remember a young man of very lively parts, and of a ſprightly turn in converſation, who had only one fault, which was an inordinate deſire of appearing faſhionable. This run him into many amours, and conſequently into many diſtempers. He never went to bed till two o'clock in the morning, becauſe he would not be a queer fellow; and was every now and then knocked down by a Conſtable, to ſignaliſe his vivacity. He was initiated into half a dozen clubs before he was one and twenty, and ſo improved in them his natural gaiety of temper, that you might frequently trace him to his lodgings by a range of broken windows, and other the like monuments of wit and gallantry. To be ſhort, after having fully eſtabliſhed his reputation of being a very agreeable rake, he died of old age at five and twenty.

There is indeed nothing which betrays a man into ſo many errors and inconveniencies, as the deſire of not appearing ſingular; for which reaſon it is very neceſſary to form a right idea of ſingularity, that we may know when it

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is laudable and when it is vicious. In the firſt place, every man of ſenſe will agree with me, that ſingularity is laudable, when, in contradiction to a multitude, it adheres to the dictates of conſcience, morality, and honor. In theſe caſes we ought to conſider, that it is not cuſtom, but duty, which is the rule of action; and that we ſhould be only ſo far *ſociable*, as we are reaſonable creatures. Truth is never the leſs ſo, for not being attended to; and it is the nature of actions, not the number of actors, by which we ought to regulate our behaviour. Singularity in concerns of this kind is to be looked upon as heroic bravery, in which a man leaves the ſpecies only as he ſoars above it. What greater inſtance can there be of a weak and puſillanimous temper, than for a man to paſs his whole life in oppoſition to his own ſentiments? or not to dare to be what he thinks he ought to be?

Singularity therefore is only vicious when it makes men act contrary to reaſon, or when it puts them upon diſtinguiſhing themſelves by trifles. As for the firſt of theſe, who are ſingular in any thing that is irreligious, immoral, or diſhonorable, I believe every one will eaſily give them up. I ſhall therefore ſpeak of thoſe only who are remarkable for their ſingularity in things of no importance, as in dreſs, behaviour, converſation, and all the little intercourſes of life. In theſe caſes there is a certain deference due to cuſtom; and notwithſtanding there may be a color of reaſon to deviate from the multitude in ſome particulars, a man ought to ſacrifice his private inclinations and opinions to the practice of the public. It muſt be confeſſed that good ſenſe often makes a humoriſt; but then it unqualifies him for being of any moment in the world, and renders him ridiculous to perſons of a much inferior underſtanding.

I have heard of a Gentleman in the north of *England*, who was a remarkable inſtance of this fooliſh ſingularity. He had laid it down as a rule within himſelf, to act in the moſt indifferent parts of life according to the moſt abſtracted notions of reaſon and good ſenſe, without any regard to faſhion or example. This humor broke out at firſt in many little oddneſſes; he had never any ſtated hours for his dinner, ſupper, or ſleep; becauſe, ſaid he, we ought to attend the calls of nature, and not to ſet our appetites to our meals, but bring our meals to our appetites. In his converſation with Country-gentlemen, he would not make uſe of a phraſe that was not ſtrictly true: he never told any of them, that he was his humble ſervant, but that he was his well-wiſher; and would rather be thought a malecontent, than drink the King's health when he was not a-dry. He would thruſt his head out of his chamber-window every morning, and after having gaped for freſh air about half an hour, repeat fifty verſes as loud as he could bawl them for the benefit of his lungs; to which end he generally took them out of

of *Homer;* the *Greek* tongue, eſpecially in that Author, being more deep and ſonorous, and more conducive to expectoration, than any other. He had many other particularities, for which he gave ſound and philoſophical reaſons. As this humor ſtill grew upon him, he choſe to wear a turban inſtead of a periwig; concluding very juſtly, that a bandage of clean linen about his head was much more wholeſome, as well as cleanly, than the caul of a wig, which is ſoiled with frequent perſpirations. He afterwards judiciouſly obſerved, that the many ligatures in our *Engliſh* dreſs muſt naturally check the circulation of the blood; for which reaſon, he made his breeches and his doublet of one continued piece of cloth, after the manner of the *Huſſars.* In ſhort, by following the pure dictates of reaſon, he at length departed ſo much from the reſt of his countrymen, and indeed from his whole ſpecies, that his friends would have clapped him into *Bedlam,* and have begged his eſtate; but the judge being informed that he did no harm, contented himſelf with iſſuing out a commiſſion of lunacy againſt him, and putting his eſtate into the hands of proper guardians.

The fate of this Philoſopher puts me in mind of a remark in Monſieur *Fontenelle*'s dialogues of the dead. *The ambitious and the covetous* (ſays he) *are madmen to all intents and purpoſes, as much as thoſe who are ſhut up in dark rooms; but they have the good luck to have numbers on their ſide; whereas the Phrenſy of one who is given up for a lunatic, is a Phrenſy* hors d'œuvre; that is, in other words, ſomething which is ſingular in its kind, and does not fall in with the madneſs of a multitude.

N° 579. *Wedneſday, Auguſt* 11.

———*Odora canum vis.* Virg.

IN the reign of King *Charles* I. the company of ſtationers, into whoſe hands the printing of the Bible was committed by Patent, made a very remarkable *Erratum* or blunder in one of their editions: for inſtead of *Thou ſhalt not commit Adultery,* they printed off ſeveral thouſands of copies with *Thou ſhalt commit Adultery.* Archbiſhop *Laud,* to puniſh this their negligence, laid a conſiderable fine upon that company in the *Star-chamber.*

By the practice of the world, which prevails in this degenerate age, I am afraid that very many young profligates, of both ſexes, are poſſeſſed of this

ſpurious edition of the Bible, and obſerve the Commandment according to that faulty reading.

Adulterers in the firſt ages of the church, were excommunicated for ever, and unqualified all their lives for bearing any part in chriſtian aſſemblies, notwithſtanding they might ſeek it with tears, and all the appearances of the moſt unfeigned repentance.

I might here mention ſome ancient laws among the heathens which puniſhed this crime with death; and others of the ſame kind, which are now in force among ſeveral governments that have embraced the reformed religion. But becauſe a ſubject of this nature may be too ſerious for my ordinary Readers, who are very apt to throw by my papers, when they are not enlivened with ſomething that is diverting or uncommon; I ſhall here publiſh the contents of a little Manuſcript lately fallen into my hands, and which pretends to great antiquity, though by reaſon of ſome modern phraſes and other particulars in it, I can by no means allow it to be genuine, but rather the production of a modern Sophiſt.

It is well known by the learned, that there was a temple upon mount *AEtna* dedicated to *Vulcan,* which was guarded by dogs of ſo exquiſite a ſmell, (ſay the Hiſtorians) that they could diſcern whether the perſons who came thither were chaſte or otherwiſe. They uſed to meet and fawn upon ſuch as were chaſte, careſſing them as the friends of their maſter *Vulcan;* but flew at thoſe who were polluted, and never ceaſed barking at them till they had driven them from the temple.

My Manuſcript gives the following account of theſe dogs, and was probably deſigned as a comment upon this ſtory.

" Theſe dogs were given to *Vulcan* by his ſiſter *Diana,* the Goddeſs of " hunting and chaſtity, having bred them out of ſome of her hounds, in " which ſhe had obſerved this natural inſtinct and ſagacity. It is thought " ſhe did it in ſpite of *Venus,* who, upon her return home, always " found her huſband in a good or bad humor, according to the recep- " tion which ſhe met with from his dogs. They lived in the temple ſeveral " years, but were ſuch ſnappiſh curs that they frighted away moſt of the " votaries. The women of *Sicily* made a ſolemn deputation to the Prieſt, " by which they acquainted him, that they would not come up to the temple " with their annual offerings unleſs he muzzled his maſtiffs; and at laſt " compromiſed the matter with him, that the offering ſhould always " be brought by a chorus of young girls, who were none of them above " ſeven years old. It was wonderful (ſays the Author) to ſee how dif- " ferent the treatment was which the dogs gave to theſe little Miſſes, from " that which they had ſhewn to their mothers. It is ſaid that a prince of

" *Syracuſe,*

" *Syracuſe,* having married a young Lady, and being naturally of a jealous " temper, made ſuch an intereſt with the Prieſts of this temple, that he pro- " cured a whelp from them of this famous breed. This young puppy was " very troubleſome to the fair Lady at firſt, inſomuch that ſhe ſollicited her " huſband to ſend him away, but the good man cut her ſhort with the old " *Sicilian* proverb, *Love me, love my dog.* From which time ſhe lived very " peaceably with both of them. The Ladies of *Syracuſe* were very much " annoyed with him, and ſeveral of very good reputation refuſed to come " to court till he was diſcarded. There were indeed ſome of them that de- " fied his ſagacity, but it was obſerved, though he did not actually bite " them, he would growl at them moſt confoundedly. To return to the " dogs of the temple: after they had lived here in great repute for ſeveral " years, it ſo happened, that as one of the Prieſts, who had been making " a charitable viſit to a widow who lived on the promontory of *Lilybeum,* " returned home pretty late in the evening, the dogs flew at him with ſo " much fury, that they would have worried him if his Brethren had not " come in to his aſſiſtance: upon which, ſays my Author, the dogs were " all of them hanged, as having loſt their original inſtinct.

I cannot conclude this paper without wiſhing, that we had ſome of this breed of dogs in *Great Britain*, which would certainly do *Juſtice,* I ſhould ſay *Honor,* to the Ladies of our country, and ſhew the world the difference between pagan women, and thoſe who are inſtructed in ſounder principles of virtue and religion.

N° 580. *Friday, Auguſt* 13.

——— *Si verbo audacia detur,*
Non metuam magni dixiſſe palatia cœli. Ovid. Met.

SIR,

" I Conſidered in my two laſt Letters that awful and tremendous ſubject, " the Ubiquity or Omnipreſence of the Divine Being. I have ſhewn " that he is equally preſent in all places throughout the whole extent of " infinite ſpace. This doctrine is ſo agreeable to reaſon, that we meet with " it in the writings of the enlightened heathens, as I might ſhew at large, " were it not already done by other hands. But though the Deity be thus

" eſſentially preſent through all the immenſity of ſpace, there is one part of " it in which he diſcovers himſelf in a moſt tranſcendent and viſible glory. " This is that place which is marked out in Scripture under the different ap- " pellations of *Paradiſe, the third Heaven, the Throne of God,* and *the habitation of* " *his Glory.* It is here where the glorified body of our Saviour reſides, and " where all the celeſtial hierarchies, and the innumerable hoſts of Angels, " are repreſented as perpetually ſurrounding the ſeat of God, with *Hallelu-* " *jahs* and Hymns of praiſe. This is that preſence of God, which ſome of " the Divines call his Glorious, and others his Majeſtatic preſence. He is " indeed as eſſentially preſent in all other places as in this, but it is here " where he reſides in a ſenſible magnificence, and in the midſt of all thoſe " ſplendors which can affect the imagination of created Beings.

" It is very remarkable that this opinion of God Almighty's preſence in " heaven, whether diſcovered by the light of nature, or by a general tra- " dition from our firſt parents, prevails among all the nations of the world, " whatſoever different notions they entertain of the Godhead. If you look " into *Homer,* that is, the moſt ancient of the *Greek* writers, you ſee the Su- " preme Power ſeated in the heavens, and encompaſſed with inferior Dei- " ties, among whom the Muſes are repreſented as ſinging inceſſantly about " his throne. Who does not here ſee the main ſtrokes and outlines of this " great truth we are ſpeaking of? The ſame doctrine is ſhadowed out in many " other heathen Authors, though at the ſame time, like ſeveral other reveal- " ed truths, daſhed and adulterated with a mixture of fables and human in- " ventions. But to paſs over the notions of the *Greeks* and *Romans,* thoſe " more enlightened parts of the pagan world, we find there is ſcarce a peo- " ple among the late diſcovered nations who are not trained up in an opi- " nion, that heaven is the habitation of the Divinity whom they worſhip.

" As in *Solomon's* temple there was the *Sanctum Sanctorum,* in which a " viſible Glory appeared among the figures of the Cherubims, and into " which none but the High-Prieſt himſelf was permitted to enter, after " having made an atonement for the ſins of the people; ſo if we conſider " the whole creation as one great temple, there is in it this Holy of Holies, " into which the High-prieſt of our ſalvation entered, and took his place " among Angels and Archangels, after having made a propitiation for the " ſins of mankind.

" With how much ſkill muſt the throne of God be erected? With what " glorious deſigns is that habitation beautified, which is contrived and built " by him who inſpired *Hiram* with wiſdom? How great muſt be the Majeſty " of that place, where the whole art of creation has been employed, and " where God has choſen to ſhew himſelf in the moſt magnificent manner?

" What

" What muſt be the Architecture of infinite power under the direction of in-
" finite wiſdom? A ſpirit cannot but be tranſported, after an ineffable man-
" ner, with the ſight of thoſe objects, which were made to affect him by
" that Being who knows the inward frame of a ſoul, and how to pleaſe and
" raviſh it in all its moſt ſecret powers and faculties. It is to this majeſtic
" preſence of God, we may apply thoſe beautiful expreſſions in holy writ:
" *Behold even to the moon, and it ſhineth not; yea the ſtars are not pure in his ſight.*
" The light of the ſun, and all the glories of the world in which we live,
" are but as weak and ſickly glimmerings, or rather darkneſs itſelf, in com-
" pariſon of thoſe ſplendors which encompaſs the throne of God.

" As the *Glory* of this place is tranſcendent beyond imagination, ſo pro-
" bably is the *Extent* of it. There is Light behind Light, and Glory within
" Glory. How far that ſpace may reach, in which God thus appears in
" perfect Majeſty, we cannot poſſibly conceive. Though it is not infinite, it
" may be indefinite; and though not immeaſurable in itſelf, it may be ſo
" with regard to any created eye or imagination. If he has made theſe
" lower regions of matter ſo inconceivably wide and magnificent for the ha-
" bitation of mortal and periſhable Beings, how great may we ſuppoſe the
" courts of his houſe to be, where he makes his reſidence in a more eſpecial
" manner, and diſplays himſelf in the fulneſs of his Glory, among an in-
" numerable company of Angels, and ſpirits of juſt men made perfect?

" This is certain, that our imaginations cannot be raiſed too high, when
" we think on a place where Omnipotence and Omniſcience have ſo ſignally
" exerted themſelves, becauſe that they are able to produce a ſcene infi-
" nitely more great and glorious than what we are able to imagine. It is
" not impoſſible but at the conſummation of all things, theſe outward apart-
" ments of nature, which are now ſuited to thoſe Beings who inhabit them,
" may be taken in and added to that glorious place of which I am here
" ſpeaking; and by that means made a proper habitation for Beings who
" are exempt from mortality, and cleared of their imperfections: for ſo the
" Scripture ſeems to intimate, when it ſpeaks of new heavens and of a new
" earth, wherein dwelleth righteouſneſs.

" I have only conſidered this glorious place with regard to the ſight and
" imagination, though it is highly probable that our other ſenſes may here
" likewiſe enjoy their higheſt gratifications. There is nothing which more
" raviſhes and tranſports the ſoul, than harmony; and we have great reaſon
" to believe, from the deſcriptions of this place in holy Scripture, that this
" is one of the entertainments of it. And if the ſoul of man can be ſo won-
" derfully affected with thoſe ſtrains of muſic, which human art is capable
" of producing, how much more will it be raiſed and elevated by thoſe, in

" which

" which is exerted the whole power of harmony! the ſenſes are faculties of " the human ſoul, though they cannot be employed, during this our vital " union, without proper inſtruments in the body; why therefore ſhould " we exclude the ſatisfaction of theſe faculties, which we find by experi- " ence are inlets of great pleaſure to the ſoul, from among thoſe entertain- " ments which are to make up our happineſs hereafter? why ſhould we " ſuppoſe that our hearing and ſeeing will not be gratified with thoſe ob- " jects which are moſt agreeable to them, and which they cannot meet " with in theſe lower regions of nature; objects, *which neither eye hath ſeen, nor* " *ear heard, nor can it enter into the heart of man to conceive? I knew a man in* " *Chriſt* (ſays St. *Paul* ſpeaking of himſelf) *above fourteen years ago (whether in* " *the body, I cannot tell, or whether out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth)* " *ſuch a one caught up to the third heaven. And I knew ſuch a man (whether in the* " *body, or out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth) how that he was caught up* " *into paradiſe, and heard unſpeakable words, which it is not poſſible for a man to utter.* " By this is meant, that what he heard was ſo infinitely different from any " thing which he had heard in this world, that it was impoſſible to expreſs " it in ſuch words as might convey a notion of it to his hearers.

" It is very natural for us to take delight in enquiries concerning any fo- " reign country, where we are ſome time or other to make our abode; and " as we all hope to be admitted into this glorious place, it is both a laud- " able and uſeful curioſity, to get what informations we can of it, whilſt " we make uſe of revelation for our guide. When theſe everlaſting doors " ſhall be opened to us, we may be ſure that the pleaſures and beauties of " this place will infinitely tranſcend our preſent hopes and expectations, " and that the glorious appearance of the throne of God, will riſe infinitely " beyond whatever we are able to conceive of it. We might here enter- " tain ourſelves with many other ſpeculations on this ſubject, from thoſe " ſeveral hints which we find of it in the holy Scriptures; as whether there " may not be different manſions and apartments of glory, to Beings of dif- " ferent natures; whether as they excel one another in perfection, they are " not admitted nearer to the throne of the Almighty, and enjoy greater " manifeſtations of his preſence; whether there are not ſolemn times and " occaſions, when all the multitude of heaven celebrate the preſence of " their Maker in more extraordinary forms of praiſe and adoration; as " *Adam*, though he had continued in a ſtate of innocence, would, in the " opinion of our Divines, have kept holy the Sabbath-day, in a more par- " ticular manner than any other of the ſeven. Theſe, and the like ſpecu- " lations, we may very innocently indulge, ſo long as we make uſe of them " to inſpire us with a deſire of becoming inhabitants of this delightful place.

" I

" I have in this, and in two foregoing Letters, treated on the moſt ſeri-
" ous ſubject that can employ the mind of man, the Omnipreſence of the
" Deity; a ſubject which, if poſſible, ſhould never depart from our medita-
" tions. We have conſidered the Divine Being, as he inhabits infinitude,
" as he dwells among his works, as he is preſent to the mind of man, and
" as he diſcovers himſelf in a more glorious manner among the regions of
" the bleſſed. Such a conſideration ſhould be kept awake in us at all times,
" and in all places, and poſſeſs our minds with a perpetual awe and reve-
" rence. It ſhould be interwoven with all our thoughts and perceptions,
" and become one with the conſciouſneſs of our own Being. It is not to be
" reflected on in the coldneſs of Philoſophy, but ought to ſink us into the
" loweſt proſtration before him, who is ſo aſtoniſhingly Great, Wonder-
" ful, and Holy.

N° 582. *Wedneſday, Auguſt* 18.

———*Tenet inſanabile multos,*
Scribendi Cacoethes——— Juv.

THERE is a certain diſtemper, whch is mentioned neither by *Galen* nor *Hippocrates,* nor to be met with in the *London Diſpenſatory. Juvenal,* in the motto of my paper, terms it a *Cacoethes;* which is a hard word for a diſeaſe called in plain *Engliſh*, *the itch of writing*. This *Cacoethes* is as epidemical as the ſmall-pox, there being very few who are not ſeized with it ſome time or other in their lives. There is however this difference in theſe two diſtempers, that the firſt, after having indiſpoſed you for a time, never returns again; whereas this I am ſpeaking of, when it is once got into the blood, ſeldom comes out of it. The *Britiſh* nation is very much afflicted with this malady, and though very many remedies have been applied to perſons infected with it, few of them have ever proved ſucceſsful. Some have been cauteriſed with ſatires and lampoons, but have received little or no benefit from them; others have had their heads faſtened for an hour together between a cleft board, which is made uſe of as a cure for the diſeaſe when it appears in its greateſt malignity. There is indeed one kind of this malady which has been ſometimes removed, like the biting of a *Tarantula,* with the ſound of a muſical inſtrument, which is commonly known by the name of a Cat-call. But if you have a patient of this kind under your

your care, you may aſſure yourſelf there is no other way of recovering him effectually, but by forbidding him the uſe of pen, ink, and paper.

But to drop the allegory before I have tired it out, there is no ſpecies of ſcribblers more offenſive, and more incurable, than your periodical writers, whoſe works return upon the public on certain days and at ſtated times. We have not the conſolation in the peruſal of theſe Authors, which we find at the reading of all others, (namely) that we are ſure, if we have but patience, we may come to the end of their labors. I have often admired an humorous ſaying of *Diogenes*, who reading a dull Author to ſeveral of his friends, when every one began to be tired, finding he was almoſt come to a blank leaf at the end of it, cried, *Courage, lads, I ſee land.* On the contrary, our progreſs through that kind of writers I am now ſpeaking of, is never at an end: one day makes work for another, we do not know when to promiſe ourſelves reſt.

It is a melancholy thing to conſider, that the Art of Printing, which might be the greateſt bleſſing to mankind, ſhould prove detrimental to us, and that it ſhould be made uſe of to ſcatter prejudice and ignorance through a people, inſtead of conveying to them truth and knowledge.

I was very lately reading a very whimſical treatiſe, entitled, *William Ramſey's Vindication of Aſtrology.* This profound Author, among many myſtical paſſages, has the following one: "The abſence of the Sun is not the "cauſe of night, foraſmuch as his light is ſo great that it may illuminate "the earth all over at once as clear as broad day, but there are tenebrifi-"cous and dark Stars, by whoſe influence night is brought on, and which "do ray out darkneſs and obſcurity upon the earth, as the Sun does light.

I conſider writers in the ſame view this ſage Aſtrologer does the heavenly bodies. Some of them are ſtars that ſcatter light, as others do darkneſs. I could mention ſeveral Authors who are tenebrificous ſtars of the firſt magnitude, and point out a knot of Gentlemen who have been dull in concert, and may be looked upon as a dark conſtellation. The nation has been a great while benighted with ſeveral of theſe antiluminaries. I ſuffered them to ray out their darkneſs as long as I was able to endure it, till at length I came to a reſolution of riſing upon them, and hope in a little time to drive them quite out of the *Britiſh* Hemiſphere.

Wedneſday,

N° 583. *Friday, Auguſt* 20.

Ipſe thymum pinoſque ferens de montibus altis,
Tecta ſerat latè circum, cui talia curæ:
Ipſe labore manum duro terat; ipſe ſeraces
Figat humo plantas, et amicos irriget imbres. Virg.

EVERY ſtation of life has duties which are proper to it. Thoſe who are determined by choice to any particular kind of buſineſs, are indeed more happy than thoſe who are determined by neceſſity, but both are under an equal obligation of fixing on employments, which may be either uſeful to themſelves or beneficial to others. No one of the ſons of *Adam* ought to think himſelf exempt from that labor and induſtry, which were denounced to our firſt parent, and in him to all his poſterity. Thoſe to whom birth or fortune may ſeem to make ſuch an application unneceſſary, ought to find out ſome calling or profeſſion for themſelves, that they may not lie as a burden on the ſpecies, and be the only uſeleſs parts of the creation.

Many of our country Gentlemen in their buſy hours apply themſelves wholly to the chaſe, or ſome other diverſion which they find in the fields and woods. This gave occaſion to one of our moſt eminent *Engliſh* writers to repreſent every one of them as lying under a kind of curſe pronounced to them in the words of *Goliah, I will give thee to the fowls of the air and to the beaſts of the field.*

Though exerciſes of this kind, when indulged with moderation, may have a good influence both on the mind and body, the country affords many other amuſements of a more noble kind.

Among theſe I know none more delightful in itſelf, and beneficial to the public, than that of *PLANTING*. I could mention a Nobleman whoſe fortune has placed him in ſeveral parts of *England*, and who has always left theſe viſible marks behind him, which ſhew he has been there: he never hired a houſe in his life without leaving all about it the ſeeds of wealth, and beſtowing legacies on the poſterity of the owner. Had all the Gentlemen of *England* made the ſame improvements upon their eſtates, our whole country would have been at this time as one great garden. Nor ought ſuch an employment to be looked upon as too inglorious for men of the

higheſt rank. There have been heroes in this art, as well as in others. We are told in particular of *Cyrus* the Great, that he planted all the leſſer *Aſia*. There is indeed ſomething truly magnificent in this kind of amuſement: it gives a nobler air to ſeveral parts of nature; it fills the earth with a variety of beautiful ſcenes, and has ſomething in it like creation. For this reaſon the pleaſure of one who plants is ſomething like that of a Poet, who, as *Ariſtotle* obſerves, is more delighted with his productions than any other writer or artiſt whatſoever.

Plantations have one advantage in them which is not to be found in moſt other works, as they give a pleaſure of a more laſting date, and continually improve in the eye of the planter. When you have finiſhed a building, or any other undertaking of the like nature, it immediately decays upon your hands; you ſee it brought to its utmoſt point of perfection, and from that time haſtening to its ruin. On the contrary, when you have finiſhed your plantations, they are ſtill arriving at greater degrees of perfection as long as you live, and appear more delightful in every ſucceeding year, than they did in the foregoing.

But I do not only recommend this art to men of eſtates as a pleaſing amuſement, but as it is a kind of virtuous employment, and may therefore be inculcated by moral motives; particularly from the love which we ought to have for our country, and the regard which we ought to bear to our poſterity. As for the firſt, I need only mention what is frequently obſerved by others, that the increaſe of foreſt-trees does by no means bear a proportion to the deſtruction of them, inſomuch that in a few ages the nation may be at a loſs to ſupply itſelf with timber ſufficient for the fleets of *England*. I know when a man talks of poſterity in matters of this nature, he is looked upon with an eye of ridicule by the cunning and ſelfiſh part of mankind. Moſt people are of the humor of an old fellow of a college, who, when he was preſſed by the ſociety to come into ſomething that might redound to the good of their ſucceſſors, grew very peeviſh, *We are always doing*, ſays he, *ſomething for poſterity, but I would fain ſee poſterity do ſomething for us.*

But I think men are inexcuſable, who fail in a duty of this nature, ſince it is ſo eaſily diſcharged. When a man conſiders, that the putting a few twigs into the ground, is doing good to one who will make his appearance in the world about fifty years hence, or that he is perhaps making one of his own deſcendents eaſy or rich, by ſo inconſiderable an expence, if he finds himſelf averſe to it, he muſt conclude that he has a poor and baſe heart, void of all generous principles and love to mankind.

There is one conſideration, which may very much enforce what I have here ſaid. Many honeſt minds that are naturally diſpoſed to do good in the world, and

and become beneficial to mankind, complain within themſelves that they have not talents for it. This therefore is a good office, which is ſuited to the meaneſt capacities, and which may be performed by multitudes, who have not abilities ſufficient to deſerve well of their country, and to recommend themſelves to their poſterity, by any other method. It is the phraſe of a friend of mine, when any uſeful country neighbour dies, that *you may trace him:* which I look upon as a good funeral oration at the death of an honeſt Huſbandman, who has left the impreſſions of his induſtry behind him, in the place where he has lived.

Upon the foregoing conſiderations, I can ſcarce forbear repreſenting the ſubject of this paper as a kind of moral virtue: which, as I have already ſhewn, recommends itſelf likewiſe by the pleaſure that attends it. It muſt be confeſſed that this is none of thoſe turbulent pleaſures which is apt to gratify a man in the heats of youth; but if it be not ſo tumultuous, it is more laſting. Nothing can be more delightful, than to entertain ourſelves with proſpects of our own making, and to walk under thoſe ſhades which our own induſtry has raiſed. Amuſements of this nature compoſe the mind, and lay at reſt all thoſe paſſions which are uneaſy to the Soul of man, beſides, that they naturally engender good thoughts, and diſpoſe us to laudable contemplations. Many of the old Philoſophers paſſed away the greateſt parts of their lives among their gardens. *Epicurus* himſelf could not think ſenſual pleaſure attainable in any other ſcene. Every Reader who is acquainted with *Homer*, *Virgil* and *Horace*, the greateſt geniuſes of all antiquity, knows very well with how much rapture they have ſpoken on this ſubject; and that *Virgil* in particular has written a whole book on the art of planting.

This art ſeems to have been more eſpecially adapted to the nature of man in his primæval ſtate, when he had life enough to ſee his productions floriſh in their utmoſt beauty, and gradually decay with him. One who lived before the flood might have ſeen a wood of the talleſt oaks in the acorn. But I only mention this particular, in order to introduce in my next paper, a hiſtory which I have found among the accounts of *China*, and which may be looked upon as an Antediluvian novel.

N° 584. *Monday, Auguſt* 23.

Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori,
Hic nemus, hic toto tecum conſumerer ævo. Virg.

HILPA was one of the 150 daughters of *Zilpah*, of the race of *Cohu*, by whom ſome of the learned think is meant *Cain*. She was exceedingly beautiful, and when ſhe was but a girl of threeſcore and ten years of age, received the addreſſes of ſeveral who made love to her. Among theſe were two brothers, *Harpath* and *Shalum*; *Harpath* being the firſt-born, was maſter of that fruitful region which lies at the foot of mount *Tirzah*, in the ſouthern parts of *China*. *Shalum* (which is to ſay the Planter in the *Chineſe* language) poſſeſſed all the neighbouring hills, and that great range of mountains which goes under the name of *Tirzah*. *Harpath* was of a haughty contemptuous ſpirit; *Shalum* was of a gentle diſpoſition, beloved both by God and man.

It is ſaid that, among the Antediluvian women, the daughters of *Cohu* had their minds wholly ſet upon riches; for which reaſon the beautiful *Hilpa* preferred *Harpath* to *Shalum*, becauſe of his numerous flocks and herds, that covered all the low country which runs along the foot of mount *Tirzah*, and is watered by ſeveral fountains and ſtreams breaking out of the ſides of that mountain.

Harpath made ſo quick a diſpatch of his courtſhip, that he married *Hilpa* in the hundredth year of her age; and being of an inſolent temper, laughed to ſcorn his brother *Shalum* for having pretended to the beautiful *Hilpa*, when he was maſter of nothing but a long chain of rocks and mountains. This ſo much provoked *Shalum*, that he is ſaid to have curſed his brother in the bitterneſs of his heart, and to have prayed that one of his mountains might fall upon his head, if ever he came within the ſhadow of it.

From this time forward *Harpath* would never venture out of the vallies, but came to an untimely end in the 250th year of his age, being drowned in a river as he attempted to croſs it. The river is called to this day from his name who periſhed in it, the river *Harpath*, and what is very remarkable, iſſues out of one of thoſe mountains which *Shalum* wiſhed might fall upon his brother, when he curſed him in the bitterneſs of his heart.

Hilpa

Hilpa was in the 160th year of her age at the death of her husband, having brought him but fifty children, before he was snatched away, as has been already related. Many of the Antediluvians made love to the young widow, though no one was thought so likely to succeed in her affections as her first love *Shalum,* who renewed his court to her about ten years after the death of *Harpath;* for it was not thought decent in those days that a widow should be seen by a man within ten years after the decease of her husband. *Shalum,* falling into a deep melancholy, and resolving to take away that objection which had been raised against him when he made his first addresses to *Hilpa,* began immediately after her marriage with *Harpath,* to plant all that mountainous region which fell to his lot in the division of the country. He knew how to adapt every plant to its proper soil, and is thought to have inherited many traditional secrets of that art from the first man. This employment turned at length to his profit as well as to his amusement: his mountains were in a few years shaded with young trees, that gradually shot up into groves, woods, and forests, intermixed with walks, and lawns, and gardens; insomuch that the whole region, from a naked and desolate prospect, began now to look like a second paradise. The pleasantness of the place, and the agreeable disposition of *Shalum,* who was reckoned one of the mildest and wisest of all who lived before the flood, drew into it multitudes of people, who were perpetually employed in the sinking of wells, the digging of trenches, and the hollowing of trees, for the better distribution of water through every part of this spacious plantation.

The habitations of *Shalum* looked every year more beautiful in the eyes of *Hilpa,* who after the space of 70 autumns, was wonderfully pleased with the distant prospect of *Shalum*'s hills, which were then covered with innumerable tufts of trees and gloomy scenes that gave a magnificence to the place, and converted it into one of the finest Landscapes the eye of man could behold.

The *Chinese* record a letter which *Shalum* is said to have written to *Hilpa,* in the eleventh year of her widowhood. I shall here translate it, without departing from that noble simplicity of sentiments, and plainness of manners, which appears in the original.

Shalum was at this time 180 years old, and *Hilpa* 170.

Shalum *Master of mount* Tirzah, *to* Hilpa *Mistress of the vallies.*

In the 788th year of the Creation.

"WHAT have I not suffered, O thou daughter of *Zilpah,* since thou "gavest thyself away in marriage to my rival? I grew weary of the "light of the sun, and have ever since been covering myself with woods

"and

" and foreſts. Theſe threeſcore and ten years have I bewailed the loſs of " thee on the tops of mount *Tirzah*, and ſoothed my melancholy among a " thouſand gloomy ſhades of my own raiſing. My dwellings are at preſent " as the garden of God; every part of them is filled with fruits, and " flowers, and fountains. The whole mountain is perfumed for thy recep- " tion. Come up into it, O my beloved, and let us people this ſpot of the " new world with a beautiful race of mortals; let us multiply exceedingly " among theſe delightful ſhades, and fill every quarter of them with ſons " and daughters. Remember, O thou daughter of *Zilpah*, that the age of " man is but a thouſand years: that beauty is the admiration but of a few " centuries. It floriſhes as a mountain Oak, or as a Cedar on the top of " *Tirzah*, which in three or four hundred years will fade away, and never " be thought of by poſterity, unleſs a young wood ſprings from its roots. " Think well on this, and remember thy neighbour in the mountains.

Having here inſerted this letter, which I look upon as the only Antediluvian *Billet-doux* now extant, I ſhall in my next paper, give the anſwer to it, and the ſequel of this ſtory.

N° 585. *Wedneſday, Auguſt* 25.

Ipſi lætitia voces ad ſidera jactant
Intonſi montes: ipſæ jam carmina rupes,
Ipſa ſonant arbuſta ——— Virg.

The ſequel of the ſtory of Shalum *and* Hilpa.

THE letter inſerted in my laſt had ſo good an effect upon *Hilpa*, that ſhe anſwered it in leſs than a twelvemonth after the following manner.

Hilpa *Miſtreſs of the vallies, to* Shalum *Maſter of mount* Tirzah.

In the 789*th year of the creation.*

" WHAT have I to do with thee, O *Shalum*? Thou praiſeſt *Hilpa*'s " beauty, but art thou not ſecretly enamoured with the verdure of " her meadows? Art thou not more affected with the proſpect of her green val- " lies,

" lies, than thou wouldeſt be with the ſight of her perſon? The lowings of " my herds, and the bleatings of my flocks, make a pleaſant echo in thy " mountains, and ſound ſweetly in thy ears. What though I am delighted " with the wavings of thy foreſts, and thoſe breezes of perfumes which " flow from the top of *Tirzah:* are theſe like the riches of the valley?

" I know thee, O *Shalum;* thou art more wiſe and happy than any of the " ſons of men. Thy dwellings are among the Cedars; thou ſearcheſt out " the diverſity of ſoils, thou underſtandeſt the influences of the ſtars, and " markeſt the change of ſeaſons. Can a woman appear lovely in the eyes " of ſuch a one? Diſquiet me not, O *Shalum;* let me alone, that I may enjoy " thoſe goodly poſſeſſions which are fallen to my lot. Win me not by thy " enticing words. May thy trees increaſe and multiply; mayeſt thou add " wood to wood, and ſhade to ſhade; but tempt not *Hilpa* to deſtroy thy " ſolitude, and make thy retirement populous.

The *Chineſe* ſay, that a little time afterwards ſhe accepted of a treat in one of the neighbouring hills to which *Shalum* had invited her. This treat laſted for two years, and is ſaid to have coſt *Shalum* five hundred Antelopes, two thouſand Oſtriches, and a thouſand ton of milk; but what moſt of all recommended it, was that variety of delicious fruits and pot-herbs, in which no perſon then living could any way equal *Shalum.*

He treated her in the bower which he had planted amidſt the wood of nightingales. This wood was made up of ſuch fruit-trees and plants as are moſt agreeable to the ſeveral kinds of ſinging-birds: ſo that it had drawn into it all the muſic of the country, and was filled from one end of the year to the other with the moſt agreeable concert in ſeaſon.

He ſhewed her every day ſome beautiful and ſurpriſing ſcene in this new region of wood-lands; and as by this means he had all the opportunities he could wiſh for of opening his mind to her, he ſucceeded ſo well, that upon her departure ſhe made him a kind of promiſe, and gave him her word to return him a poſitive anſwer in leſs than fifty years.

She had not been long among her own people in the vallies, when ſhe received new overtures, and at the ſame time a moſt ſplendid viſit from *Miſhpach,* who was a mighty man of old, and had built a great city, which he called after his own name. Every houſe was made for at leaſt a thouſand years, nay there were ſome that were leaſed out for three lives; ſo that the quantity of ſtone and timber conſumed in this building is ſcarce to be imagined by thoſe who live in the preſent age of the world. This great man entertained her with the voice of muſical inſtruments which had been lately invented, and danced before her to the ſound of the timbrel. He

alſo

alſo preſented her with ſeveral domeſtic utenſils wrought in braſs and iron, which had been newly found out for the conveniency of life. In the mean time *Shalum* grew very uneaſy with himſelf, and was ſorely diſpleaſed at *Hilpa* for the reception which ſhe had given to *Miſhpach*, inſomuch that he never wrote to her or ſpoke of her during a whole revolution of *Saturn*; but finding that this intercourſe went no further than a viſit, he again renewed his addreſſes to her, who during his long ſilence is ſaid very often to have caſt a wiſhing eye upon mount *Tirzah*.

Her mind continued wavering about twenty years longer between *Shalum* and *Miſhpach*; for though her inclinations favored the former, her intereſt pleaded very powerfully for the other. While her heart was in this unſettled condition, the following accident happened which determined her choice. A high tower of wood that ſtood in the city of *Miſhpach* having caught fire by a flaſh of lightning, in a few days reduced the whole town to aſhes. *Miſhpach* reſolved to rebuild the place, whatever it ſhould coſt him; and having already deſtroyed all the timber of the country, he was forced to have recourſe to *Shalum*, whoſe foreſts were now two hundred years old. He purchaſed theſe woods with ſo many herds of cattle and flocks of ſheep, and with ſuch a vaſt extent of fields and paſture, that *Shalum* was now grown more wealthy than *Miſhpach*; and therefore appeared ſo charming in the eyes of *Zilpah*'s daughter, that ſhe no longer refuſed him in marriage. On the day in which he brought her up into the mountains, he raiſed a moſt prodigious pile of Cedar, and of every ſweet-ſmelling wood, which reached above 300 cubits in height: he alſo caſt into the pile bundles of myrrh and ſheaves of ſpikenard, enriching it with every ſpicy ſhrub, and making it fat with the gums of his plantations. This was the burnt-offering which *Shalum* offered in the day of his eſpouſals: the ſmoke of it aſcended up to Heaven, and filled the whole country with incenſe and perfume.

Monday,

N° 590. *Monday, September* 6.

——— Aſſiduo labuntur tempora motu
Non ſecus ac flumen. Neque enim conſiſtere flumen,
Nec levis hora poteſt: ſed ut unda impellitur unda,
Urgeturque prior venienti, urgetque priorem,
Tempora ſic fugiunt pariter, pariterque ſequuntur;
Et nova ſunt ſemper. Nam quod fuit ante, relictum eſt;
Fitque quod haud fuerat: momentaque cuncta novantur. Ov. Met.

WE conſider infinite ſpace as an expanſion without a circumference; we conſider eternity, or infinite duration, as a line that has neither a beginning nor an end. In our ſpeculations of infinite ſpace, we conſider that particular place in which we exiſt, as a kind of center to the whole expanſion. In our Speculations of eternity, we conſider the time which is preſent to us as the middle, which divides the whole line into two equal parts. For this reaſon, many witty Authors compare the preſent time to an Iſthmus or narrow neck of land, that riſes in the midſt of an ocean, immeaſurably diffuſed on either ſide of it.

Philoſophy, and indeed common ſenſe, naturally throws eternity under two diviſions, which we may call in *Engliſh*, that eternity which is paſt, and that eternity which is to come. The learned terms of, *AEternitas a parte ante*, and *AEternitas a parte poſt*, may be more amuſing to the Reader, but can have no other idea affixed to them than what is conveyed to us by thoſe words, an eternity that is paſt, and an eternity that is to come. Each of theſe eternities is bounded at the one extreme; or, in other words, the former has an end, and the latter a beginning.

Let us firſt of all conſider that eternity which is paſt, reſerving that which is to come for the ſubject of another paper. The nature of this eternity is utterly inconceivable by the mind of man: our reaſon demonſtrates to us that it *has been*, but at the ſame time can frame no idea of it, but what is big with abſurdity and contradiction. We can have no other conception of any duration which is paſt, than that all of it was once preſent; and whatever was once preſent is at ſome certain diſtance from us; and whatever is at any certain diſtance from us, be the diſtance never ſo remote, cannot be

eternity. The very notion of any duration's being paſt, implies that it was once preſent; for the idea of being once preſent, is actually included in the idea of its being paſt. This therefore is a depth not to be ſounded by human underſtanding. We are ſure that there has been an eternity, and yet contradict ourſelves when we meaſure this eternity by any notion which we can frame of it.

If we go to the bottom of this matter, we ſhall find, that the difficulties we meet with in our conceptions of Eternity proceed from this ſingle reaſon, That we can have no other idea of any kind of duration, than that by which we ourſelves, and all other created Beings, do exiſt; which is, a ſucceſſive duration, made up of paſt, preſent, and to come. There is nothing which exiſts after this manner, all the parts of whoſe exiſtence were not once actually preſent, and conſequently may be reached by a certain number of years applied to it. We may aſcend as high as we pleaſe, and employ our Being to that eternity which is to come, in adding millions of years to millions of years, and we can never come up to any fountain-head of duration, to any beginning in eternity: but at the ſame time we are ſure, that whatever was once preſent does lie within the reach of numbers, though perhaps we can never be able to put enough of them together for that purpoſe. We may as well ſay, that any thing may be actually preſent in any part of infinite ſpace, which does not lie at a certain diſtance from us, as that any part of infinite duration was once actually preſent, and does not alſo lie at ſome determined diſtance from us. The diſtance in both caſes may be immeaſurable and indefinite as to our faculties, but our reaſon tells us that it cannot be ſo in itſelf. Here therefore is that difficulty which human underſtanding is not capable of ſurmounting. We are ſure that ſomething muſt have exiſted from eternity, and are at the ſame time unable to conceive, that any thing which exiſts, according to our notion of exiſtence, can have exiſted from eternity.

It is hard for a Reader, who has not rolled this thought in his own mind, to follow in ſuch an abſtracted ſpeculation; but I have been the longer on it, becauſe I think it is a demonſtrative argument of the Being and Eternity of a God: and though there are many other demonſtrations which lead us to this great truth, I do not think we ought to lay aſide any proofs in this matter which the light of reaſon has ſuggeſted to us, eſpecially when it is ſuch a one as has been urged by men famous for their penetration and force of underſtanding, and which appears altogether concluſive to thoſe who will be at the pains to examine it.

Having thus conſidered that Eternity which is paſt, according to the beſt idea we can frame of it, I ſhall now draw up thoſe ſeveral articles on this

ſubject

ſubject which are dictated to us by the light of reaſon, and which may be looked upon as the creed of a Philoſopher in this great point.

Firſt, It is certain that no Being could have made itſelf; for if ſo, it muſt have acted before it was, which is a contradiction.

Secondly, That therefore ſome Being muſt have exiſted from all Eternity.

Thirdly, That whatever exiſts after the manner of created Beings, or according to any notions which we have of exiſtence, could not have exiſted from Eternity.

Fourthly, That this eternal Being, muſt therefore be the great Author of nature, *the Ancient of days,* who, being at an infinite diſtance in his perfections from all finite and created Beings, exiſts in a quite different manner from them, and in a manner of which they can have no idea.

I know that ſeveral of the ſchool-men, who would not be thought ignorant of any thing, have pretended to explain the manner of God's exiſtence. by telling us, That he comprehends infinite duration in every moment; that Eternity is with him a *punctum ſtans,* a fixed point; or, which is as good ſenſe, an *Infinite Inſtant:* that nothing with reference to his exiſtence is either paſt or to come: To which the ingenious Mr. *Cowley* alludes in his deſcription of heaven,

> *Nothing is there to come, and nothing paſt,*
> *But an eternal* NOW *does always laſt.*

For my own part, I look upon theſe propoſitions, as words that have no ideas annexed to them; and think men had better own their ignorance, than advance doctrines by which they mean nothing, and which indeed are ſelf-contradictory. We cannot be too modeſt in our diſquiſitions, when we meditate on him who is environed with ſo much glory and perfection, who is the ſource of Being, the fountain of all that exiſtence which we and his whole creation derive from him. Let us therefore with the utmoſt humility acknowledge, that as ſome Being muſt neceſſarily have exiſted from eternity, ſo this Being does exiſt after an incomprehenſible manner, ſince it is impoſſible for a Being to have exiſted from eternity after our manner or notions of exiſtence. Revelation confirms theſe natural dictates of reaſon, in the accounts which it gives us of the divine exiſtence, where it tells us, that he is the ſame yeſterday, to-day, and for ever; that he is the *Alpha* and *Omega,* the Beginning and the Ending; that a thouſand years are with him as one day, and one day as a thouſand years; by which, and the like expreſſions, we are taught, that his exiſtence, with relation to time or duration, is infinitely different from the exiſtence of any of his creatures, and conſequently that it is impoſſible for us to frame any adequate conceptions of it.

In the firſt revelation that he makes of his own Being, he entitles himſelf, *I am that I am;* and when *Moſes* deſires to know what name he ſhall give him in his embaſſy to *Pharaoh*, he bids him ſay that *I am hath ſent you.* Our great Creator, by this revelation of himſelf, does in a manner exclude every thing elſe from a real exiſtence, and diſtinguiſhes himſelf from his creatures, as the only Being which truly and really exiſts. The ancient Platonic notion, which was drawn from ſpeculations of eternity, wonderfully agrees with this revelation which God has made of himſelf. There is nothing, ſay they, which in reality exiſts, whoſe exiſtence, as we call it, is pieced up of paſt, preſent, and to come. Such a flitting and ſucceſſive exiſtence is rather a ſhadow of exiſtence, and ſomething which is like it, than exiſtence itſelf. He only properly exiſts whoſe exiſtence is intirely preſent; that is, in other words, who exiſts in the moſt perfect manner, and in ſuch a manner as we have no idea of.

I ſhall conclude this Speculation with one uſeful inference. How can we ſufficiently proſtrate ourſelves and fall down before our Maker, when we conſider that ineffable Goodneſs and Wiſdom which contrived this exiſtence for finite natures? What muſt be the overflowings of that good-will, which prompted our Creator to adapt exiſtence to beings, in whom it is not neceſſary? eſpecially when we conſider, that he himſelf was before in the complete poſſeſſion of exiſtence and of happineſs, and in the full enjoyment of eternity. What man can think of himſelf as called out and ſeparated from nothing, of his being made a conſcious, a reaſonable and a happy creature, in ſhort, of being taken in as a ſharer of exiſtence and a kind of partner in eternity, without being ſwallowed up in Wonder, in Praiſe, in Adoration! It is indeed a thought too big for the mind of man, and rather to be entertained in the ſecrecy of devotion and in the ſilence of the ſoul, than to be expreſſed by words. The Supreme Being has not given us powers or faculties ſufficient to extol and magnify ſuch unutterable goodneſs.

It is however ſome comfort to us, that we ſhall be always doing what we ſhall be never able to do, and that a work which cannot be finiſhed, will however be the work of an eternity.

Friday,

N° 592. *Friday, September* 10.

——— *Studium ſine divite vena.* Hor.

I Look upon the Play-houſe as a world within itſelf. They have lately furniſhed the middle region of it with a new ſet of meteors, in order to give the Sublime to many modern Tragedies. I was there laſt winter at the firſt rehearſal of the new thunder, which is much more deep and ſonorous than any hitherto made uſe of. They have a *Salmoneus* behind the ſcenes, who plays it off with great ſucceſs. Their lightnings are made to flaſh more briſkly than heretofore; their clouds are alſo better furbelowed, and more voluminous: not to mention a violent ſtorm locked up in a great cheſt that is deſigned for the *Tempeſt*. They are alſo provided with above a dozen ſhowers of ſnow, which, as I am informed, are the Plays of many unſucceſsful Poets artificially cut and ſhreaded for that uſe. Mr. *Rymer*'s *Edgar* is to fall in ſnow at the next acting of King *Lear*, in order to heighten, or rather to alleviate, the diſtreſs of that unfortunate Prince; and to ſerve by way of decoration to a piece which that great Critic has written againſt.

I do not indeed wonder that the actors ſhould be ſuch profeſſed enemies to thoſe among our nation who are commonly known by the name of Critics, ſince it is a rule among theſe Gentlemen to fall upon a Play, not becauſe it is ill written, but becauſe it takes. Several of them lay it down as a maxim, that whatever dramatic performance has a long run, muſt of neceſſity be good for nothing; as though the firſt precept in poetry were *not to pleaſe*. Whether this rule holds good or not, I ſhall leave to the determination of thoſe who are better judges than myſelf: if it does, I am ſure it tends very much to the honor of thoſe Gentlemen who have eſtabliſhed it; few of their pieces having been diſgraced by a run of three days, and moſt of them being ſo exquiſitely written, that the town would never give them more than one night's hearing.

I have a great eſteem for a true Critic, ſuch as *Ariſtotle* and *Longinus* among the *Greeks*, *Horace* and *Quintilian* among the *Romans*, *Boileau* and *Dacier* among the *French*. But it is our misfortune, that ſome who ſet up for profeſſed Critics among us are ſo ſtupid, that they do not know how to put ten words together with elegance or common propriety, and withal ſo illiterate,

illiterate, that they have no taſte of the learned languages, and therefore criticiſe upon old Authors only at ſecond hand. They judge of them by what others have written, and not by any notions they have of the Authors themſelves. The words Unity, Action, Sentiment, and Diction, pronounced with an air of Authority, give them a figure among unlearned Readers, who are apt to believe they are very deep, becauſe they are unintelligible. The ancient Critics are full of the praiſes of their contemporaries; they diſcover beauties which eſcaped the obſervation of the vulgar, and very often find out reaſons for palliating and excuſing ſuch little ſlips and overſights as were committed in the writings of eminent Authors. On the contrary, moſt of the ſmatterers in criticiſm who appear among us, make it their buſineſs to vilify and depreciate every new production that gains applauſe, to deſcry imaginary blemiſhes, and to prove by far-fetched arguments, that what paſs for beauties in any celebrated piece, are faults and errors. In ſhort, the writings of theſe Critics compared with thoſe of the Ancients, are like the works of the Sophiſts compared with thoſe of the old Philoſophers.

Envy and Cavil are the natural fruits of lazineſs and ignorance, which was probably the reaſon, that in the heathen mythology *Momus* is ſaid to be the ſon of *Nox* and *Somnus*, of Darkneſs and Sleep. Idle men, who have not been at the pains to accompliſh or diſtinguiſh themſelves, are very apt to detract from others; as ignorant men are very ſubject to decry thoſe beauties in a celebrated work which they have not eyes to diſcover. Many of our ſons of *Momus*, who dignify themſelves by the name of Critics, are the genuine deſcendents of thoſe two illuſtrious Anceſtors. They are often led into thoſe numerous abſurdities, in which they daily inſtruct the people, by not conſidering that, *Firſt*, There is ſometimes a greater judgment ſhewn in deviating from the rules of art, than in adhering to them; and, *Secondly*, That there is more beauty in the works of a great Genius who is ignorant of all the rules of art, than in the works of a little Genius, who not only knows, but ſcrupulouſly obſerves them.

Firſt, We may often take notice of men who are perfectly acquainted with all the rules of good writing, and notwithſtanding chooſe to depart from them on extraordinary occaſions. I could give inſtances out of all the Tragic writers of antiquity, who have ſhewn their judgment in this particular, and purpoſely receded from an eſtabliſhed rule of the drama, when it has made way for a much higher beauty than the obſervation of ſuch a rule would have been. Thoſe who have ſurveyed the nobleſt pieces of architecture and ſtatuary both ancient and modern, know very well that there are frequent deviations from art in the works of the greateſt maſters, which

which have produced a much nobler effect than a more accurate and exact way of proceeding could have done. This often arises from what the *Italians* call the *Gusto Grande* in these arts, which is what we call the Sublime in writing.

In the next place, our Critics do not seem sensible that there is more beauty in the works of a great Genius who is ignorant of the rules of art, than in those of a little Genius who knows and observes them. It is of these men of genius that *Terence* speaks, in opposition to the little artificial cavillers of his time;

Quorum æmulari exoptat negligentiam
Potiùs, quàm istorum obscuram diligentiam.

A Critic may have the same consolation in the ill success of his Play, as Dr. *South* tells us a Physician has at the death of a patient, That he was killed *secundum artem*. Our inimitable *Shakespear* is a stumbling-block to the whole tribe of these rigid Critics. Who would not rather read one of his Plays, where there is not a single rule of the Stage observed, than any production of a modern Critic, where there is not one of them violated? *Shakespear* was indeed born with all the seeds of poetry, and may be compared to the stone in *Pyrrhus*'s ring, which, as *Pliny* tells us, had the figure of *Apollo* and the nine Muses in the veins of it, produced by the spontaneous hand of nature, without any help from art.

N° 598. *Friday, September* 24.

Jamne igitur laudas, quod de sapientibus alter
Ridebat, quoties a limine moverat unum
Protuleratque pedem: flebat contrarius alter? Juv.

MANKIND may be divided into the merry and the serious, who, both of them, make a very good figure in the species, so long as they keep their respective humors from degenerating into the neighbouring extreme; there being a natural tendency in the one to a melancholy morosenes, and in the other to a fantastic levity.

The merry part of the world are very amiable, whilst they diffuse a chearfulness through conversation at proper seasons and on proper occasions; but on the contrary, a great grievance to society, when they infect every discourse with

with inſipid mirth, and turn into ridicule ſuch ſubjects as are not ſuited to it. For though laughter is looked upon by the Philoſophers as the property of Reaſon, the exceſs of it has been always conſidered as the mark of folly.

On the other ſide, ſerioufneſs has its beauty whilſt it is attended with chearfulneſs and humanity, and does not come in unſeaſonably to pall the good humor of thoſe with whom we converſe.

Theſe two ſets of men, notwithſtanding they each of them ſhine in their reſpective characters, are apt to bear a natural averſion and antipathy to one another.

What is more uſual, than to hear men of ſerious tempers and auſtere morals, enlarging upon the vanities and follies of the young and gay part of the ſpecies; whilſt they look with a kind of horror upon ſuch pomps and diverſions as are innocent in themſelves, and only culpable when they draw the mind too much?

I could not but ſmile upon reading a paſſage in the account which Mr. *Baxter* gives of his own life, wherein he repreſents it as a great bleſſing, that in his youth he very narrowly eſcaped getting a place at court.

It muſt indeed be confeſſed that levity of temper takes a man off his guard, and opens a paſs to his ſoul for any temptation that aſſaults it. It favors all the approaches of vice, and weakens all the reſiſtance of virtue. For which reaſon a renowned Stateſman in Queen *Elizabeth*'s days, after having retired from court and public buſineſs, in order to give himſelf up to the duties of religion; when any of his old friends uſed to viſit him, had ſtill this word of advice in his mouth, *Be ſerious.*

An eminent *Italian* Author of this caſt of mind, ſpeaking of the great advantage of a ſerious and compoſed temper, wiſhes very gravely, that for the benefit of mankind he had *Trophonius*'s cave in his poſſeſſion; which, ſays he, would contribute more to the reformation of manners than all the Workhouſes and *Bridewells* in *Europe.*

We have a very particular deſcription of this cave in *Pauſanias,* who tells us, that it was made in the form of a huge oven, and had many particular circumſtances, which diſpoſed the perſon who was in it to be more penſive and thoughtful than ordinary; inſomuch that no man was ever obſerved to laugh all his life after, who had once made his entry into this cave. It was uſual in thoſe times, when any one carried a more than ordinary gloomineſs in his features, to tell him that he looked like one juſt come out of *Trophonius*'s cave.

On the other hand, writers of a more merry complexion have been no leſs ſevere on the oppoſite party; and have had one advantage above them, that they have attacked them with more turns of wit and humor.

After

After all, if a man's temper were at his own diſpoſal, I think he would not chooſe to be of either of theſe parties; ſince the moſt perfect character is that which is formed out of both of them. A man would neither chooſe to be a Hermit nor a Buffoon: human nature is not ſo miſerable, as that we ſhould be always melancholy; nor ſo happy, as that we ſhould be always merry. In a word, a man ſhould not live as if there was no God in the world; nor, at the ſame time, as if there were no men in it.

N° 600. *Wedneſday, September* 29.

——— *Solemque ſuum, ſua ſidera norunt.* Virg.

I Have always taken a particular pleaſure in examining the opinions which men of different religion, different ages, and different countries, have entertained concerning the immortality of the Soul, and the ſtate of happineſs which they promiſe themſelves in another world. For whatever prejudices and errors human nature lies under; we find that either reaſon, or tradition from our firſt parents, has diſcovered to all people ſomething in theſe great points which bears analogy to truth, and to the doctrines opened to us by divine revelation. I was lately diſcourſing on this ſubject with a learned perſon who has been very much converſant among the inhabitants of the more weſtern parts of *Afric*. Upon his converſing with ſeveral in that country, he tells me that their notion of Heaven or of a future ſtate of happineſs is this, That every thing we there wiſh for will immediately preſent itſelf to us. We find, ſay they, our Souls are of ſuch a nature that they require variety, and are not capable of being always delighted with the ſame objects. The Supreme Being therefore, in compliance with this taſte of happineſs which he has planted in the Soul of man, will raiſe up from time to time, ſay they, every gratification which it is in the humor to be pleaſed with. If we wiſh to be in groves or bowers, among running ſtreams or falls of water, we ſhall immediately find ourſelves in the midſt of ſuch a ſcene as we deſire. If we would be entertained with muſic and the melody of ſounds, the concert ariſes upon our wiſh, and the whole region about us is filled with harmony. In ſhort, every deſire will be followed by fruition, and whatever a man's inclination directs him to, will be preſent with him. Nor is it material whether the Supreme Power creates in conformity to our

wiſhes, or whether he only produces ſuch a change in our imaginations, as makes us believe ourſelves converſant among thoſe ſcenes which delight us. Our happineſs will be the ſame, whether it proceeds from external objects, or from the impreſſions of the Deity upon our own private fancies. This is the account which I have received from my learned friend. Notwithſtanding this ſyſtem of belief be in general very chimerical and viſionary, there is ſomething ſublime in its manner of conſidering the influence of a Divine Being on a human Soul. It has alſo, like moſt other opinions of the heathen world upon theſe important points, it has, I ſay, its foundation in truth, as it ſuppoſes the Souls of good men after this life to be in a ſtate of perfect happineſs, that in this ſtate there will be no barren hopes, nor fruitleſs wiſhes, and that we ſhall enjoy every thing we can deſire. But the particular circumſtance which I am moſt pleaſed with in this ſcheme, and which ariſes from a juſt reflection upon human nature, is that variety of pleaſures which it ſuppoſes the Souls of good men will be poſſeſſed of in another world. This I think highly probable from the dictates both of reaſon and revelation. The Soul conſiſts of many faculties, as the underſtanding, and the will, with all the ſenſes both outward and inward; or to ſpeak more philoſophically, the Soul can exert herſelf in many different ways of action. She can underſtand, will, imagine, ſee, and hear, love, and diſcourſe, and apply herſelf to many other the like exerciſes of different kinds and natures; but what is more to be conſidered, the Soul is capable of receiving a moſt exquiſite pleaſure and ſatisfaction from the exerciſe of any of theſe its powers, when they are gratified with their proper objects; ſhe can be entirely happy by the ſatisfaction of the memory, the ſight, the hearing, or any other mode of perception. Every faculty is as a diſtinct taſte in the mind, and hath objects accommodated to its proper reliſh. Dr. *Tillotſon* ſomewhere ſays, that he will not preſume to determine in what conſiſts the happineſs of the Bleſſed, becauſe God Almighty is capable of making the Soul happy by ten thouſand different ways. Beſides thoſe ſeveral avenues to pleaſure which the Soul is endowed with in this life; it is not impoſſible, according to the opinions of many eminent Divines, but there may be new faculties in the Souls of good men made perfect, as well as new ſenſes in their glorified bodies. This we are ſure of, that there will be new objects offered to all thoſe faculties which are eſſential to us.

We are likewiſe to take notice that every particular faculty is capable of being employed on a very great variety of objects. The underſtanding, for example, may be happy in the contemplation of moral, natural, mathematical, and other kinds of truth. The memory likewiſe may turn itſelf to

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an infinite multitude of objects, especially when the Soul shall have passed through the space of many millions of years, and shall reflect with pleasure on the days of eternity. Every other faculty may be considered in the same extent.

We cannot question but that the happiness of a Soul will be adequate to its nature, and that it is not endowed with any faculties which are to lie useless and unemployed. The happiness is to be the happiness of the whole man, and we may easily conceive to ourselves the happiness of the Soul, whilst any one of its faculties is in the fruition of its chief good. The happiness may be of a more exalted nature in proportion as the faculty employed is so; but as the whole Soul acts in the exertion of any of its particular powers, the whole Soul is happy in the pleasure which arises from any of its particular acts. For notwithstanding, as has been before hinted, and as it has been taken notice of by one of the greatest modern Philosophers, we divide the Soul into several powers and faculties, there is no such division in the Soul itself, since it is the whole Soul that remembers, understands, wills, or imagines. Our manner of considering the memory, understanding, will, imagination, and the like faculties, is for the better enabling us to express ourselves in such abstracted subjects of speculation, not that there is any such division in the soul itself.

Seeing then that the Soul has many different faculties, or in other words, many different ways of acting; that it can be intensely pleased or made happy by all these different faculties, or ways of acting; that it may be endowed with several latent faculties, which it is not at present in a condition to exert; that we cannot believe the Soul is endowed with any faculty which is of no use to it; that whenever any one of these faculties is transcendently pleased, the Soul is in a state of happiness; and in the last place, considering that the happiness of another world is to be the happiness of the whole man; who can question but that there is an infinite variety in those pleasures we are speaking of; and that this fulness of joy will be made up of all those pleasures which the nature of the Soul is capable of receiving?

We shall be the more confirmed in this doctrine, if we observe the nature of variety, with regard to the mind of man. The Soul does not care to be always in the same bent. The faculties relieve one another by turns, and receive an additional pleasure from the novelty of those objects, about which they are conversant.

Revelation likewise very much confirms this notion, under the different views which it gives us of our future happiness. In the description of the throne of God, it represents to us all those objects which are able to gratify

the ſenſes and imagination. In very many places it intimates to us all the happineſs which the underſtanding can poſſibly receive in that ſtate, where all things ſhall be revealed to us, and we ſhall know, even as we are known; the raptures of devotion, of divine love, the pleaſure of converſing with our bleſſed Saviour, with an innumerable hoſt of Angels, and with the ſpirits of juſt men made perfect, are likewiſe revealed to us in ſeveral parts of the holy writings. There are alſo mentioned thoſe Hierarchies, or Governments, in which the Bleſſed ſhall be ranged one above another, and in which we may be ſure a great part of our happineſs will likewiſe conſiſt; for it will not be there as in this world, where every one is aiming at power and ſuperiority; but on the contrary, every one will find that ſtation the moſt proper for him in which he is placed, and will probably think that he could not have been ſo happy in any other ſtation. Theſe and many other particulars, are marked in divine revelation, as the ſeveral ingredients of our happineſs in Heaven, which all imply ſuch a variety of joys, and ſuch a gratification of the Soul in all its different faculties, as I have been here mentioning.

Some of the Rabbins tell us, that the Cherubims are a ſet of Angels who know moſt, and the Seraphims a ſet of Angels who love moſt. Whether this doctrine be not altogether imaginary, I ſhall not here examine; but it is highly probable that among the ſpirits of good men, there may be ſome who will be more pleaſed with the employment of one faculty than of another, and this perhaps according to thoſe innocent and virtuous habits or inclinations which have here taken the deepeſt root.

I might here apply this conſideration to the ſpirits of wicked men, with relation to the pain which they ſhall ſuffer in every one of their faculties, and the reſpective miſeries which ſhall be appropriated to each faculty in particular. But leaving this to the reflection of my Readers, I ſhall conclude, with obſerving how we ought to be thankful to our great Creator, and rejoice in the Being which he has beſtowed upon us, for having made the Soul ſuſceptible of pleaſure by ſo many different ways. We ſee by what a variety of paſſages, joy and gladneſs may enter into the thoughts of man. How wonderfully a human ſpirit is framed, to imbibe its proper ſatisfactions, and taſte the goodneſs of its Creator. We may therefore look into ourſelves with rapture and amazement, and cannot ſufficiently expreſs our gratitude to him, who has encompaſſed us with ſuch a profuſion of bleſſings, and opened in us ſo many capacities of enjoying them.

There cannot be a ſtronger argument that God has deſigned us for a ſtate of future happineſs, and for that Heaven which he has revealed to us, than that he has thus naturally qualified the Soul for it, and made it a Being capable

capable of receiving ſo much bliſs. He would never have made ſuch faculties in vain, and have endowed us with powers that were not to be exerted on ſuch objects as are ſuited to them. It is very manifeſt, by the inward frame and conſtitution of our minds, that he has adapted them to an infinite variety of pleaſures and gratifications, which are not to be met with in this life. We ſhould therefore at all times take care that we do not diſappoint this his gracious purpoſe and intention towards us, and make thoſe faculties which he formed as ſo many qualifications for happineſs and rewards, to be the inſtruments of pain and puniſhment.

THE

THE

GUARDIAN.

By NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Esq;*

The GUARDIAN.

N° 67. *Thurſday, May* 28, 1713.

——— *ne fortè pudori*
Si tibi muſa lyræ ſolers, et cantor Apollo. Hor.

IT has been remarked, by curious obſervers, that Poets are generally long-lived, and run beyond the uſual age of man, if not cut off by ſome accident or exceſs, as *Anacreon,* in the midſt of a very merry old age, was choaked with a grape-ſtone. The ſame redundancy of ſpirits, that produces the poetical flame, keeps up the vital warmth, and adminiſters uncommon fewel to life. I queſtion not but ſeveral inſtances will occur to my Reader's memory, from *Homer* down to Mr. *Dryden.* I ſhall only take notice of two who have excelled in Lyrics, the one an ancient and the other a modern. The firſt gained an immortal reputation by celebrating ſeveral Jockeys in the *Olympic* games; the laſt has ſignaliſed himſelf on the ſame occaſion by the Ode that begins with —— *To horſe, brave boys, to* Newmarket, *to horſe.* My Reader will, by this time, know that the two Poets I have mentioned, are *Pindar* and Mr. *d'Urfey.* The former of theſe is long ſince laid in his urn, after having, many years together, endeared himſelf to all *Greece* by his tuneful compoſitions. Our countryman is ſtill living, and in a blooming old age, that ſtill promiſes many muſical productions; for, if I am not miſtaken, our *Britiſh* Swan will ſing to the laſt. The beſt judges, who have peruſed his laſt ſong on the *Moderate Man,* do not diſcover any decay in his parts, but think it deſerves a place among the works with which he obliged the world in his more early years.

I am led into this ſubject by a viſit which I lately received from my good old friend and contemporary. As we both floriſhed together in King *Charles* the Second's reign, we diverted ourſelves with the remembrance of ſeveral particulars that paſſed in the world before the greateſt part of my Readers were born, and could not but ſmile to think how inſenſibly we were grown into a couple of venerable old Gentlemen. *Tom* obſerved to me, that after having written more Odes than *Horace,* and about four times as many Comedies as *Terence,* he was reduced to great difficulties by the importunities of a ſet of men, who, of late years, have furniſhed him with the accommodations of life, and would not, as we ſay, be paid with a ſong. In order to

extricate my old friend, I immediately ſent for the three directors of the Playhouſe, and deſired them that they would in their turn do a good office for a man, who, in *Shakeſpear*'s phraſe, had often filled their mouths, I mean with pleaſantry and popular conceits. They very generouſly liſtened to my propoſal, and agreed to act the *Plotting-Siſters,* (a very taking Play of my old friend's compoſing) on the 15th of the next month, for the benefit of the Author.

My kindneſs to the agreeable Mr. *d'Urfey* will be imperfect, if after having engaged the players in his favor, I do not get the town to come into it. I muſt therefore heartily recommend to all the young Ladies, my diſciples, the caſe of my old friend, who has often made their grandmothers merry, and whoſe Sonnets have perhaps lulled aſleep many a preſent Toaſt, when ſhe lay in her cradle.

I have already prevailed upon my Lady *Lizard* to be at the houſe in one of the front boxes, and deſign, if I am in town, to lead her in myſelf at the head of her daughters. The Gentleman I am ſpeaking of has laid obligations on ſo many of his countrymen, that I hope they will think this but a juſt return to the good ſervice of a veteran Poet.

I myſelf remember King *Charles* the Second leaning on *Tom d'Urfey*'s ſhoulder more than once, and humming over a ſong with him. It is certain that Monarch was not a little ſupported by, *Joy to great* Cæſar, which gave the Whigs ſuch a blow as they were not able to recover that whole reign. My friend afterwards attacked Popery with the ſame ſucceſs, having expoſed *Bellarmine* and *Porto-Carrero* more than once in ſhort ſatirical compoſitions, which have been in every body's mouth. He has made uſe of *Italian* tunes and ſonata's for promoting the Proteſtant intereſt, and turned a conſiderable part of the Pope's muſic againſt himſelf. In ſhort, he has obliged the Court with political Sonnets, the country with Dialogues and Paſtorals, the City with Deſcriptions of a Lord-Mayor's feaſt, not to mention his little Ode upon *Stool-ball,* with many others of the like nature.

Should the very individuals he has celebrated make their appearance together, they would be ſufficient to fill the Play-houſe. *Pretty* Peg *of* Windſor, Gilian *of* Croydon, *with* Dolly *and* Molly, *and* Tommy *and* Johnny, with many others to be met with in the muſical miſcellanies, entitled *Pills to purge melancholy,* would make a good benefit night.

As my friend, after the manner of the old Lyrics, accompanies his works with his own voice, he has been the delight of the moſt polite companies and converſations from the beginning of King *Charles* the Second's reign to our preſent times. Many an honeſt Gentleman has got a reputation in his country, by pretending to have been in company with *Tom d'Urfey.*

I might here mention ſeveral other merits in my friend; as his enriching our language with a multitude of rhymes, and bringing words together that, without his good offices, would never have been acquainted with one another, ſo long as it had been a tongue. But I muſt not omit, that my old friend angles for a trout the beſt of any man in *England*. *May* flies come in late this ſeaſon, or I myſelf ſhould, before now, have had a trout of his hooking.

After what I have ſaid, and much more that I might ſay, on this ſubject, I queſtion not but the world will think that my old friend ought not to paſs the remainder of his life in a cage like a ſinging bird, but enjoy all that Pindaric liberty which is ſuitable to a man of his genius. He has made the world merry, and I hope they will make him eaſy ſo long as he ſtays among us. This I will take upon me to ſay, they cannot do a kindneſs to a more diverting companion, or a more chearful, honeſt and good-natured man.

N° 71. *Tueſday, June* 2.

Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit eſculetis,
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix. Hor.

I Queſtion not but my country cuſtomers will be ſurpriſed to hear me complain that this town is, of late years, very much infeſted with Lions; and will, perhaps, look upon it as a ſtrange piece of news, when I aſſure them that there are many of theſe beaſts of prey who walk our ſtreets, in broad day-light, beating about from Coffee-houſe to Coffee-houſe, and ſeeking whom they may devour.

To unriddle this paradox, I muſt acquaint my rural Reader, that we polite men of the town give the name of a Lion to any one that is a great man's ſpy. And whereas I cannot diſcharge my office of *Guardian* without ſetting a mark on ſuch a noxious animal, and cautioning my wards againſt him, I deſign this whole paper as an Eſſay upon the political Lion.

It has coſt me a great deal of time to diſcover the reaſon of this appellation, but after many diſquiſitions and conjectures on ſo obſcure a ſubject, I find there are two accounts of it more ſatisfactory than the reſt. In the

republic of *Venice,* which has been always the mother of politics, there are near the *Doge*'s palace ſeveral large figures of Lions curiouſly wrought in marble, with mouths gaping in a moſt enormous manner. Thoſe who have a mind to give the ſtate any private intelligence of what paſſes in the city, put their hands into the mouth of one of theſe Lions, and convey into it a paper of ſuch private informations as any way regard the intereſt or ſafety of the commonwealth. By this means all the ſecrets of State come out of the Lion's mouth. The informer is concealed, it is the Lion that tells every thing. In ſhort, there is not a miſmanagement in office, or a murmur in converſation, which the Lion does not acquaint the government with. For this reaſon, ſay the learned, a ſpy is very properly diſtinguiſhed by the name of Lion.

I muſt confeſs this etymology is plauſible enough, and I did for ſome time acquieſce in it, till about a year or two ago I met with a little Manuſcript which ſets this whole matter in a clear light. In the reign of Queen *Elizabeth,* ſays my Author, the renowned *Walſingham* had many ſpies in his ſervice, from whom the government received great advantage. The moſt eminent among them was the Stateſman's barber, whoſe Sirname was *Lion.* This fellow had an admirable knack of fiſhing out the ſecrets of his cuſtomers, as they were under his hands. He would rub and lather a man's head, until he had got out every thing that was in it. He had a certain ſnap in his fingers and volubility in his tongue, that would engage a man to talk with him whether he would or no. By this means he became an inexhauſtible fund of private intelligence, and ſo ſignaliſed himſelf in the capacity of a ſpy, that from his time a maſter-ſpy goes under the name of a Lion.

Walſingham had a moſt excellent penetration, and never attempted to turn any man into a Lion whom he did not ſee highly qualified for it, when he was in his human condition. Indeed the ſpeculative men of thoſe times ſay of him, that he would now and then play them off and expoſe them a little unmerciſully; but that, in my opinion, ſeems only good policy, for otherwiſe they might ſet up for men again, when they thought fit, and deſert his ſervice. But however, tho' in that very corrupt age he made uſe of theſe animals, he had a great eſteem for true men, and always exerted the higheſt generoſity in offering them more, without aſking terms of them, and doing more for them out of mere reſpect for their talents, though againſt him, than they could expect from any other Miniſter whom they had ſerved never ſo conſpicuouſly. This made *Raleigh* (who profeſſed himſelf his opponent) ſay one day to a friend, *Pox take this* Walſingham, *he baffles every body, he will not ſo much as let a man hate him in private.* True it is, that by the wanderings, roarings, and lurking of his Lions, he

he knew the way to every man breathing, who had not a contempt for the world itſelf: he had Lions rampant whom he uſed for the ſervice of the Church, and couchant who were to lie down for the Queen. They were ſo much at command that the couchant would act as rampant, and the rampant as couchant, without being the leaſt out of countenance, and all this within four and twenty hours. *Walſingham* had the pleaſanteſt life in the world, for, by the force of his power and intelligence, he ſaw men as they really were, and not as the world thought of them: all this was principally brought about by feeding his Lions well, or keeping them hungry, acccording to their different conſtitutions.

Having given this ſhort, but neceſſary account of this Stateſman and his barber, who, like the taylor in *Shakeſpear*'s *Pyramus* and *Thiſbe,* was a man made as other men are, notwithſtanding he was a nominal Lion, I ſhall proceed to the deſcription of this ſtrange ſpecies of creatures. Ever ſince the wiſe *Walſingham* was Secretary in this nation, our Stateſmen are ſaid to have encouraged the breed among us, as very well knowing that a Lion in our *Britiſh* Arms is one of the ſupporters of the Crown, and that it is impoſſible for a Government, in which there are ſuch a variety of factions and intrigues, to ſubſiſt without this neceſſary animal.

A Lion, or maſter-ſpy, has ſeveral Jack-calls under him, who are his retailers of intelligence, and bring him in materials for his report; his chief haunt is a Coffee-houſe, and as his voice is exceeding ſtrong, it aggravates the ſound of every thing it repeats.

As the Lion generally thirſts after blood, and is of a fierce and cruel nature, there are no ſecrets which he hunts after with more delight, than thoſe that cut off heads, hang, draw and quarter, or end in the ruin of the perſon who becomes his prey. If he gets the wind of any word or action that may do a man good, it is not for his purpoſe; he quits the chace, and falls into a more agreeable ſcent.

He diſcovers a wonderful ſagacity in ſeeking after his prey. He couches and friſks about in a thouſand ſportful motions to draw it within his reach, and has a particular way of imitating the ſound of the creature whom he would enſnare; an artifice to be met with in no beaſt of prey, except the *Hyæna* and the political Lion.

You ſeldom ſee a cluſter of news-mongers without a Lion in the midſt of them. He never miſſes taking his ſtand within ear-ſhot of one of thoſe little ambitious men who ſet up for orators in places of public reſort. If there is a whiſpering-hole, or any public-ſpirited corner in a Coffee-houſe, you never fail of ſeeing a Lion couched upon his elbow in ſome part of the neighbourhood.

A Lion is particularly addicted to the peruſal of every looſe paper that lies in his way. He appears more than ordinary attentive to what he reads, while he liſtens to thoſe who are about him. He takes up the *Poſtman,* and ſnuffs the candle that he may hear the better by it. I have ſeen a Lion pore upon a ſingle paragraph in an old Gazette for two hours together, if his neighbours have been talking all that while.

Having given a full deſcription of this monſter, for the benefit of ſuch innocent perſons as may fall into his walks, I ſhall apply a word or two to the Lion himſelf, whom I would deſire to conſider that he is a creature hated both by God and man, and regarded with the utmoſt contempt even by ſuch as make uſe of him. Hangmen and executioners are neceſſary in a State, and ſo may the animal I have been here mentioning; but how deſpicable is the wretch that takes on him ſo vile an employment? there is ſcarce a Being that would not ſuffer by a compariſon with him, except that Being only who acts the ſame kind of part, and is both the tempter and accuſer of mankind.

N. B. *Mr.* Ironſide *has, within five weeks laſt paſt, muzzled three Lions, gorged five, and killed one. On* Monday *next the ſkin of the dead one will be hung up,* in terrorem, *at* Button's *Coffee-houſe over-againſt* Tom's *in* Covent-Garden.

N° 96. *Wedneſday, July* 1.

Cuncti adſint, meritæque expectent præmia palmæ. Virg.

THERE is no maxim in politics more indiſputable, than that a nation ſhould have many honors in reſerve for thoſe who do national ſervices. This raiſes emulation, cheriſhes public merit, and inſpires every one with an ambition which promotes the good of his country. The leſs expenſive theſe honors are to the public, the more ſtill do they turn to its advantage.

The *Romans* abounded with theſe little honorary rewards, that without conferring wealth or riches, gave only place and diſtinction to the perſon who received them. An oaken garland to be worn on feſtivals and public ceremonies, was the glorious recompence of one who had covered a citizen in battle. A Soldier would not only venture his life for a mural crown, but think the moſt hazardous enterpriſe ſufficiently repaid by ſo noble a donation.

But

But among all honorary rewards which are neither dangerous nor detrimental to the donor, I remember none ſo remarkable as the titles which are beſtowed by the Emperor of *China*. Theſe are never given to any ſubject, ſays Monſieur *le Conte*, 'till the ſubject is dead. If he has pleaſed his Emperor to the laſt, he is called in all public memorials by the title which the Emperor confers on him after his death, and his children take their rank accordingly. This keeps the ambitious ſubject in a perpetual dependence, making him always vigilant and active, and in every thing conformable to the will of his Sovereign.

There are no honorary rewards among us, which are more eſteemed by the perſon who receives them, and are cheaper to the Prince, than the giving of Medals. But there is ſomething in the modern manner of celebrating a great action in Medals, which makes ſuch a reward much leſs valuable than it was among the *Romans*. There is generally but one coin ſtamped upon the occaſion, which is made a preſent to the perſon who is celebrated on it. By this means his whole fame is in his own cuſtody. The applauſe that is beſtowed upon him is too much limited and confined. He is in poſſeſſion of an honor which the world perhaps knows nothing of. He may be a great man in his own family; his wife and children may ſee the monument of an exploit, which the public in a little time is a ſtranger to. The *Romans* took a quite different method in this particular. Their Medals were their current money. When an action deſerved to be recorded on a coin, it was ſtamped perhaps upon an hundred thouſand pieces of money like our ſhillings, or half-pence, which were iſſued out of the mint, and became current. This method publiſhed every noble action to advantage, and in a ſhort ſpace of time ſpread through the whole *Roman* Empire. The *Romans* were ſo careful to preſerve the memory of great events upon their coins, that when any particular piece of money grew very ſcarce, it was often recoined by a ſucceeding Emperor, many years after the death of the Emperor to whoſe honor it was firſt ſtruck.

A friend of mine drew up a project of this kind during the late Miniſtry, which would then have been put in execution, had it not been too buſy a time for thoughts of that nature. As this project has been very much talked of by the Gentleman above-mentioned, to men of the greateſt genius, as well as quality, I am informed there is now a deſign on foot for executing the propoſal which was then made, and that we ſhall have ſeveral farthings and half-pence charged on the reverſe with many of the glorious particulars of her Majeſty's reign. This is one of thoſe arts of peace which may very well deſerve to be cultivated, and which may be of great uſe to poſterity.

As

As I have in my poſſeſſion the copy of the paper above-mentioned, which was delivered to the late Lord Treaſurer, I ſhall here give the public a ſight of it. For I do not queſtion, but that the curious part of my Readers will be very well pleaſed to ſee ſo much matter, and ſo many uſeful hints upon this ſubject, laid together in ſo clear and conciſe a manner.

THE *Engliſh* have not been ſo careful as other polite nations, to preſerve the memory of their great actions and events on Medals. Their ſubjects are few, their motto's and devices mean, and the coins themſelves not numerous enough to ſpread among the people, or deſcend to poſterity.

The *French* have outdone us in theſe particulars, and, by the eſtabliſhment of a ſociety for the invention of proper inſcriptions and deſigns, have the whole hiſtory of their preſent King in a regular ſeries of Medals.

They have failed, as well as the *Engliſh*, in coining ſo ſmall a number of each kind, and thoſe of ſuch coſtly metals, that each ſpecies may be loſt in a few ages, and is at preſent no where to be met with but in the cabinets of the curious.

The ancient *Romans* took the only effectual method to diſperſe and preſerve their Medals, by making them their current money.

Every thing glorious or uſeful, as well in peace as war, gave occaſion to a different coin. Not only an expedition, victory, or triumph, but the exerciſe of a ſolemn devotion, the remiſſion of a duty or tax, a new temple, ſeaport, or highway, were tranſmitted to poſterity after this manner.

The greateſt variety of devices are on their copper money, which have moſt of the deſigns that are to be met with on the gold and ſilver, and ſeveral peculiar to that metal only. By this means they were diſperſed into the remoteſt corners of the Empire, came into the poſſeſſion of the poor as well as rich, and were in no danger of periſhing in the hands of thoſe that might have melted down coins of a more valuable metal.

Add to all this, that the deſigns were invented by men of genius, and executed by a decree of Senate.

It is therefore propoſed,

I. That the *Engliſh* farthings and halfpence be recoined upon the union of the two nations.

II. That they bear devices and inſcriptions alluding to all the moſt remarkable parts of her Majeſty's reign.

III. That there be a ſociety eſtabliſhed for the finding out of proper ſubjects, inſcriptions, and devices.

IV. That no ſubject, inſcription, or device be ſtamped without the approbation of this ſociety, nor, if it be thought proper, without the authority of Privy-council.

By

By this means, Medals, that are, at preſent, only a dead treaſure or meer curioſities, will be of uſe in the ordinary commerce of life, and, at the ſame time perpetuate the glories of her Majeſty's reign, reward the labors of her greateſt ſubjects, keep alive in the people a gratitude for public ſervices, and excite the emulation of poſterity. To theſe generous purpoſes nothing can ſo much contribute as Medals of this kind, which are of undoubted authority, of neceſſary uſe and obſervation, not periſhable by time, nor confined to any certain place; properties not to be found in books, ſtatues, pictures, buildings, or any other monuments of illuſtrious actions.

N° 97. *Thurſday, July* 2.

——*Furor eſt poſt omnia perdere naulum.* Juv.

SIR,

" I Was left a thouſand pounds by an uncle, and being a man to my " thinking very likely to get a rich widow, I laid aſide all thoughts of " making my fortune any other way, and without loſs of time made my " application to one who had buried her huſband about a week be- " fore. By the help of ſome of her ſhe friends, who were my relations, I " got into her company when ſhe would ſee no man beſides myſelf and her " Lawyer, who is a little, rivelled, ſpindle-ſhanked Gentleman, and married " to boot, ſo that I had no reaſon to fear him. Upon my firſt ſeeing her, " ſhe ſaid in converſation within my hearing, that ſhe thought a pale com- " plexion the moſt agreeable either in man or woman: now you muſt know, " Sir, my face is as white as chalk. This gave me ſome encouragement, " ſo that to mend the matter I bought a fine flaxen long wig that coſt " me thirty guineas, and found an opportunity of ſeeing her in it the " next day. She then let drop ſome expreſſions about an agate ſnuff-box. " I immediately took the hint and bought one, being unwilling to omit " any thing that might make me deſirable in her eyes. I was betrayed " after the ſame manner into a Brocade waiſtcoat, a ſword-knot, a pair " of ſilver fringed gloves, and a diamond ring. But whether out of fickle- " neſs, or a deſign upon me, I cannot tell; but I found by her diſcourſe, " that what ſhe liked one day ſhe diſliked another: ſo that in ſix months " ſpace I was forced to equip myſelf above a dozen times. As I told you " before, I took her hints at a diſtance, for I could never find an oppor-

" tunity of talking with her directly to the point. All this time, however, " I was allowed the utmoſt familiarities with her lap-dog, and have played " with it above an hour together, without receiving the leaſt reprimand, " and had many other marks of favor ſhewn me, which I thought amounted " to a promiſe. If ſhe chanced to drop her fan, ſhe received it from my " hands with great civility. If ſhe wanted any thing, I reached it for her. " I have filled her tea-pot above an hundred times, and have afterwards " received a diſh of it from her own hands. Now, Sir, do you judge if " after ſuch encouragements ſhe was not obliged to marry me. I forgot " to tell you that I kept a chair by the week, on purpoſe to carry me thi- " ther and back again. Not to trouble you with a long letter, in the ſpace " of about a twelvemonth I have run out of my whole thouſand pounds " upon her, having laid out the laſt fifty in a new ſuit of cloaths, in which " I was reſolved to receive her final anſwer, which amounted to this, That " ſhe was engaged to another; That ſhe never dreamt I had any ſuch thing " in my head as marriage; and that ſhe thought I had frequented her houſe " only becauſe I loved to be in company with my relations. This, you " know, Sir, is uſing a man like a fool, and ſo I told her; but the worſt of " it is, that I have ſpent my fortune to no purpoſe. All therefore that I " deſire of you is, to tell me whether upon exhibiting the ſeveral particu- " lars which I have here related to you, I may not ſue her for damages in " a court of Juſtice. Your advice in this particular will very much oblige

Your moſt humble admirer, Simon Softly.

Before I anſwer Mr. *Softly*'s requeſt, I find myſelf under a neceſſity of diſcuſſing two nice points: firſt of all, what it is, in caſes of this nature, that amounts to an encouragement; and ſecondly, what it is that amounts to a promiſe. Each of which ſubjects requires more time to examine than I am at preſent maſter of. Beſides, I would have my friend *Simon* conſider, whether he has any Council that would undertake his cauſe in *Forma Pauperis;* he having unluckily diſabled himſelf, by his own account of the matter, from proſecuting his ſuit any other way.

In anſwer however to Mr. *Softly*'s requeſt, I ſhall acquaint him with a method made uſe of by a young fellow in King *Charles* the Second's reign, whom I ſhall here call *Silvio,* who had long made love, with much artifice and intrigue, to a rich widow, whoſe true name I ſhall conceal under that of *Zelinda. Silvio,* who was much more ſmitten with her fortune than her perſon, finding a twelvemonth's application unſucceſsful, was reſolved to make a ſaving bargain of it, and ſince he could not get the widow's eſtate into his poſſeſſion, to recover at leaſt what he had laid out of his own in the purſuit of it.

In

In order to this he preſented her with a bill of coſts; having particulariſed in it the ſeveral expences he had been at in his long perplexed amour. *Zelinda* was ſo pleaſed with the humor of the fellow, and his frank way of dealing, that, upon the peruſal of the bill, ſhe ſent him a purſe of fifteen hundred guineas, by the right application of which, the lover, in leſs than a year, got a woman of greater fortune than her he had miſſed. The ſeveral articles in the bill of coſts I pretty well remember, though I have forgotten the particular ſum charged to each article.

Laid out in ſupernumerary full-bottom wigs.

Fiddles for a Serenade, with a ſpeaking-trumpet.

Gilt paper in letters, and billet-doux with perfumed wax.

A ream of ſonnets and love verſes, purchaſed at different times of Mr. *Triplett* at a crown a ſheet.

To *Zelinda* two ſticks of *May* Cherries.

Laſt ſummer, at ſeveral times, a buſhel of Peaches.

Three porters whom I planted about her to watch her motions.

The firſt, who ſtood centry near her door.

The ſecond, who had his ſtand at the ſtables where her coach was put up.

The third who kept watch at the corner of the ſtreet where *Ned Courtall* lives, who has ſince married her.

Two additional porters planted over her during the whole month of *May*.

Five conjurers kept in pay all laſt winter.

Spy-money to *John Trott* her footman, and Mrs. *Sarah Wheedle* her companion.

A new *Conningſmark* blade to fight *Ned Courtall*.

To *Zelinda*'s woman (Mrs. *Abigal*) an *Indian* Fan, a dozen pair of white kid gloves, a piece of *Flanders* lace, and fifteen guineas in dry money.

Secret ſervice-money to *Betty* at the ring.

Ditto, to Mrs. *Tape* the Mantua-maker.

Loſs of time.

N° 98. *Friday, July* 3.

In ſeſe redit ——— Virg.

THE firſt who undertook to inſtruct the world in ſingle papers, was *Iſaac Bickerſtaffe* of famous memory: a man nearly related to the family of the *Ironſides*. We have often ſmoked a pipe together, for I was ſo much in his books, that at his deceaſe he left me a ſilver ſtandiſh, a pair of ſpectacles, and the lamp by which he uſed to write his Lucubrations.

The venerable *Iſaac* was ſucceeded by a Gentleman of the ſame family, very memorable for the ſhortneſs of his face and of his ſpeeches. This ingenious Author publiſhed his thoughts, and held his tongue, with great applauſe, for two years together.

I *Neſtor Ironſide* have now for ſome time undertaken to fill the place of theſe my two renowned kinſmen and predeceſſors. For it is obſerved of every branch of our family, that we have all of us a wonderful inclination to give good advice, though it is remarkable of ſome of us, that we are apt on this occaſion rather to give than take.

However it be, I cannot but obſerve, with ſome ſecret pride, that this way of writing diurnal papers has not ſucceeded for any ſpace of time in the hands of any perſons who are not of our Line. I believe I ſpeak within compaſs, when I affirm that above a hundred different Authors have endeavoured after our family-way of writing, ſome of which have been writers in other kinds of the greateſt eminence in the kingdom; but I do not know how it has happened, they have none of them hit upon the Art. Their projects have always dropped after a few unſucceſsful Eſſays. It puts me in mind of a ſtory which was lately told me by a pleaſant friend of mine, who has a very fine hand on the violin. His maid ſervant ſeeing his inſtrument lying upon the table, and being ſenſible there was muſic in it, if ſhe knew how to fetch it out, drew the bow over every part of the ſtrings, and at laſt told her maſter ſhe had tried the fiddle all over, but could not for her heart find whereabout the tune lay.

But though the whole burden of ſuch a paper is only fit to reſt on the ſhoulders of a *Bickerſtaffe*, or an *Ironſide*; there are ſeveral who can acquit themſelves

ſelves of a ſingle day's Labor in it with ſuitable abilities. Theſe are Gentlemen whom I have often invited to this trial of wit, and who have ſeveral of them acquitted themſelves to my private Emolument, as well as to their own Reputation. My paper among the Republic of letters is the *Ulyſſes* his bow, in which every Man of wit or learning may try his ſtrength. One who does not care to write a book without being ſure of his abilities, may ſee by this means if his parts and talents are to the Public taſte.

This I take to be of great advantage to men of the beſt ſenſe, who are always diffident of their private judgment, till it receives a ſanction from the Public. *Provoco ad populum,* I appeal to the people, was the uſual saying of a very excellent dramatic Poet, when he had any diſputes with particular perſons about the juſtneſs and regularity of his productions. It is but a melancholy comfort for an Author to be ſatisfied that he has written up to the rules of art, when he finds he has no admirers in the world beſides himſelf. Common modeſty ſhould, on this occaſion, make a man ſuſpect his own judgment, and that he miſapplies the rules of his art, when he finds himſelf ſingular in the applauſe which he beſtows upon his own writings.

The Public is always even with an Author who has not a juſt deference for them. The contempt is reciprocal. I laugh at every one, ſaid an old Cynic, who laughs at me. Do you ſo? replied the Philoſopher; then let me tell you, you live the merrieſt life of any man in *Athens.*

It is not therefore the leaſt uſe of this my paper, that it gives a timorous writer, and ſuch is every good one, an opportunity of putting his abilities to the proof, and of ſounding the public before he launches into it. For this reaſon I look upon my paper as a kind of nurſery for Authors, and queſtion not but ſome, who have made a good Figure here, will hereafter floriſh under their own names in more long and elaborate works.

After having thus far enlarged upon this particular, I have one favor to beg of the candid and courteous Reader, that when he meets with any thing in this paper which may appear a little dull or heavy, (tho' I hope this will not be often) he will believe it is the work of ſome other Perſon, and not of *Neſtor Ironſide.*

I have, I know not how, been drawn into tattle of myſelf, *more Majorum,* almoſt the length of a whole *Guardian.* I ſhall therefore fill up the remaining part of it with what ſtill relates to my own perſon, and my correſpondents. Now I would have them all know, that on the twentieth inſtant it is my intention to erect a Lion's head in imitation of thoſe I have deſcribed in *Venice,* through which all the private intelligence of that commonwealth is ſaid to paſs. This head is to open a moſt wide and voracious mouth,

which

which ſhall take in ſuch letters and papers as are conveyed to me by my correſpondents, it being my reſolution to have a particular regard to all ſuch matters as come to my hands through the mouth of the Lion. There will be under it a box, of which the key will be in my own cuſtody, to receive ſuch papers as are dropped into it. Whatever the Lion ſwallows I ſhall digeſt for the uſe of the public. This head requires ſome time to finiſh, the workman being reſolved to give it ſeveral maſterly touches, and to repreſent it as ravenous as poſſible. It will be ſet up in *Button*'s Coffee-houſe in *Covent-Garden*, who is directed to ſhew the way to the Lion's head, and to inſtruct any young Author how to convey his works into the mouth of it with ſafety and ſecrecy.

N° 99. *Saturday, July* 4.

Juſtum, et tenacem propoſiti virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus inſtantis tyranni
Mente quatit ſolidâ, neque Auſter
Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ,
Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus:
Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ. Hor.

THERE is no virtue ſo truly great and godlike as Juſtice. Moſt of the other virtues are the virtues of created Beings, or accommodated to our nature as we are men. Juſtice is that which is practiſed by God himſelf, and to be practiſed in its perfection by none but him. Omniſcience and Omnipotence are requiſite for the full exertion of it. The one, to diſcover every degree of uprightneſs or iniquity in thoughts, words and actions. The other, to meaſure out and impart ſuitable rewards and puniſhments.

As to be perfectly juſt is an attribute in the divine nature, to be ſo to the utmoſt of our abilities is the glory of a man. Such an one who has the public adminiſtration in his hands, acts like the repreſentative of his Maker, in recompencing the virtuous, and puniſhing the offenders. By the extirpating of a criminal he averts the judgments of heaven, when ready to fall upon

upon an impious people; or, as my friend *Cato* expreſſes it much better in a ſentiment conformable to his character,

When by juſt vengeance impious mortals periſh,
The Gods behold their puniſhment with pleaſure,
And lay th' uplifted thunder-bolt aſide.

When a nation once loſes its regard to juſtice; when they do not look upon it as ſomething venerable, holy and inviolable; when any of them dare preſume to leſſen, affront or terrify thoſe who have the diſtribution of it in their hands; when a judge is capable of being influenced by any thing but law, or a cauſe may be recommended by any thing that is foreign to its own merits, we may venture to pronounce that ſuch a nation is haſtening to its ruin.

For this reaſon the beſt law that has ever paſſed in our days, is that which continues our Judges in their poſts during their good behaviour; without leaving them to the mercy of ſuch who in ill times might, by an undue influence over them, trouble and pervert the courſe of juſtice. I dare ſay the extraordinary perſon who is now poſted in the *Chief* Station of the law, would have been the ſame had that act never paſſed; but it is a great ſatisfaction to all honeſt men, that while we ſee the greateſt ornament of the profeſſion in its higheſt poſt, we are ſure he cannot hurt himſelf by that aſſiduous, regular and impartial adminiſtration of juſtice, for which he is ſo univerſally celebrated by the whole kingdom. Such men are to be reckoned among the greateſt national bleſſings, and ſhould have that honor paid them whilſt they are yet living, which will not fail to crown their memory when dead.

I always rejoice when I ſee a tribunal filled with a man of an upright and inflexible temper, who in the execution of his country's laws can overcome all private fear, reſentment, ſolicitation, and even pity itſelf. Whatever paſſion enters into a ſentence or deciſion, ſo far will there be in it a tincture of injuſtice. In ſhort, juſtice diſcards party, friendſhip, kindred, and is therefore always repreſented as blind, that we may ſuppoſe her thoughts are wholly intent on the equity of a cauſe, without being diverted or prejudiced by objects foreign to it.

I ſhall conclude this paper with a *Perſian* ſtory, which is very ſuitable to my preſent ſubject. It will not a little pleaſe the Reader, if he has the ſame taſte of it which I myſelf have.

As one of the Sultans lay encamped on the plains of *Avala*, a certain great man of the army entered by force into a peaſant's houſe, and finding his wife

wife very handſome, turned the good man out of his dwelling, and went to bed to her. The peaſant complained the next morning to the Sultan, and deſired redreſs; but was not able to point out the criminal. The Emperor, who was very much incenſed at the injury done to the poor man, told him that probably the offender might give his wife another viſit, and if he did, commanded him immediately to repair to his tent and acquaint him with it. Accordingly within two or three days the Officer entered again the peaſant's houſe, and turned the owner out of doors; who thereupon applied himſelf to the imperial tent, as he was ordered. The Sultan went in perſon, with his guards, to the poor man's houſe, where he arrived about midnight. As the attendants carried each of them a flambeau in their hands, the Sultan, after having ordered all the lights to be put out, gave the word to enter the houſe, find out the criminal, and put him to death. This was immediately executed, and the corpſe laid out upon the floor by the Emperor's command. He then bid every one light his flambeau, and ſtand about the dead body. The Sultan approaching it, looked upon the face, and immediately fell upon his knees in prayer. Upon his riſing up he ordered the peaſant to ſet before him whatever food he had in his houſe. The peaſant brought out a great deal of coarſe fare, of which the Emperor eat very heartily. The peaſant ſeeing him in good humor, preſumed to aſk of him, why he had ordered the flambeaux to be put out before he had commanded the adulterer to be ſlain? why, upon their being lighted again, he looked upon the face of the dead body, and fell down by it in prayer? and why, after this, he had ordered meat to be ſet before him, of which he now eat ſo heartily? The Sultan, being willing to gratify the curioſity of his hoſt, anſwered him in this manner. "Upon hearing the greatneſs of the "offence which had been committed by one of the army, I had reaſon to "think it might have been one of my own ſons, for who elſe would have "been ſo audacious and preſuming? I gave orders therefore for the lights "to be extinguiſhed, that I might not be led aſtray, by partiality or com-"paſſion, from doing juſtice on the criminal. Upon the lighting of the "flambeaux a ſecond time, I looked upon the face of the dead perſon, and "to my unſpeakable joy, found that it was not my ſon. It was for this "reaſon that I immediately fell upon my knees, and gave thanks to God. "As for my eating heartily of the food you have ſet before me, you will "ceaſe to wonder at it, when you know that the great anxiety of mind I "have been in, upon this occaſion, ſince the firſt complaints you brought "me, has hindered my eating any thing from that time till this very mo-"ment.

Monday,

N° 100. *Monday, July* 6.

Hoc vos præcipuè niveæ, decet, hoc ubi vidi,
Oſcula ferre humero, quà patet, uſque libet. Ovid.

THERE is a certain female ornament by ſome called a Tucker, and by others the Neck-piece, being a ſlip of fine linen or muſlin that uſed to run in a ſmall kind of ruffle round the uppermoſt verge of the women's ſtays, and by that means covered a great part of the ſhoulders and boſom. Having thus given a definition, or rather deſcription of the Tucker, I muſt take notice, that our Ladies have of late thrown aſide this fig-leaf, and expoſed in its primitive nakedneſs that gentle ſwelling of the breaſt which it was uſed to conceal. What their deſign by it is, they themſelves beſt know.

I obſerved this as I was ſitting the other day by a famous ſhe viſitant at my Lady *Lizard*'s, when accidentally as I was looking upon her face, letting my ſight fall into her boſom, I was ſurpriſed with beauties which I never before diſcovered, and do not know where my eye would have run, if I had not immediately checked it. The Lady herſelf could not forbear bluſhing when ſhe obſerved by my looks, that ſhe had made her neck too beautiful and glaring an object, even for a man of my character and gravity. I could ſcarce forbear making uſe of my hand to cover ſo unſeemly a ſight.

If we ſurvey the pictures of our great-grandmothers in Queen *Elizabeth*'s time, we ſee them clothed down to the very wriſts, and up to the very chin. The hands and face were the only ſamples they gave of their beautiful perſons. The following age of females made larger diſcoveries of their complexion. They firſt of all tucked up their garments to the elbow, and notwithſtanding the tenderneſs of the ſex, were content, for the information of mankind, to expoſe their arms to the coldneſs of the air, and injuries of the weather. This artifice hath ſucceeded to their wiſhes, and betrayed many to their arms, who might have eſcaped them had they been ſtill concealed.

About the ſame time the Ladies conſidering that the neck was a very modeſt part in a human body, they freed it from thoſe yokes, I mean thoſe monſtrous linen ruffs, in which the ſimplicity of their grandmothers had encloſed it. In proportion as the age refined, the dreſs ſtill ſunk lower, ſo

that when we now ſay a woman has a handſome neck, we reckon into it many of the adjacent parts. The diſuſe of the Tucker has ſtill enlarged it, inſomuch that the neck of a fine woman at preſent takes in almoſt half the body.

Since the female neck thus grows upon us, and the Ladies ſeem diſpoſed to diſcover themſelves to us more and more, I would fain have them tell us once for all how far they intend to go, and whether they have yet determined among themſelves where to make a ſtop.

For my own part, their necks, as they call them, are no more than *buſts* of alabaſter in my eye. I can look upon

The yielding marble of a ſnowy breaſt,

with as much coldneſs as this line of Mr. *Waller* repreſents in the object itſelf. But my fair readers ought to conſider, that all their beholders are not *Neſtors*. Every man is not ſufficiently qualified with age and philoſophy to be an indifferent ſpectator of ſuch allurements. The eyes of young men are curious and penetrating, their imaginations of a roving nature, and their paſſions under no diſcipline or reſtraint. I am in pain for a woman of rank, when I ſee her thus expoſing herſelf to the regards of every impudent ſtaring fellow. How can ſhe expect that her quality can defend her, when ſhe gives ſuch provocation? I could not but obſerve laſt winter, that upon the diſuſe of the Neck-piece (the ladies will pardon me if it is not the faſhionable term of art) the whole tribe of oglers gave their eyes a new determination, and ſtared the fair ſex in the neck rather than in the face. To prevent theſe ſaucy familiar glances, I would intreat my gentle Readers to ſew on their Tuckers again, to retrieve the modeſty of their characters, and not to imitate the nakedneſs but the innocence of their mother *Eve*.

What moſt troubles and indeed ſurpriſes me in this particular, I have obſerved that the leaders in this faſhion were moſt of them married women. What their deſign can be in making themſelves bare, I cannot poſſibly imagine. No body expoſes wares that are appropriated. When the bird is taken the ſnare ought to be removed. It was a remarkable circumſtance in the inſtitution of the ſevere *Lycurgus*. As that great lawgiver knew that the wealth and ſtrength of a republic conſiſted in the multitude of citizens, he did all he could to encourage marriage: in order to it he preſcribed a certain looſe dreſs for the *Spartan* maids, in which there were ſeveral artificial rents and openings, that upon their putting themſelves in motion diſcovered ſeveral limbs of the body to the beholders. Such were the baits and temptations made uſe of, by that wiſe lawgiver, to incline the young men

men of his age to marriage. But when the maid was once ſped, ſhe was not ſuffered to tantaliſe the male part of the commonwealth: her garments were cloſed up, and ſtitched together with the greateſt care imaginable. The ſhape of her limbs and complexion of her body had gained their ends, and were ever after to be concealed from the notice of the public.

I ſhall conclude this diſcourſe of the Tucker with a moral which I have taught upon all occaſions, and ſhall ſtill continue to inculcate into my female Readers; namely, that nothing beſtows ſo much beauty on a woman as modeſty. This is a maxim laid down by *Ovid* himſelf, the greateſt maſter in the art of love. He obſerves upon it, that *Venus* pleaſes moſt when ſhe appears *(ſemi-reducta)* in a figure withdrawing herſelf from the eye of the beholder. It is very probable he had in his thoughts the ſtatue which we ſee in the *Venus de Medicis*, where ſhe is repreſented in ſuch a ſhy retiring poſture, and covers her boſom with one of her hands. In ſhort, modeſty gives the maid greater beauty than even the bloom of youth, it beſtows on the wife the dignity of a matron, and reinſtates the widow in her virginity.

N° 101. *Tueſday, July 7.*

Tros Tyriuſve mihi nullo diſcrimine habetur. Virg.

THIS being the great day of thankſgiving for the Peace, I ſhall preſent my Reader with a couple of letters that are the fruits of it. They are written by a Gentleman who has taken this opportunity to ſee *France*, and has given his friends in *England* a general account of what he has there met with, in ſeveral epiſtles. Thoſe which follow were put into my hands with liberty to make them public, and I queſtion not but my Reader will think himſelf obliged to me for ſo doing.

SIR,

" SINCE I had the happineſs to ſee you laſt, I have encountered as " many misfortunes as a knight-errant. I had a fall into the water at " *Calais*, and ſince that ſeveral bruiſes upon land, lame poſt-horſes by day, " and hard beds at night, with many other diſmal adventures.

Quorum animus meminiſſe horret luctuque refugit.

" My

" My arrival at *Paris* was at firſt no leſs uncomfortable, where I could not " ſee a face nor hear a word that I ever met with before; ſo that my moſt " agreeable companions have been ſtatues and pictures, which are many of " them very extraordinary, but what particularly recommends them to me " is, that they do not ſpeak *French,* and have a very good quality, rarely to " be met with in this country, of not being too talkative.

" I am ſettled for ſome time at *Paris.* Since my being here I have made " the tour of all the King's palaces, which has been I think the pleaſant- " eſt part of my life. I could not believe it was in the power of art to " furniſh out ſuch a multitude of noble ſcenes as I there met with, or that " ſo many delightful proſpects could lie within the compaſs of a man's ima- " gination. There is every thing done that can be expected from a Prince " who removes mountains, turns the courſe of rivers, raiſes woods in a day's " time, and plants a village or town on ſuch a particular ſpot of ground, " only for the bettering of a view. One would wonder to ſee how many " tricks he has made the water play for his diverſion. It turns itſelf into " pyramids, triumphal arches, glaſs-bottles, imitates a fire-work, riſes in a " miſt, or tells a ſtory out of *Eſop.*

" I do not believe, as good a poet as you are, that you can make finer " landſcapes than thoſe about the King's houſes, or with all your deſcrip- " tions raiſe a more magnificent palace than *Verſailles.* I am however ſo ſin- " gular as to prefer *Fontaine-bleau* to all the reſt. It is ſituated among rocks " and woods, that give you a fine variety of ſalvage proſpects. The King " has humored the genius of the place, and only made uſe of ſo much art " as is neceſſary to help and regulate nature, without reforming her too " much. The caſcades ſeem to break through the clefts and cracks of " rocks that are covered over with moſs, and look as if they were piled up- " on one another by accident. There is an artificial wildneſs in the mea- " dows, walks, and canals; and the garden, inſtead of a wall, is fenced on the " lower end by a natural mound of rock-work that ſtrikes the eye very " agreeably. For my part, I think there is ſomething more charming in " theſe rude heaps of ſtone than in ſo many ſtatues, and would as ſoon ſee " a river winding through woods and meadows, as when it is toſſed up in " ſo many whimſical figures at *Verſailles.* To paſs from works of nature to " thoſe of art. In my opinion, the pleaſanteſt part of *Verſailles* is the gallery. " Every one ſees on each ſide of it ſomething that will be ſure to pleaſe " him. For one of them commands a view of the fineſt garden in the world, " and the other is wainſcotted with looking-glaſs. The hiſtory of the pre- " ſent King till the year 16 is painted on the roof by *le Brun,* ſo that his " Majeſty has actions enough by him to furniſh another gallery much long- " er than the preſent.

" The

" The painter has repreſented his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty under the figure " of *Jupiter*, throwing thunder-bolts all about the cieling, and ſtriking ter- " ror into the *Danube* and *Rhine*, that lie aſtoniſhed and blaſted with light- " ning a little above the cornice.

" But what makes all theſe ſhows the more agreeable is, the great kind- " neſs and affability that is ſhewn to ſtrangers. If the *French* do not excel " the *Engliſh* in all the arts of humanity, they do at leaſt in the outward ex- " preſſions of it. And upon this, as well as other accounts, though I be- " lieve the *Engliſh* are a much wiſer nation, the *French* are undoubtedly " much more happy. Their old men in particular are, I believe, the moſt " agreeable in the world. An antediluvian could not have more life and " briſkneſs in him at threeſcore and ten: for that fire and levity which " makes the young ones ſcarce converſible, when a little waſted and tem- " pered by years, makes a very pleaſant old age. Beſides, this national fault " of being ſo very talkative looks natural and graceful in one that has grey " hairs to countenance it. The mentioning this fault in the *French* muſt put " me in mind to finiſh my letter, leſt you think me already too much in- " fected by their converſation; but I muſt deſire you to conſider, that tra- " velling does in this reſpect lay a little claim to the privilege of old age.

I am, SIR, &c.

SIR, *Blois, May* 15, *N. S.*

" I Cannot pretend to trouble you with any news from this place, where " the only advantage I have, beſides getting the language, is, to ſee the " manners and temper of the people, which I believe may be better learned " here than in courts and greater cities, where artifice and diſguiſe are " more in faſhion.

" I have already ſeen, as I informed you in my laſt, all the King's pala- " ces, and have now ſeen a great part of the country. I never thought " there had been in the world ſuch an exceſſive magnificence or poverty as " I have met with in both together. One can ſcarce conceive the pomp " that appears in every thing about the King; but at the ſame time it " makes half his ſubjects go barefoot. The people are, however, the hap- " pieſt in the world, and enjoy, from the benefit of their climate, and na- " tural conſtitution, ſuch a perpetual gladneſs of heart and eaſineſs of tem- " per as even liberty and plenty cannot beſtow on thoſe of other nations. " 'Tis not in the power of want or ſlavery to make them miſerable There is " nothing to be met with in the country but mirth and poverty. Every one " ſings, laughs, and ſtarves. Their converſation is generally agreeable, for if

" they

" they have any wit or ſenſe, they are ſure to ſhew it. They never mend upon " a ſecond meeting, but uſe all the freedom and familiarity at firſt ſight, " that a long intimacy or abudance of wine can ſcarce draw from an *Eng-* " *liſhman*. Their women are perfect miſtreſſes in this art of ſhewing them- " ſelves to the beſt advantage. They are always gay and ſprightly, and ſet off " the worſt faces in *Europe* with the beſt airs. Every one knows how to give " herſelf as charming a look and poſture as Sir *Godfrey Kneller* could draw " her in. I cannot end my letter without obſerving that from what I have " already ſeen of the world, I cannot but ſet a particular mark of diſtinction " upon thoſe who abound moſt in virtues of their nation, and leaſt with " its imperfections. When therefore I ſee the good ſenſe of an *Engliſhman* in " its higheſt perfection, without any mixture of the ſpleen, I hope you will " excuſe me if I admire the character, and am ambitious of ſubſcribing " myſelf,

S I R, Yours, &c.

N° 102. *Wedneſday, July* 8.

——*Natos ad flumina primùm*
Deferimus, ſævoque gelu duramus et undis. Virg.

I Am always beating about in my thoughts for ſomething that may turn to the benefit of my dear countrymen. The preſent ſeaſon of the year having put moſt of them in ſlight ſummer-ſuits, has turned my ſpeculations to a ſubject that concerns every one who is ſenſible of cold or heat, which I believe takes in the greateſt part of my Readers.

There is nothing in nature more inconſtant than the *Britiſh* climate, if we except the humor of its inhabitants. We have frequently in one day all the ſeaſons of the year. I have ſhivered in the dog-days, and been forced to throw off my coat in *January*. I have gone to bed in *Auguſt* and roſe in *December*. Summer has often caught me in my *Drap de Berry*, and winter in my *Doily* ſuit.

I remember a very whimſical fellow (commonly known by the name of *Poſture-maſter)* in King *Charles* the Second's reign, who was the plague of all the taylors about town. He would often ſend for one of them to take meaſure of him; but would ſo contrive it as to have a moſt immoderate riſing in one of his ſhoulders. When the clothes were brought home, and tried upon

upon him, the deformity was removed into the other ſhoulder. Upon which the taylor begged pardon for the miſtake, and mended it as faſt as he could; but upon a third trial found him a ſtraight ſhouldered man as one would deſire to ſee, but a little unfortunate in a humped back. In ſhort, this wandering tumor puzzled all the workmen about town, who found it impoſſible to accommodate ſo changeable a cuſtomer. My Reader will apply this to any one who would adapt a ſuit to a ſeaſon of our *Engliſh* climate.

After this ſhort deſcant on the uncertainty of our *Engliſh* weather, I come to my moral.

A man ſhould take care that his body be not too ſoft for his climate; but rather, if poſſible, harden and ſeaſon himſelf beyond the degree of cold wherein he lives. Daily experience teaches us how we may inure ourſelves by cuſtom to bear the extremities of weather without injury. The inhabitants of *Nova Zembla* go naked without complaining of the bleakneſs of the air in which they are born, as the armies of the northern nations keep the field all winter. The ſofteſt of our *Britiſh* Ladies expoſe their arms and necks to the open air, which the men could not do without catching cold, for want of being accuſtomed to it. The whole body by the ſame means might contract the ſame firmneſs and temper. The *Scythian* that was aſked how it was poſſible for the inhabitants of his frozen climate to go naked, replied, *Becauſe we are all over face.* Mr. *Locke* adviſes parents to have their children's feet waſhed every morning in cold water, which might probably prolong multitudes of lives.

I verily believe a cold bath would be one of the moſt healthful exerciſes in the world, were it made uſe of in the education of youth. It would make their bodies more than proof to the injuries of the air and weather. It would be ſomething like what the poets tell us of *Achilles,* whom his mother is ſaid to have dipped, when he was a child, in the river *Styx.* The ſtory adds, that this made him invulnerable all over, excepting that part which the mother held in her hand during this immerſion, and which by that means loſt the benefit of theſe hardening waters. Our common practice runs in a quite contrary method. We are perpetually ſoftening ourſelves by good fires and warm clothes. The air within our rooms has generally two or three more degrees of heat in it than the air without doors.

Craſſus is an old lethargic valetudinarian. For theſe twenty years laſt paſt he has been clothed in frize of the ſame color and of the ſame piece. He fancies he ſhould catch his death in any other kind of manufacture, and though his avarice would incline him to wear it till it was thread-bare, he dares not do it leſt he ſhould take cold when the nap is off. He could no more

more live without his frize coat than without his ſkin. It is not indeed ſo properly his coat as what the anatomiſts call one of the *integuments* of the body.

How different an old man is *Craſſus* from myſelf. It is indeed the particular diſtinction of the *Ironſides* to be robuſt and hardy, to defy the cold and rain, and let the weather do its worſt. My father lived till a hundred without a cough, and we have a tradition in the family, that my grandfather uſed to throw off his hat and go open breaſted after fourſcore. As for myſelf, they uſed to ſouſe me over head and ears in water when I was a boy, ſo that I am now looked upon as one of the moſt caſe-hardened of the whole family of the *Ironſides*. In ſhort, I have been ſo plunged in water and inured to the cold, that I regard myſelf as a piece of true-tempered *Steele*, and can ſay with the above-mentioned *Scythian*, that I am face, or if my enemies pleaſe, forehead, all over.

N° 103. *Thurſday, July* 9.

Dum flammas Jovis, et ſonitus imitatur Olympi. Virg.

I Am conſidering how moſt of the great *phænomena*, or appearances in nature, have been imitated by the art of man. Thunder is grown a common drug among the chymiſts. Lightning may be bought by the pound. If a man has occaſion for a lambent flame, you have whole ſheets of it in a handful of phoſphor. Showers of rain are to be met with in every water-work; and we are informed, that ſome years ago the virtuoſos of *France* covered a little vault with artificial ſnow, which they made to fall above an hour together for the entertainment of his preſent Majeſty.

I am led into this train of thinking by the noble fire-work that was exhibited laſt night upon the *Thames*. You might there ſee a little ſky filled with innumerable blazing ſtars and meteors. Nothing could be more aſtoniſhing than the pillars of flame, clouds of ſmoke, and multitudes of ſtars mingled together in ſuch an agreeable confuſion. Every rocket ended in a conſtellation, and ſtrowed the air with ſuch a ſhower of ſilver ſpangles, as opened and enlightened the whole ſcene from time to time. It put me in mind of the lines in *Oedipus*,

Why

Why from the bleeding womb of monſtrous night
Burſt forth ſuch myriads of abortive ſtars?

In ſhort, the artiſt did his part to admiration, and was ſo encompaſſed with fire and ſmoke, that one would have thought nothing but a Salamander could have been ſafe in ſuch a ſituation.

I was in company with two or three fanciful friends during this whole ſhow. One of them being a Critic, that is, a man who on all occaſions is more attentive to what is wanting than what is preſent, begun to exert his talent upon the ſeveral objects we had before us. I am mightily pleaſed, ſays he, with that burning cypher. There is no matter in the world ſo proper to write with as wild-fire, as no characters can be more legible than thoſe which are read by their own light. But as for your cardinal virtues, I do not care for ſeeing them in ſuch combuſtible figures. Who can imagine *Chaſtity* with a body of fire, or *Temperance* in a flame? *Juſtice* indeed may be furniſhed out of this element as far as her ſword goes, and *Courage* may be all over one continued blaze, if the artiſt pleaſes.

Our companion obſerving that we laughed at this unſeaſonable ſeverity, let drop the Critic, and propoſed a ſubject for a fire-work, which he thought would be very amuſing, if executed by ſo able an artiſt as he who was at that time entertaining us. The plan he mentioned was a ſcene in *Milton*. He would have a large piece of machinery repreſent the *Pandæmonium*, where

——*from the arched roof*
Pendent by ſubtle magic, many a row
Of ſtarry lamps, and blazing creſſets, fed
With Naptha *and* Aſphaltus, *yielded light*
As from a ſky———

This might be finely repreſented by ſeveral illuminations diſpoſed in a great frame of wood, with ten thouſand beautiful exhalations of fire, which men verſed in this art know very well how to raiſe. The evil ſpirits at the ſame time might very properly appear in vehicles of flame, and employ all the tricks of art to terrify and ſurpriſe the ſpectator.

We were well enough pleaſed with this ſtart of thought, but fancied there was ſomething in it too ſerious, and perhaps too horrid, to be put in execution.

Upon this a friend of mine gave us an account of a fire-work deſcribed, if I am not miſtaken, by *Strada*. A prince of *Italy*, it ſeems, entertained his miſtreſs with it upon a great lake. In the midſt of this lake was a huge floating mountain made by art. The mountain repreſented *AEtna*, being

bored through the top with a monſtrous orifice. Upon a ſignal given the eruption began. Fire and ſmoke, mixed with ſeveral unuſual prodigies and figures, made their appearance for ſome time. On a ſudden there was heard a moſt dreadful rumbling noiſe within the entrails of the machine. After which the mountain burſt, and diſcovered a vaſt cavity in that ſide which faced the Prince and his court. Within this hollow was *Vulcan*'s ſhop full of fire and clock-work. A column of blue flame iſſued out inceſſantly from the forge. *Vulcan* was employed in hammering out thunder-bolts, that every now and then flew up from the anvil with dreadful cracks and flaſhes. *Venus* ſtood by him in a figure of the brighteſt fire, with numberleſs *Cupids* on all ſides of her, that ſhot out vollies of burning arrows. Before her was an altar with hearts of fire flaming on it. I have forgot ſeveral other particulars no leſs curious, and have only mentioned theſe to ſhew that there may be a ſort of fable or deſign in a fire-work, which may give an additional beauty to thoſe ſurpriſing objects.

I ſeldom ſee any thing that raiſes wonder in me, which does not give my thoughts a turn that makes my heart the better for it. As I was lying in my bed, and ruminating on what I had ſeen, I could not forbear reflecting on the inſignificancy of human art, when ſet in compariſon with the deſigns of Providence. In the purſuit of this thought I conſidered a comet, or in the language of the vulgar, a blazing-ſtar, as a ſky-rocket diſcharged by an hand that is Almighty. Many of my Readers ſaw that in the year 1680, and if they are not mathematicians will be amazed to hear that it travelled in a much greater degree of ſwiftneſs than a cannon ball, and drew after it a tail of fire that was fourſcore millions of miles in length. What an amazing thought is it to conſider this ſtupendous body traverſing the immenſity of the creation with ſuch a rapidity, and at the ſame time wheeling about in that line which the Almighty has preſcribed for it? that it ſhould move in ſuch an inconceivable fury and combuſtion, and at the ſame time with ſuch an exact regularity? How ſpacious muſt the univerſe be that gives ſuch bodies as theſe their full play, without ſuffering the leaſt diſorder or confuſion by it? What a glorious ſhow are thoſe Beings entertained with, that can look into this great theatre of nature, and ſee myriads of ſuch tremendous objects wandering through thoſe immeaſurable depths of *Ether*, and running their appointed courſes? Our eyes may hereafter be ſtrong enough to command this magnificent proſpect, and our underſtandings able to find out the ſeveral uſes of theſe great parts of the univerſe. In the mean time they are very proper objects for our imaginations to contemplate, that we may form more exalted notions of infinite wiſdom and power, and learn to think humbly of ourſelves, and of all the little works of human invention.

Friday,

N° 104. *Friday, July* 10.

Quæ è longinquo magis placent. Tacit.

ON *Tueſday* laſt I publiſhed two letters written by a Gentleman in his travels. As they were applauded by my beſt Readers, I ſhall this day publiſh two more from the ſame hand. The firſt of them contains a matter of fact which is very curious, and may deſerve the attention of thoſe who are verſed in our *Britiſh* antiquities.

SIR, *Blois, May* 15, *N. S.*

" BECAUSE I am at preſent out of the road of news, I ſhall ſend you " a ſtory that was lately given me by a Gentleman of this country, " who is deſcended from one of the perſons concerned in the relation, and " very inquiſitive to know if there be any of the family now in *England.*

" I ſhall only premiſe to it, that this ſtory is preſerved with great care " among the writings of this Gentleman's family, and that it has been " given to two or three of our *Engliſh* nobility, when they were in theſe " parts, who could not return any ſatisfactory anſwer to the Gentleman, " whether there be any of that family now remaining in *Great Britain.*

" In the reign of King *John* there lived a nobleman called *John de Sigo-* " *nia,* Lord of that place in *Tourraine.* His brothers where *Philip* and *Briant.* " *Briant*, when very young, was made one of the *French* King's pages, and " ſerved him in that quality when he was taken priſoner by the *Engliſh.* The " King of *England* chanced to ſee the youth, and being much pleaſed " with his perſon and behaviour, begged him of the King his priſoner. " It happened, ſome years after this, that *John,* the other brother, who " in the courſe of the war had raiſed himſelf to a conſiderable poſt in " the *French* army, was taken priſoner by *Briant,* who at that time was an " officer in the King of *England*'s guards. *Briant* knew nothing of his bro- " ther, and being naturally of an haughty temper, treated him very inſo- " lently, and more like a criminal than a priſoner of war. This *John* re- " ſented ſo highly, that he challenged him to a ſingle combat. The challenge " was accepted, and time and place aſſigned them by the King's appoint- " ment. Both appeared on the day prefixed, and entered the liſts com- " pletely armed amidſt a great multitude of ſpectators. Their firſt encoun-

" ters were very furious, and the ſucceſs equal on both ſides; till after ſome " toil and bloodſhed they were parted by their ſeconds to fetch breath, and " prepare themſelves afreſh for the combat. *Briant,* in the mean time, had " caſt his eye upon his brother's eſcutcheon, which he ſaw agree in all " points with his own. I need not tell you after this with what joy and " ſurpriſe the ſtory ends. King *Edward,* who knew all the particulars of it, " as a mark of his eſteem, gave to each of them, by the King of *France*'s " conſent, the following coat of arms, which I will ſend you in the origi- " nal language, not being herald enough to blazon it in *Engliſh.*

Le Roi d'Angleterre par permiſſion du Roi de France, pour perpétuelle memoire de leurs grands faits d'armes et fidelité envers leurs Rois, leur donna par Ampliation à leurs Armes en une croix d'argent Cantonée de quatre Coquilles d'or en Champ de Sable, qu'ils avoient Auparavant, une endenteleuſe faite en facons de Croix de guëulle inſerée au dedans de la ditte croix d'argent et par le milieu d'icelle qui eſt participation des deux Croix que portent les dits Rois en la Guerrre.

" I am afraid, by this time, you begin to wonder that I ſhould ſend you " for news a tale of three or four hundred years old; and I dare ſay never " thought, when you deſired me to write to you, that I ſhould trouble you " with a ſtory of King *John,* eſpecially at a time when there is a Monarch " on the *French* throne that furniſhes diſcourſe for all *Europe.* But I confeſs I " am the more fond of the relation, becauſe it brings to mind the noble ex- " ploits of our own countrymen: tho', at the ſame time, I muſt own it is " not ſo much the vanity of an *Engliſhman* which puts me upon writing it, " as that I have of taking any occaſion to ſubſcribe myſelf,

S I R, Yours, &c.

S I R, *Blois, May* 20, *N. S.*

" I Am extremely obliged to you for your laſt kind letter, which was the " only *Engliſh* that had been ſpoken to me in ſome months together, for " I am at preſent forced to think the abſence of my countrymen my good " fortune:

Votum in amante novum! vellem quod amatur abeſſet.

" This is an advantage that I could not have hoped for, had I ſtayed near " the *French* court, tho' I muſt confeſs I would not but have ſeen it, becauſe " I believe it ſhewed me ſome of the fineſt places and of the greateſt per- " ſons in the world. One cannot hear a name mentioned in it that does " not bring to mind a piece of a *Gazette,* nor ſee a man that has not " ſignaliſed himſelf in a battle. One would fancy one's ſelf to be in the

" inchanted

" inchanted palaces of romance; one meets with ſo many heroes, and finds " ſomething ſo like ſcenes of magic in the gardens, ſtatues, and water- " works. I am aſhamed that I am not able to make a quicker progreſs " through the *French* tongue, becauſe I believe it is impoſſible for a learner " of language to find in any nation ſuch advantages as in this, where every " body is ſo very courteous and ſo very talkative. They always take care " to make a noiſe as long as they are in company, and are as loud, any " hour of the morning, as our own countrymen at midnight. By what I " have ſeen, there is more mirth in the *French* converſation, and more " wit in the *Engliſh*. You abound more in jeſts, but they in laughter. " Their language is indeed extremely proper to tattle in, it is made up of " ſo much repetition and compliment. One may know a foreigner by his " anſwering only No or Yes to a queſtion, which a *Frenchman* generally " makes a ſentence of. They have a ſet of ceremonious phraſes that run " through all ranks and degrees among them. Nothing is more common " than to hear a ſhopkeeper deſiring his neighbour to have the goodneſs " to tell him what it is o'clock, or a couple of coblers that are extremely " glad of the honor of ſeeing one another.

" The face of the whole country, where I now am, is at this ſeaſon plea- " ſant beyond imagination. I cannot but fancy the birds of this place, as " well as the men, a great deal merrier than thoſe of our own nation. I " am ſure the *French* year has got the ſtart of ours more in the works of " nature than in the new ſtyle. I have paſſed one *March* in my life without " being ruffled by the winds, and one *April* without being waſhed with rains.

I am, SIR, Yours, &c.

N° 105. *Saturday, July* 11.

Quod neque in Armeniis tigres fecere latebris:
Perdere nec fœtus auſa leæna ſuos.
At teneræ faciunt, ſed non impunè, puellæ;
Sæpe, ſuos utero quæ necat, ipſa perit. Ovid.

THERE was no part of the ſhow on the Thankſgiving-day that ſo much pleaſed and affected me as the little boys and girls who were ranged with ſo much order and decency in that part of the *Strand* which reaches from the *May-pole* to *Exeter-Change*. Such a numerous and inno-

cent

cent multitude, clothed in the charity of their benefactors, was a ſpectacle pleaſing both to God and man, and a more beautiful expreſſion of joy and thankſgiving than could have been exhibited by all the pomps of a *Roman* triumph. Never did a more full and unſpotted chorus of human creatures join together in a hymn of devotion. The care and tenderneſs which appeared in the looks of their ſeveral inſtructors, who were diſpoſed among this little helpleſs people, could not forbear touching every heart that had any ſentiments of humanity.

I am very ſorry that her Majeſty did not ſee this aſſembly of objects ſo proper to excite that charity and compaſſion which ſhe bears to all who ſtand in need of it, though at the ſame time I queſtion not but her Royal bounty will extend itſelf to them. A charity beſtowed on the education of ſo many of her young ſubjects, has more merit in it than a thouſand penſions to thoſe of a higher fortune who are in greater ſtations in life.

I have always looked on this inſtitution of charity-ſchools, which, of late years, has ſo univerſally prevailed through the whole nation, as the glory of the age we live in, and the moſt proper means that can be made uſe of to recover it out of its preſent degeneracy and depravation of manners. It ſeems to promiſe us an honeſt and virtuous poſterity: there will be few in the next generation who will not at leaſt be able to write and read, and have not had an early tincture of religion. It is therefore to be hoped that the ſeveral perſons of wealth and quality, who made their proceſſion through the members of theſe new erected ſeminaries, will not regard them only as an empty ſpectacle, or the materials of a fine ſhow, but contribute to their maintenance and increaſe. For my part, I can ſcarce forbear looking on the aſtoniſhing victories our arms have been crowned with, to be in ſome meaſure the bleſſings returned upon that national charity which has been ſo conſpicuous of late, and that the great ſucceſſes of the laſt war, for which we lately offered up our thanks, were in ſome meaſure occaſioned by the ſeveral objects which then ſtood before us.

Since I am upon this ſubject, I ſhall mention a piece of charity which has not been yet exerted among us, and which deſerves our attention the more, becauſe it is practiſed by moſt of the nations about us. I mean a proviſion for foundlings, or for thoſe children who through want of ſuch a proviſion are expoſed to the barbarity of cruel and unnatural parents. One does not know how to ſpeak on ſuch a ſubject without horror: but what multitudes of infants have been made away by thoſe who brought them into the world, and were afterwards either aſhamed or unable to provide for them!

There is ſcarce an aſſizes where ſome unhappy wretch is not executed for the murder of a child. And how many more of theſe monſters of inhu-

manity

manity may we ſuppoſe to be wholly undiſcovered, or cleared for want of legal evidence? not to mention thoſe, who by unnatural practices do in ſome meaſure defeat the intentions of providence, and deſtroy their conceptions even before they ſee the light. In all theſe the guilt is equal, though the puniſhment is not ſo. But to paſs by the greatneſs of the crime, (which is not to be expreſſed by words) if we only conſider it as it robs the common-wealth of its full number of citizens, it certainly deſerves the utmoſt application and wiſdom of a people to prevent it.

It is certain, that which generally betrays theſe profligate women into it, and overcomes the tenderneſs which is natural to them on other occaſions, is the fear of ſhame, or their inability to ſupport thoſe whom they gave life to. I ſhall therefore ſhew how this evil is prevented in other countries, as I have learned from thoſe who have been converſant in the ſeveral great cities of *Europe.*

There are at *Paris, Madrid, Liſbon, Rome,* and many other large towns, great hoſpitals built like our colleges. In the walls of theſe hoſpitals are placed machines, in the ſhape of large lanterns, with a little door in the ſide of them turned towards the ſtreet, and a bell hanging by them. The child is depoſited in this lantern, which is immediately turned about into the inſide of the hoſpital. The perſon who conveys the child rings the bell, and leaves it there, upon which the proper officer comes and receives it without making further enquiries. The parent or friend, who lays the child there, generally leaves a note with it, declaring whether it be yet chriſtened, the name it ſhould be called by, the particular marks upon it, and the like.

It often happens that the parent leaves a note for the maintenance and education of the child, or takes it out after it has been ſome years in the hoſpital. Nay, it has been known that the father has afterwards owned the young foundling for his ſon, or left his eſtate to him. This is certain, that many are by this means preſerved, and do ſignal ſervices to their country, who without ſuch a proviſion might have periſhed as abortives, or have come to an untimely end, and perhaps have brought upon their guilty parents the like deſtruction.

This I think is a ſubject that deſerves our moſt ſerious conſideration, for which reaſon I hope I ſhall not be thought impertinent in laying it before my Readers.

N° 106. *Monday, July* 13.

Quod latet arcanâ non enarrabile fibrâ. Perſ.

AS I was making up my *Monday*'s proviſion for the public, I received the following letter, which being a better entertainment than any I can furniſh out myſelf, I ſhall ſet it before the Reader, and deſire him to fall on without further ceremony.

SIR,

" YOUR two kinſmen and predeceſſors of immortal memory were very " famous for their dreams and viſions, and contrary to all other au- " thors, never pleaſed their Readers more than when they were nodding. " Now it is obſerved that the *Second-ſight* generally runs in the blood; and, " Sir, we are in hopes that you yourſelf, like the reſt of your family, may " at length prove a dreamer of dreams, and a ſeer of viſions. In the mean " while I beg leave to make you a preſent of a dream, which may ſerve to " lull your Readers till ſuch time as you yourſelf ſhall think fit to gratify " the public with any of your nocturnal diſcoveries.

" You muſt underſtand, Sir, I had yeſterday been reading and rumi- " nating upon that paſſage where *Momus* is ſaid to have found fault with " the make of a man, becauſe he had not a window in his breaſt. The " moral of this ſtory is very obvious, and means no more than that the " heart of man is ſo full of wiles and artifices, treachery and deceit, that " there is no gueſſing at what he is from his ſpeeches and outward appear- " ances. I was immediately reflecting how happy each of the ſexes would " be, if there was a window in the breaſt of every one that makes or re- " ceives love. What proteſtations and perjuries would be ſaved on the one " ſide, what hypocriſy and diſſimulation on the other? I am myſelf very " far gone in this paſſion for *Aurelia,* a woman of an unſearchable heart. I " would give the world to know the ſecrets of it, and particularly whether " I am really in her good graces, or if not, who is the happy perſon.

" I fell aſleep in this agreeable revery, when on a ſudden methought " *Aurelia* lay by my ſide. I was placed by her in the poſture of *Milton*'s " *Adam,* and *with looks of cordial love hung over her enamor'd.* As I caſt my eye

" upon

" upon her boſom, it appeared to be all of cryſtal, and ſo wonderfully " tranſparent, that I ſaw every thought in her heart. The firſt images I " diſcovered in it were fans, ſilks, ribbons, laces, and many other gew- " gaws, which lay ſo thick together, that the whole heart was nothing elſe " but a toy-ſhop. Theſe all faded away and vaniſhed, when immediately " I diſcerned a long train of coaches and ſix, epuipages and liveries, that " ran through the heart one after another in a very great hurry for above " half an hour together. After this, looking very attentively, I obſerved " the whole ſpace to be filled with a hand of cards, in which I could ſee " diſtinctly three mattadors. There then followed a quick ſucceſſion of " different ſcenes. A Play-houſe, a Church, a Court, a Puppet-ſhow, roſe " up one after another, till at laſt they all of them gave place to a pair of " new ſhoes, which kept footing in the heart for a whole hour. Theſe " were driven off at laſt by a lap-dog, who was ſucceeded by a *Guinea* pig, " a ſquirrel and a monkey. I myſelf, to my no ſmall joy, brought up the " rear of theſe worthy favorites. I was raviſhed at being ſo happily poſted " and in full poſſeſſion of the heart: but as I ſaw the little figure of myſelf " ſimpering, and mightily pleaſed with its ſituation, on a ſudden the heart " methought gave a ſigh, in which, as I found afterwards, my little repre- " ſentative vaniſhed; for upon applying my eye I found my place taken " up by an ill-bred, aukward puppy, with a money-bag under each arm. " This Gentleman, however, did not keep his ſtation long before he yielded " it up to a wight as diſagreeable as himſelf, with a white ſtick in his hand. " Theſe three laſt figures repreſented to me in a lively manner the conflicts " in *Aurelia*'s heart between Love, Avarice and Ambition. For we joſtled " one another out by turns, and diſputed the poſt for a great while. But " at laſt, to my unſpeakable ſatisfaction, I ſaw myſelf entirely ſettled in " it. I was ſo tranſported with my ſucceſs, that I could not forbear hug- " ging my dear piece of cryſtal, when to my unſpeakable mortification I " awaked, and found my miſtreſs metamorphoſed into a pillow.

" This is not the firſt time I have been thus diſappointed.

" O venerable *Neſtor*, if you have any ſkill in dreams, let me know " whether I have the ſame place in the real heart, that I had in the viſion- " ary one: to tell you truly, I am perplexed to death between hope and " fear. I was very ſanguine till eleven o'clock this morning, when I over- " heard an unlucky old woman telling her neighbour that dreams always " went by contraries. I did not indeed before much like the cryſtal heart, " remembering that confounded ſimile in *Valentinian*, of a maid *as cold as cry-* " *ſtal never to be thaw'd*. Beſides, I verily believe, if I had ſlept a little " longer, that aukward whelp with his money bags would certainly have

" made his ſecond entrance. If you can tell the fair one's mind, it will " be no ſmall proof of your art, for I dare ſay it is more than ſhe herſelf " can do. Every ſentence ſhe ſpeaks is a riddle, all that I can be certain " of is, that I am her and

Your humble Servant,

Peter Puzzle.

N° 107. *Tueſday, July* 14.

———*tentanda via eſt*——— Virg.

I Have lately entertained my Reader with two or three letters from a traveller, and may poſſibly, in ſome of my future papers, oblige him with more from the ſame hand. The following one comes from a projector, which is a ſort of correſpondent as diverting as a traveller: his ſubject having the ſame grace of novelty to recommend it, and being equally adapted to the curioſity of the Reader. For my own part, I have always had a particular fondneſs for a project, and may ſay, without vanity, that I have a pretty tolerable genius that way myſelf. I could mention ſome which I have brought to maturity, others which have miſcarried, and many more which I have yet by me, and are to take their fate in the world when I ſee a proper juncture. I had a hand in the Land-bank, and was conſulted with upon the Reformation of manners. I have had ſeveral deſigns upon the *Thames* and the *New-river,* not to mention my refinements upon lotteries and inſurances, and that never-to-be-forgotten project, which if it had ſucceeded to my wiſhes, would have made gold as plentiful in this nation as tin or copper. If my countrymen have not reaped any advantages from theſe my deſigns, it was not for want of any good will towards them. They are obliged to me for my kind intentions as much as if they had taken effect. Projects are of a two-fold nature: the firſt ariſing from public-ſpirited perſons, in which number I declare myſelf: the other proceeding from a regard to our private intereſt, of which nature is that in the following letter.

S I R,

" A Man of your reading knows very well that there were a ſet of men, " in old *Rome,* called by the name of *Nomenclators,* that is in *Engliſh,* " men who would call every one by his name. When a great man ſtood for

" any

" any public office, as that of a Tribune, a Conſul, or a Cenſor, he had al-
" ways one of theſe *Nomenclators* at his elbow, who whiſpered in his ear the
" name of every one he met with, and by that means enabled him to ſalute
" every *Roman* citizen by his name when he aſked him for his vote. To
" come to my purpoſe, I have with much pains and aſſiduity qualified my-
" ſelf for a *Nomenclator* to this great city, and ſhall gladly enter upon my
" office as ſoon as I meet with ſuitable encouragement. I will let myſelf
" out by the week to any curious country gentleman or foreigner. If he
" takes me with him in a coach to the ring, I will undertake to teach him,
" in two or three evenings, the names of the moſt celebrated perſons who
" frequent that place. If he plants me by his ſide in the pit, I will call
" over to him, in the ſame manner, the whole circle of beauties that are
" diſpoſed among the boxes, and at the ſame time point out to him the
" perſons who ogle them from their reſpective ſtations. I need not tell you
" that I may be of the ſame uſe in any other public aſſembly. Nor do I
" only profeſs the teaching of names, but of things. Upon the ſight of a
" reigning beauty, I ſhall mention her admirers, and diſcover her gallan-
" tries, if they are of public notoriety. I ſhall likewiſe mark out every
" toaſt, the club in which ſhe was elected, and the number of votes that
" were on her ſide. Not a woman ſhall be unexplained that makes a fi-
" gure either as a maid, a wife, or a widow. The men too ſhall be ſet
" out in their diſtinguiſhing characters, and declared whoſe properties they
" are. Their wit, wealth, or good humor, their perſons, ſtations, and titles,
" ſhall be deſcribed at large.

" I have a wife who is a *Nomenclatreſs*, and will be ready, on any occaſi-
" on, to attend the Ladies. She is of a much more communicative nature
" than myſelf, and is acquainted with all the private hiſtory of *London* and
" *Weſtminſter*, and ten miles round. She has fifty private amours which no
" body yet knows any thing of but herſelf, and thirty clandeſtine mar-
" riages that have not been touched by the tip of a tongue. She will wait
" upon any lady at her own lodgings, and talk by the clock after the rate
" of three guineas an hour.

" *N. B.* She is a near kinſwoman of the Author of the *New Atalantis*.

" I need not recommend to a man of your ſagacity the uſefulneſs of this
" project, and do therefore beg your encouragement of it, which will lay a
" very great obligation upon

Your humble Servant.

After this letter from my whimſical correſpondent, I ſhall publiſh one of a more ſerious nature, which deſerves the utmoſt attention of the public,

and in particular of ſuch who are lovers of mankind. It is on no leſs a ſubject, than that of diſcovering the *Longitude*, and deſerves a much higher name than that of a project, if our language afforded any ſuch term. But all I can ſay on this ſubject will be ſuperfluous, when the Reader ſees the names of thoſe perſons by whom this letter is ſubſcribed, and who have done me the honor to ſend it me. I muſt only take notice, that the firſt of theſe Gentlemen is the ſame perſon who has lately obliged the world with that noble plan, entitled, *A Scheme of the Solar Syſtem, with the Orbits of the Planets and Comets belonging thereto. Deſcribed from Dr.* Halley's *accurate table of Comets, Philoſoph. Tranſact.* N° 297, *founded on Sir* Iſaac Newton's *wonderful diſcoveries, by* Wm. Whiſton, *M. A.*

To Neſtor Ironſide, *Eſq; at* Button's *Coffee-houſe near* Covent-Garden.

SIR, *London, July* 11, 1713.

" HAVING a diſcovery of conſiderable importance to communicate to " the public, and finding that you are pleaſed to concern yourſelf in " any thing that tends to the common benefit of mankind, we take the li- " berty to deſire the inſertion of this letter into your *Guardian*. We expect " no other recommendation of it from you, but the allowing it a place in " ſo uſeful a paper. Nor do we inſiſt on any protection from you, if what " we propoſe ſhould fall ſhort of what we pretend to; ſince any diſgrace, " which in that caſe muſt be expected, ought to lie wholly at our own doors, " and to be entirely borne by ourſelves, which we hope we have provided " for by putting our own names to this paper.

" It is well known, Sir, to yourſelf, and to the learned, and trading, and " ſailing world, that the great defect of the art of Navigation is, that a ſhip " at ſea has no certain method, in either her eaſtern or weſtern voyages, or " even in her leſs diſtant ſailing from the coaſts, to know her Longitude, or " how much ſhe is gone eaſtward or weſtward; as it can eaſily be known " in any clear day or night, how much ſhe is gone northward or ſouth- " ward: the ſeveral methods by lunar Eclipſes, by thoſe of *Jupiter*'s Satel- " lites, by the appulſes of the moon to fixed ſtars, and by the even motions " of pendulum clocks and watches, upon how ſolid foundations ſoever they " are built, ſtill failing in long voyages at ſea when they come to be prac- " tiſed; and leaving the poor ſailors to the great inaccuracy of a log line, " or dead reckoning. This defect is ſo great, and ſo many ſhips have been " loſt by it, and this has been ſo long and ſo ſenſibly known by trading na- " tions, that great rewards are ſaid to be publicly offered for its ſupply. " We are well ſatisfied, that the diſcovery we have to make as to this mat-

ter,

" ter, is eaſily intelligible by all, and readily to be practiſed at ſea as well " as at land; that the Latitude will thereby be likewiſe found at the ſame " time; and that with proper charges it may be made as univerſal as the world " ſhall pleaſe; nay, that the Longitude and Latitude may be generally hereby " determined to a greater degree of exactneſs than the Latitude itſelf is now " uſually found at ſea. So that on all accounts we hope it will appear ve- " ry worthy the public conſideration. We are ready to diſcloſe it to the " world, if we may be aſſured that no other perſons ſhall be allowed to de- " prive us of thoſe rewards which the public ſhall think fit to beſtow for " ſuch a diſcovery; but do not deſire actually to receive any benefit of that " nature, until Sir *Iſaac Newton* himſelf, with ſuch other proper perſons as " ſhall be choſen to aſſiſt him, have given their opinion in favor of this diſ- " covery. If Mr. *Ironſide* pleaſes ſo far to oblige the public as to commu- " nicate this propoſal to the world, he will alſo lay a great obligation on

His very humble Servants,

Will. Whiſton,
Humphry Ditton.

N° 108. *Wedneſday, July* 15.

Abietibus juvenes patriis et montibus æqui. Virg.

I Do not care for burning my fingers in a quarrel, but ſince I have communicated to the world a plan, which has given offence to ſome Gentlemen whom it would not be very ſafe to diſoblige, I muſt inſert the following remonſtrance; and at the ſame time promiſe thoſe of my correſpondents who have drawn this upon themſelves, to exhibit to the public any ſuch anſwer as they ſhall think proper to make to it.

Mr. GUARDIAN,

" I Was very much troubled to ſee the two letters which you lately pub- " liſhed concerning the Short Club. You cannot imagine what airs all " the little pragmatical fellows about us have given themſelves ſince the " reading of thoſe papers. Every one cocks and ſtruts upon it, and pre- " tends to over-look us who are two foot higher than themſelves. I met " with one the other day who was at leaſt three inches above five foot,

" which

" which you know is the ſtatutable meaſure of that Club. This over-grown " runt has ſtruck off his heels, lowered his foretop, and contracted his fi- " gure, that he might be looked upon as a member of this new erected ſo- " ciety; nay ſo far did his vanity carry him, that he talked familiarly of " *Tom Tiptoe,* and pretends to be an intimate acquaintance of *Tim Tuck.* " For my part, I ſcorn to ſpeak any thing to the diminution of theſe little " creatures, and ſhould not have minded them had they been ſtill ſhuffled " among the croud. Shrubs and underwoods look well enough while they " grow within the ſhade of oaks and cedars, but when theſe pigmies pre- " tend to draw themſelves out from the reſt of the world, and form them- " ſelves into a body; it is time for us, who are men of figure, to look " about us. If the Ladies ſhould once take a liking to ſuch a diminutive " race of lovers, we ſhould in a little time ſee mankind epitomiſed, and " the whole ſpecies in miniature; daiſy roots would grow a faſhion- " able diet. In order therefore to keep our poſterity from dwindling, and " fetch down the pride of this aſpiring race of upſtarts; we have here in- " ſtituted a Tall Club.

" As the ſhort club conſiſts of thoſe who are under five foot, ours is to " be compoſed of ſuch as are above ſix. Theſe we look upon as the two " extremes and antagoniſts of the ſpecies; conſidering all thoſe as neuters " who fill up the middle ſpace. When a man riſes above ſix foot he is an " *Hypermeter,* and may be admitted into the tall club.

" We have already choſen thirty members, the moſt ſightly of all her Ma- " jeſty's ſubjects. We elected a Preſident, as many of the ancients did their " Kings, by reaſon of his height, having only confirmed him in that ſtation " above us which nature had given him. He is a *Scotch Highlander,* and " within an inch of a ſhow. As for my own part I am but a ſeſquipedal, " having only ſix foot and a half of ſtature. Being the ſhorteſt member of " the club, I am appointed Secretary. If you ſaw us all together you " would take us for the ſons of *Anak.* Our meetings are held like the old " *Gothic* Paliaments, *ſub dio,* in open air; but we ſhall make an intereſt, if we " can, that we may hold our aſſemblies in *Weſtminſter-hall* when it is not " term-time. I muſt add, to the honor of our club, that it is one of our ſo- " ciety who is now finding out the longitude. The device of our public " ſeal is a Crane graſping a Pigmy in his right foot.

" I know the ſhort club value themſelves very much upon Mr. *Diſtich,* " who may poſſibly play ſome of his *Pantameters* upon us, but if he does " he ſhall certainly be anſwered in *Alexandrines.* For we have a poet among " us of a genius as exalted as his ſtature, and who is very well read in *Longi-* " *nus* his treatiſe concerning the ſublime. Beſides, I would have Mr.

" *Diſtich*

" *Diſtich* conſider, that if *Horace* was a ſhort man, *Muſæus,* who makes ſuch " a noble figure in *Virgil*'s ſixth *AEneid,* was taller by the head and ſhoulders " than all the people of *Elyſium.* I ſhall therefore confront his *lepidiſſimum* " *homuncionem* (a ſhort quotation and fit for a member of their club) with " one that is much longer, and therefore more ſuitable to a member of ours.

Quos circumfuſos ſic eſt affata Sibylla,
Muſæum ante omnes: medium nam plurima turba
Hunc habet, atque humeris extantem ſuſpicit altis.

" If, after all, this ſociety of little men proceed as they have begun, to " magnify themſelves and leſſen men of higher ſtature, we have reſolved " to make a detachment, ſome evening or other, that ſhall bring away their " whole club in a pair of paniers, and impriſon them in a cupboard " which we have ſet apart for that uſe, till they have made a public recan- " tation. As for the little bully, *Tim Tuck,* if he pretends to be choleric, " we ſhall treat him like his friend little *Dicky,* and hang him upon a peg " till he comes to himſelf. I have told you our deſign, and let their little " *Machiavel* prevent it if he can.

" This is, Sir, the long and the ſhort of the matter. I am ſenſible I ſhall " ſtir up a neſt of waſps by it, but let them do their worſt. I think that " we ſerve our country by diſcouraging this little breed, and hindering it " from coming into faſhion. If the fair ſex look upon us with an eye of favor, " we ſhall make ſome attempts to lengthen out the human figure, and re- " ſtore it to its antient procerity. In the mean time we hope old age has " not inclined you in favor of our Antagoniſts, for I do aſſure you, Sir, " we are all your high admirers, tho' none more than,

SIR, Yours, &c.

Thurſday,

N° 109. *Thurſday, July* 16.

Pugnabat tunicâ ſed tamen illa tegi. Ovid.

I Have received many letters from perſons of all conditions in reference to my late diſcourſe concerning the *Tucker*. Some of them are filled with reproaches and invectives. A lady who ſubſcribes herſelf *Teraminta,* bids me in a very pert manner mind my own affairs, and not pretend to meddle with their linen; for that they do not dreſs for an old fellow, who cannot ſee them without a pair of ſpectacles. Another who calls herſelf *Bubnelia,* vents her paſſion in ſcurrilous terms; an old ninny-hammer, a dotard, a nincompoop, is the beſt language ſhe can afford me. *Florella* indeed expoſtulates with me upon the ſubject, and only complains that ſhe is forced to return a pair of ſtays which were made in the extremity of the faſhion, that ſhe might not be thought to encourage peeping.

But if on the one ſide I have been uſed ill, (the common fate of all reformers) I have on the other ſide received great applauſes and acknowledgments for what I have done, in having put a ſeaſonable ſtop to this unaccountable humor of ſtripping, that was got among our *Britiſh* Ladies. As I would much rather the world ſhould know what is ſaid to my praiſe, than to my diſadvantage, I ſhall ſuppreſs what has been written to me by thoſe who have reviled me on this occaſion, and only publiſh thoſe letters which approve my proceedings.

S I R,

" I Am to give you thanks in the name of half a dozen ſuperannuated " beauties, for your paper of the 6th inſtant. We all of us paſs for " women of fifty, and a man of your ſenſe knows how many additional " years are always to be thrown into female computations of this nature. " We are very ſenſible that ſeveral young flirts about town had a deſign to " caſt us out of the faſhionable world, and to leave us in the lurch by ſome " of their late refinements. Two or three of them have been heard to ſay, " that they would kill every old woman about town. In order to it, they " began to throw off their clothes as faſt as they could, and have played all " thoſe pranks which you have ſo ſeaſonably taken notice of. We were " forced to uncover after them, being unwilling to give out ſo ſoon, and " be

" be regarded as veterans in the *beau monde.* Some of us have already caught " our deaths by it. For my own part I have not been without a cold ever " ſince this fooliſh faſhion came up. I have followed it thus far with the " hazard of my life, and how much further I muſt go no body knows, if " your paper does not bring us relief. You may aſſure yourſelf that all the " antiquated necks about town are very much obliged to you. Whatever " fires and flames are concealed in our boſoms (in which perhaps we vie " with the youngeſt of the ſex) they are not ſufficient to preſerve us againſt " the wind and weather. In taking ſo many old women under your care, " you have been a real *Guardian* to us, and ſaved the life of many of your " contemporaries. In ſhort, we all of us beg leave to ſubſcribe ourſelves,

Moſt venerable Neſtor,

Your moſt humble Servants and Siſters.

I am very well pleaſed with this approbation of my good ſiſters. I muſt confeſs I have always looked on the Tucker to be the *Decus et Tutamen,* the ornament and defence of the female neck. My good old Lady, the Lady *Lizard,* condemned this faſhion from the beginning, and has obſerved to me, with ſome concern, that her ſex at the ſame time they are letting down their ſtays, are tucking up their petticoats, which grow ſhorter and ſhorter every day. The leg diſcovers itſelf in proportion with the neck. But I may poſſibly take another occaſion of handling this extremity, it being my deſign to keep a watchful eye over every part of the female ſex, and to regulate them from head to foot. In the mean time I ſhall fill up my paper with a letter which comes to me from another of my obliged Correſpondents.

Dear GUARDEE,

" THIS comes to you from one of thoſe *Untuckered* Ladies whom you " were ſo ſharp upon on *Monday* was ſe'nnight. I think myſelf migh- " tily beholden to you for the reprehenſion you then gave us. You muſt " know I am a famous Olive beauty. But though this complexion makes " a very good face when there are a couple of black ſparkling eyes ſet in " it, it makes but a very indifferent neck. Your fair women therefore " thought of this faſhion to inſult the Olives and the Brunetts. They know " very well that a neck of Ivory does not make ſo fine a ſhow as one of " Alabaſter. It is for this reaſon, Mr. *Ironſide,* that they are ſo liberal in " their diſcoveries. We know very well, that a woman of the whiteſt neck " in the world, is to you no more than a woman of ſnow; but *Ovid,* in Mr.

" *Duke*'s tranſlation of him, ſeems to look upon it with another eye when " he talks of *Corinna*, and mentions

——— Her heaving breaſt,
Courting the hand, and ſuing to be preſt.

" Women of my complexion ought to be more modeſt, eſpecially ſince " our faces debar us from all artificial whitenings. Could you examine " many of theſe Ladies who preſent you with ſuch beautiful ſnowy cheſts, " you would find that they are not all of a piece. Good Father *Neſtor*, do " not let us alone till you have ſhortened our necks, and reduced them to " their ancient ſtandard.

I am your moſt obliged humble ſervant,

Olivia.

I ſhall have a juſt regard to *Olivia*'s remonſtrance, though at the ſame time I cannot but obſerve that her modeſty ſeems to be entirely the reſult of her complexion.

N° 110. *Friday, July* 17.

——Non ego paucis
Offendor maculis, quas aut incuria fudit
Aut humana parum cavit natura —— Hor.

THE candor which *Horace* ſhews in the motto of my paper, is that which diſtinguiſhes a Critic from a Caviller. He declares that he is not offended with thoſe little faults in a poetical compoſition, which may be imputed to inadvertency, or to the imperfection of human nature. The truth of it is, there can be no more a perfect work in the world than a perfect man. To ſay of a celebrated piece that there are faults in it, is in effect to ſay no more, than that the author of it was a man. For this reaſon I conſider every critic that attacks an author in high reputation as the ſlave in the *Roman* triumph, who was to call out to the conqueror, *Remember, Sir, that you are a man.* I ſpeak this in relation to the following letter, which criticiſes the works of a great Poet, whoſe very faults have more beauty in them than the moſt elaborate compoſitions of many more correct

correct writers. The remarks are very curious and juſt, and introduced by a compliment to the work of an author, who I am ſure would not care for being praiſed at the expence of another's reputation. I muſt therefore deſire my correſpondent to excuſe me, if I do not publiſh either the preface or concluſion of his letter, but only the critical part of it.

SIR,

* * * \

O that I had the fruitful heads of Hydra,
That one might bourgeon where another fell!
Still wou'd I give thee work, ſtill, ſtill, thou tyrant,
And hiſs thee with the laſt——

" She afterwards, in alluſion to *Hercules*, bids him *lay down the Lion's ſkin,* " *and take the diſtaff;* and in the following ſpeech utters her paſſion ſtill more " learnedly.

No, were we join'd, ev'n tho' it were in death,
Our bodies burning in one funeral pile,
The prodigy of Thebes *would be renew'd,*
And my divided flame ſhould break from thine.

" The Emperor of *Barbary* ſhews himſelf acquainted with the *Roman* poets " as well as either of his priſoners, and anſwers the foregoing ſpeech in " the ſame claſſic ſtrain.

Serpent, I will engender poiſon with thee.
Our offspring, like the ſeed of dragons teeth,
Shall iſſue arm'd, and fight themſelves to death.

" *Ovid* ſeems to have been *Muley Molock*'s favorite author, witneſs the lines " that follow.

She's ſtill inexorable, ſtill imperious
And loud, as if like Bacchus *born in thunder.*

" I ſhall conclude my remarks on his part, with that poetical complaint " of his being in love, and leave my Reader to conſider how prettily it " would ſound in the mouth of an Emperor of *Morocco*.

The God of love once more has ſhot his fires
Into my ſoul, and my whole heart receives him.

" *Muley Zeydan* is as ingenious a man as his brother *Muley Molock;* as " where he hints at the ſtory of *Caſtor* and *Pollux*.

——*May we ne'er meet!*
For like the twins of Leda, *when I mount*
He gallops down the ſkies——

" As for the *Mufti,* we will ſuppoſe that he was bred up a ſcholar, and not " only verſed in the law of *Mahomet,* but acquainted with all kinds of polite " learning. For this reaſon he is not at all ſurpriſed when *Dorax* calls him " a *Phaeton* in one place, and in another tells him he is like *Archimedes*.

" The

" The *Muſti* afterwards mentions *Ximenes*, *Albornoz*, and Cardinal *Wolſey*, " by name. The poet ſeems to think he may make every perſon, in his " play, know as much as himſelf, and talk as well as he could have done " on the ſame occaſion. At leaſt I believe every Reader will agree with " me, that the above-mentioned ſentiments, to which I might have added " ſeveral others, would have been better ſuited to the Court of *Auguſtus*, than " that of *Muley Molock*. I grant they are beautiful in themſelves, and much " more ſo in that noble language which was peculiar to this great poet. " I only obſerve that they are improper for the perſons who make uſe of " them. *Dryden* is indeed generally wrong in his ſentiments. Let any one " read the dialogue between *Octavia* and *Cleopatra*, and he will be amazed " to hear a *Roman* Lady's mouth filled with ſuch obſcene rallery. If the " virtuous *Octavia* departs from her character, the looſe *Dolabella* is no leſs " inconſiſtent with himſelf, when, all of a ſudden, he drops the *Pagan*, and " talks in the ſentiments of revealed religion.

——— Heav'n has but
Our ſorrow for our ſins, and then delights
To pardon erring man: ſweet mercy ſeems
Its darling attribute, which limits juſtice;
As if there were degrees in infinite;
And infinite wou'd rather want perfection
Than puniſh to extent———

" I might ſhew ſeveral faults of the ſame nature in the celebrated " *Aurenge-Zebe*. The impropriety of thoughts in the ſpeeches of the great " *Mogul* and his Empreſs has been generally cenſured. Take the ſenti- " ments out of the ſhining dreſs of words, and they would be too coarſe for " a ſcene in *Billingſgate*.

* *
* *

I am, &c.

Saturday,

N° III. *Saturday, July* 18.

Hic aliquis de gente hircoſâ centurionum
Dicat: quod ſatis eſt ſapio mihi; non ego curo
Eſſe quod Arceſilas, ærumnoſique Solones. Perſ.

I Am very much concerned when I ſee young Gentlemen of fortune and quality ſo wholly ſet upon pleaſures and diverſions, that they neglect all thoſe improvements in wiſdom and knowledge which may make them eaſy to themſelves and uſeful to the world. The greateſt part of our *Britiſh* youth loſe their figure and grow out of faſhion by that time they are five and twenty. As ſoon as the natural gaiety and amiableneſs of the young man wears off, they have nothing left to recommend them, but *lie by* the reſt of their lives among the lumber and refuſe of the ſpecies. It ſometimes happens indeed, that for want of applying themſelves in due time to the purſuits of knowledge, that they take up a book in their declining years, and grow very hopeful ſcholars by that time they are threeſcore. I muſt therefore earneſtly preſs my Readers, who are in the flower of their youth, to labor at thoſe accompliſhments which may ſet off their perſons when their bloom is gone, and to *lay in* timely proviſions for manhood and old age. In ſhort, I would adviſe the youth of fifteen to be dreſſing up every day the man of fifty, or to conſider how to make himſelf venerable at threeſcore.

Young men, who are naturally ambitious, would do well to obſerve how the greateſt men of antiquity made it their ambition to excel all their contemporaries in knowledge. *Julius Cæſar* and *Alexander*, the moſt celebrated inſtances of human greatneſs, took a particular care to diſtinguiſh themſelves by their ſkill in the arts and ſciences. We have ſtill extant ſeveral remains of the former, which juſtify the character given of him by the learned men of his own age. As for the latter, it is a known ſaying of his, that he was more obliged to *Ariſtotle* who had inſtructed him, than to *Philip* who had given him life and empire. There is a letter of his recorded by *Plutarch* and *Aulus Gellius*, which he wrote to *Ariſtotle* upon hearing that he had publiſhed thoſe lectures he had given him in private. This letter was written in the following words at a time when he was in the height of his *Perſian* conqueſts.

Alexander

Alexander *to* Ariſtotle *Greeting.*

" YOU have not done well to publiſh your books of Select Knowledge;
" for what is there now in which I can ſurpaſs others, if thoſe things
" which I have been inſtructed in are communicated to every body? For
" my own part I declare to you, I would rather excel others in knowledge
" than in power. *Farewel.*

We ſee by this letter, that the love of conqueſt was but the ſecond ambition in *Alexander*'s ſoul. Knowledge is indeed that which, next to virtue, truly and eſſentially raiſes one man above another. It finiſhes one half of the human ſoul. It makes being pleaſant to us, fills the mind with entertaining views, and adminiſters to it a perpetual ſeries of gratifications. It gives eaſe to ſolitude, and gracefulneſs to retirement. It fills a public ſtation with ſuitable abilities, and adds a luſtre to thoſe who are in the poſſeſſion of them.

Learning, by which I mean all uſeful knowledge whether ſpeculative or practical, is in popular and mixed governments the natural ſource of wealth and honor. If we look into moſt of the reigns from the conqueſt, we ſhall find that the favorites of each reign have been thoſe who have raiſed themſelves. The greateſt men are generally the growth of that particular age in which they flouriſh. A ſuperior capacity for buſineſs, and a more extenſive knowledge, are the ſteps by which a new man often mounts to favor, and outſhines the reſt of his contemporaries. But when men are actually born to titles, it is almoſt impoſſible that they ſhould fail of receiving an additional greatneſs, if they take care to accompliſh themſelves for it.

The ſtory of *Solomon*'s choice does not only inſtruct us in that point of hiſtory, but furniſhes out a very fine moral to us, namely, That he who applies his heart to wiſdom, does at the ſame time take the moſt proper method for gaining long life, riches and reputation, which are very often not only the rewards, but the effects of wiſdom.

As it is very ſuitable to my preſent ſubject, I ſhall firſt of all quote this paſſage in the words of ſacred writ; and afterwards mention an allegory, in which this whole paſſage is repreſented by a famous *French* poet: not queſtioning but it will be very pleaſing to ſuch of my Readers as have a taſte of fine writing.

In Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night: and God ſaid, Aſk what I ſhall give thee. And Solomon ſaid, Thou haſt ſhewed unto thy ſervant David, my father, great mercy, according as he walked before thee in truth and in righteouſneſs,

ouſneſs, and in uprightneſs of heart with thee, and thou haſt kept for him this great kindneſs, that thou haſt given him a ſon to ſit on his throne as it is this day. And now, O Lord my God, thou haſt made thy ſervant King inſtead of David my father: and I am but a little child: I know not how to go out or come in. Give therefore thy ſervant an underſtanding heart to judge thy people, that I may diſcern between good and bad: for who is able to judge this thy ſo great a people? And the ſpeech pleaſed the Lord, that Solomon had aſked this thing. And God ſaid unto him, Becauſe thou haſt aſked this thing, and haſt not aſked for thyſelf long life, neither haſt aſked riches for thyſelf, nor haſt aſked the life of thine enemies, but haſt aſked for thyſelf underſtanding to diſcern judgment; behold I have done according to thy words: lo I have given thee a wiſe and underſtanding heart, ſo that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee ſhall any ariſe like unto thee. And I have alſo given thee that which thou haſt not aſked, both riches and honor, ſo that there ſhall not be any among the Kings like unto thee all thy days. And if thou wilt walk in my ways, to keep my ſtatutes and my commandments, as thy father David did walk, then I will lengthen thy days. And Solomon awoke, and behold it was a dream——

The *French* poet has ſhadowed this ſtory in an allegory, of which he ſeems to have taken the hint from the fable of the three Goddeſſes appearing to *Paris*, or rather from the viſion of *Hercules*, recorded by *Xenophon*, where *Pleaſure* and *Virtue* are repreſented as real perſons making their court to the Hero with all their ſeveral charms and allurements. Health, Wealth, Victory and Honor, are introduced ſucceſſively in their proper emblems and characters, each of them ſpreading her temptations, and recommending herſelf to the young Monarch's choice. Wiſdom enters the laſt, and ſo captivates him with her appearance, that he gives himſelf up to her. Upon which ſhe informs him, that thoſe who appeared before her were nothing elſe but her equipage, and that ſince he had placed his heart upon Wiſdom, Health, Wealth, Victory and Honor, ſhould always wait on her as her handmaids.

Monday,

N° 112. *Monday, July* 20.

——————— *udam*
Spernit humum fugiente pennâ. Hor.

THE Philoſophers of King *Charles*'s reign were buſy in finding out the art of flying. The famous Biſhop *Wilkins* was ſo confident of ſucceſs in it, that he ſays he does not queſtion but in the next age it will be as uſual to hear a man call for his wings when he is going a journey, as it is now to call for his boots. The humor ſo prevailed among the virtuoſos of this reign, that they were actually making parties to go up to the moon together, and were more put to it in their thoughts how to meet with accommodations by the way, than how to get thither. Every one knows the ſtory of the great lady, who at the ſame time was building caſtles in the air for their reception. I always leave ſuch trite quotations to my reader's private recollection. For which reaſon alſo I ſhall forbear extracting out of authors ſeveral inſtances of particular perſons who have arrived at ſome perfection in this art, and exhibited ſpecimens of it before multitudes of beholders. Inſtead of this I ſhall preſent my reader with the following letter from an artiſt, who is now taken up with this invention, and conceals his true name under that of *Dædalus*.

Mr. IRONSIDE,

"KNOWING that you are a great encourager of ingenuity, I think "fit to acquaint you, that I have made a conſiderable progreſs in the "art of flying. I flutter about my room two or three hours in a morning, "and when my wings are on, can go above an hundred yards at a hop, "ſtep and jump. I can fly already as well as a Turkey-cock, and improve "every day. If I proceed as I have begun, I intend to give the world a "proof of my proficiency in this art. Upon the next public thankſgiving-day, "it is my deſign to ſit aſtride the dragon upon *Bow* ſteeple, from whence after "the firſt diſcharge of the *Tower* guns I intend to mount into the air, fly over "*Fleet-ſtreet*, and pitch upon the *May-pole* in the *Strand*. From thence, by a "gradual deſcent, I ſhall make the beſt of my way for St. *James*'s park, and "light upon the ground near *Roſamond*'s pond. This, I doubt not, will

" convince the world, that I am no pretender; but before I ſet out, I ſhall " deſire to have a patent for making of wings, and that none ſhall preſume " to fly, under pain of death, with wings of any other man's making. I " intend to work for the court myſelf, and will have journeymen under me " to furniſh the reſt of the nation. I likewiſe deſire, that I may have the " ſole teaching of perſons of quality, in which I ſhall ſpare neither time " nor pains till I have made them as expert as myſelf. I will fly with the " women upon my back for the firſt fortnight. I ſhall appear at the next " Maſquerade dreſſed up in my feathers and plumage like an *Indian* Prince, " that the quality may ſee how pretty they will look in their travelling " habits. You know, Sir, there is an unaccountable prejudice to pro- " jectors of all kinds, for which reaſon when I talk of practiſing to fly, " ſilly people think me an owl for my pains; but, Sir, you know better " things. I need not enumerate to you the benefits which will accrue to " the public from this invention, as how the roads of *England* will be ſaved " when we travel through theſe new *Highways*, and how all family-accounts " will be leſſened in the article of coaches and horſes. I need not men- " tion poſts and packet-boats, with many other conveniences of life, which " will be ſupplied this way. In ſhort, Sir, when mankind are in poſſeſſion " of this art, they will be able to do more buſineſs in threeſcore and ten " years than they could do in a thouſand by the methods now in uſe. I " therefore recommend myſelf and art to your patronage, and am

Your moſt humble Servant.

I have fully conſidered the project of theſe our modern *Dædaliſts*, and am reſolved ſo far to diſcourage it, as to prevent any perſon from flying in my time. It would fill the world with innumerable immoralities, and give ſuch occaſions for intrigues as people cannot meet with who have nothing but legs to carry them. You ſhould have a couple of lovers make a midnight aſſignation upon the top of the monument, and ſee the cupola of St. *Paul*'s covered with both ſexes like the outſide of a pigeon-houſe. Nothing would be more frequent than to ſee a beau flying in at a garret window, or a gallant giving chace to his miſtreſs, like a hawk after a lark. There would be no walking in a ſhady wood without ſpringing a covey of toaſts. The poor huſband could not dream what was doing over his head: if he were jealous indeed, he might clip his wife's wings, but what would this avail when there were flocks of whore-maſters perpetually hovering over his houſe? what concern would the father of a family be in all the time his daughter was upon the wing? every heireſs muſt have an old woman flying

flying at her heels. In ſhort, the whole air would be full of this kind of *Gibier*, as the *French* call it. I do allow, with my correſpondent, that there would be much more buſineſs done than there is at preſent. However, ſhould he apply for ſuch a patent as he ſpeaks of, I queſtion not but there would be more petitions out of the city againſt it, than ever yet appeared againſt any other monopoly whatſoever. Every tradeſman that cannot keep his wife a coach could keep her a pair of wings, and there is no doubt but ſhe would be every morning and evening taking the air with them.

I have here only conſidered the ill conſequences of this invention in the influences it would have on love affairs: I have many more objections to make on other accounts; but theſe I ſhall defer publiſhing till I ſee my friend aſtride the dragon.

N° 113. *Tueſday, July* 21.

——Amphora cœpit
Inſtitui, currente rotâ, cur urceus exit? Hor.

I Laſt night received a letter from an honeſt citizen, who it ſeems is in his honey-moon. It is written by a plain man on a plain ſubject, but has an air of good ſenſe and natural honeſty in it, which may perhaps pleaſe the public as much as myſelf. I ſhall not therefore ſcruple the giving it a place in my paper, which is deſigned for common uſe, and for the benefit of the poor as well as rich.

Good Mr. IRONSIDE, *Cheapſide, July* 18.

" I Have lately married a very pretty body, who being ſomething younger " and richer than myſelf, I was adviſed to go a wooing to her in a finer " ſuit of clothes than I ever wore in my life; for I love to dreſs plain, and " ſuitable to a man of my rank. However, I gained her heart by it. Upon " the wedding-day I put myſelf, according to cuſtom, in another ſuit fire- " new, with ſilver buttons to it. I am ſo out of countenance among my " neighbours upon being ſo fine, that I heartily wiſh my clothes well worn " out. I fancy every body obſerves me as I walk the ſtreet, and long to be " in my old plain geer again. Beſides, forſooth, they have put me in a ſilk " night-gown and a gaudy fool's cap, and make me now and then ſtand in " the window with it. I am aſhamed to be dandled thus, and cannot look

" in the glaſs without bluſhing to ſee myſelf turned into ſuch a pretty little " maſter. They tell me I muſt appear in my wedding-ſuit for the firſt month " at leaſt; after which I am reſolved to come again to my every day's " clothes, for at preſent every day is *Sunday* with me. Now in my mind, " Mr. *Ironſide,* this is the wrongeſt way of proceeding in the world. When " a man's perſon is new and unaccuſtomed to a young body, he does not " want any thing elſe to ſet him off. The novelty of the lover has more " charms than a wedding-ſuit. I ſhould think therefore, that a man ſhould " keep his finery for the latter ſeaſons of marriage, and not begin to dreſs " till the honey-moon is over. I have obſerved at a Lord-mayor's feaſt, that " the ſweet-meats do not make their appearance until people are cloyed " with beef and mutton, and begin to loſe their ſtomachs. But inſtead of " this we ſerve up delicacies to our gueſts, when their appetites are keen, " and coarſe diet when their bellies are full. As bad as I hate my ſilver- " buttoned coat and ſilk night-gown, I am afraid of leaving them off, not " knowing whether my wife won't repent of her marriage when ſhe ſees " what a plain man ſhe has to her huſband. Pray, Mr. *Ironſide,* write ſome- " thing to prepare her for it, and let me know whether you think ſhe can " ever love me in a hair button. *I am,* &c.

P. S. " I forgot to tell you of my white gloves, which, they ſay too, I " muſt wear all the firſt month.

My correſpondent's obſervations are very juſt, and may be uſeful in low life; but to turn them to the advantage of people in higher ſtations, I ſhall raiſe the moral, and obſerve ſomething parallel to the wooing and wedding ſuit, in the behaviour of perſons of figure. After long experience in the world, and reflections upon mankind, I find one particular occaſion of unhappy marriages, which, though very common, is not very much attended to. What I mean is this. Every man in the time of courtſhip, and in the firſt entrance of marriage, puts on a behaviour like my correſpondent's holiday ſuit, which is to laſt no longer than till he is ſettled in the poſſeſſion of his miſtreſs. He reſigns his inclinations and underſtanding to her humor and opinion. He neither loves, nor hates, nor talks, nor thinks in contradiction to her. He is controled by a nod, mortified by a frown, and tranſported by a ſmile. The poor young lady falls in love with this ſupple creature, and expects of him the ſame behaviour for life. In a little time ſhe finds that he has a will of his own, that he pretends to diſlike what ſhe approves, and that inſtead of treating her like a Goddeſs, he uſes her like a woman. What ſtill makes this misfortune worſe, we find the moſt abject flatterers degenerate into the greateſt tyrants. This naturally fills

fills the ſpouſe with ſullenneſs and diſcontent, ſpleen and vapor, which, with a little diſcreet management, make a very comfortable marriage. I very much approve of my friend *Tom Truelove* in this particular. *Tom* made love to a woman of ſenſe, and always treated her as ſuch during the whole time of courtſhip. His natural temper and good breeding hindered him from doing any thing diſagreeable, as his ſincerity and frankneſs of behaviour made him converſe with her, before marriage, in the ſame manner he intended to continue to do afterwards. *Tom* would often tell her, Madam, you ſee what a ſort of man I am. If you will take me with all my faults about me, I promiſe to mend rather than grow worſe. I remember *Tom* was once hinting his diſlike of ſome little trifle his miſtreſs had ſaid or done. Upon which ſhe aſked him, how he would talk to her after marriage, if he talked at this rate before? No, Madam, ſays *Tom,* I mention this now becauſe you are at your own diſpoſal, were you at mine I ſhould be too generous to do it. In ſhort, *Tom* ſucceeded, and has ever ſince been better than his word. The lady has been diſappointed on the right ſide, and has found nothing more diſagreeable in the huſband than ſhe diſcovered in the lover.

N° 114. *Wedneſday, July* 22.

Alveos accipite, et ceris opus infundite.
Fuci recuſant, apibus conditio placet. Phædr.

I Think myſelf obliged to acquaint the public, that the lion's head, of which I advertiſed them about a fortnight ago, is now erected at *Button*'s coffee-houſe in *Ruſſel-ſtreet, Covent-Garden*, where it opens its mouth at all hours for the reception of ſuch intelligence as ſhall be thrown into it. It is reckoned an excellent piece of workmanſhip, and was deſigned by a great hand in imitation of the antique *Egyptian* lion, the face of it being compounded out of that of a lion and a wizard. The features are ſtrong and well furrowed. The whiſkers are admired by all that have ſeen them. It is planted on the weſtern ſide of the coffee-houſe, holding its paws under the chin upon a box, which contains every thing that he ſwallows. He is indeed a proper emblem of *Knowledge* and *Action,* being all head and paws.

I need not acquaint my readers, that my lion, like a moth or bookworm, feeds upon nothing but paper, and ſhall only beg of them to diet him with whole-

wholeſome and ſubſtantial food. I muſt therefore deſire that they will not gorge him either with nonſenſe or obſcenity; and muſt likewiſe inſiſt, that his mouth be not defiled with ſcandal, for I would not make uſe of him to revile the human ſpecies, and ſatiriſe thoſe who are his betters. I ſhall not ſuffer him to worry any man's reputation, nor indeed fall on any perſon whatſoever, ſuch only excepted as diſgrace the name of this generous animal, and under the title of lions contrive the ruin of their fellow-ſubjects. I muſt deſire likewiſe, that intriguers will not make a pimp of my lion, and by his means convey their thoughts to another. Thoſe who are read in the hiſtory of the Popes obſerve, that the *Leos* have been the beſt, and the *Innocents* the worſt of that ſpecies, and I hope that I ſhall not be thought to derogate from my lion's character, by repreſenting him as ſuch a peaceable good-natured well-deſigning beaſt.

I intend to publiſh once every week the *Roarings of the Lion,* and hope to make him roar ſo loud as to be heard over all the *Britiſh* nation.

If my correſpondents will do their parts in prompting him, and ſupplying him with ſuitable proviſion, I queſtion not but the lion's head will be reckoned the beſt head in *England.*

There is a notion generally received in the world, that a lion is a dangerous creature to all women who are not virgins, which may have given occaſion to a fooliſh report, that my lion's jaws are ſo contrived, as to ſnap the hands of any of the female ſex, who are not thus qualified to approach it with ſafety. I ſhall not ſpend much time in expoſing the falſity of this report, which I believe will not weigh any thing with women of ſenſe: I ſhall only ſay, that there is not one of the ſex in all the neighbourhood of *Covent-Garden,* who may not put her hand in his mouth with the ſame ſecurity as if ſhe were a Veſtal. However, that the ladies may not be deterred from correſponding with me by this method, I muſt acquaint them, that the Coffee-man has a little daughter of about four years old, who has been virtuouſly educated, and will lend her hand, upon this occaſion, to any lady that ſhall deſire it of her.

In the mean time I muſt further acquaint my fair readers, that I have thoughts of making a further proviſion for them at my ingenious friend Mr. *Motteux*'s, or at *Corticelli*'s, or ſome other place frequented by the wits and beauties of the ſex. As I have here a lion's head for the men, I ſhall there erect an unicorn's head for the ladies, and will ſo contrive it that they may put in their intelligence at the top of the horn, which ſhall convey it into a little receptacle at the bottom prepared for that purpoſe. Out of theſe two magazines I ſhall ſupply the town from time to time with what may tend to their edification, and at the ſame time carry on an epiſtolary

correſpondence between the two heads, not a little beneficial both to the public and to myſelf. As both theſe monſters will be very inſatiable, and devour great quantities of paper, there will no ſmall uſe redound from them to that manufacture in particular.

The following letter having been left with the keeper of the lion, with a requeſt from the writer that it may be the firſt morſel which is put into his mouth, I ſhall communicate it to the public as it came to my hand, without examining whether it be proper nouriſhment, as I intend to do for the future.

Mr. GUARDIAN,

"YOUR predeceſſor, the *Spectator,* endeavoured, but in vain, to improve the charms of the fair ſex, by expoſing their dreſs whenever "it launched into extremities. Among the reſt the great petticoat came "under his conſideration, but in contradiction to whatever he has ſaid, "they ſtill reſolutely perſiſt in this faſhion. The form of their bottom is "not, I confeſs, altogether the ſame; for whereas before it was of an orbicular make, they now look as if they were preſſed, ſo that they ſeem "to deny acceſs to any part but the middle. Many are the inconveniences "that accrue to her Majeſty's loving ſubjects from the ſaid petticoats, as "hurting men's ſhins, ſweeping down the ware of induſtrious females in "the ſtreet, *&c.* I ſaw a young lady fall down the other day, and believe "me, Sir, ſhe very much reſembled an overturned bell without a clapper. "Many other diſaſters I could tell you of that befal themſelves as well as "others, by means of this unwieldy garment. I wiſh, Mr. GUARDIAN, "you would join with me in ſhewing your diſlike of ſuch a monſtrous "faſhion, and I hope when the ladies ſee it is the opinion of two of the "wiſeſt men in *England,* they will be convinced of their folly.

I am, SIR, your daily Reader and Admirer,

Tom Plain.

Thurſday,

N° 115. *Thurſday, July* 23.

Ingenium par materiæ —— Juv.

WHEN I read rules of criticiſm, I immediately enquire after the works of the auther who has written them, and by that means diſcover what it is he likes in a compoſition; for there is no queſtion but every man aims at leaſt at what he thinks beautiful in others. If I find by his own manner of writing that he is heavy and taſteleſs, I throw aſide his criticiſms with a ſecret indignation, to ſee a man without genius or politeneſs dictating to the world on ſubjects which I find are above his reach.

If the critic has publiſhed nothing but rules and obſervations in criticiſm, I then conſider whether there be a propriety and elegance in his thoughts and words, clearneſs and delicacy in his remarks, wit and good-breeding in his rallery; but if in the place of all theſe I find nothing but dogmatical ſtupidity, I muſt beg ſuch a writer's pardon if I have no manner of deference for his judgment, and refuſe to conform myſelf to his taſte.

So Macer *and* Mundungus *ſchool the times,*
And write in rugged proſe the ſofter rules of rhimes.
Well do they play the careful critic's part,
Inſtructing doubly by their matchleſs art:
Rules for good verſe they firſt with pains indite,
Then ſhew us what are bad, by what they write.

Mr. Congreve *to Sir* R. Temple.

The greateſt critics among the ancients are thoſe who have the moſt excelled in all other kinds of compoſition, and have ſhewn the height of good writing even in the precepts which they have given for it.

Among the moderns likewiſe no critic has ever pleaſed, or been looked upon as authentic, who did not ſhew by his practice, that he was a maſter of the theory. I have now one before me, who after having given many proofs of his performances both in poetry and proſe, obliged the world with ſeveral critical works. The author I mean is *Strada*. His Proluſion on the ſtyle of the moſt famous among the ancient *Latin* poets who are extant, and have written in epic verſe, is one of the moſt entertaining, as well

well as the moſt juſt pieces of criticiſm that I have ever read. I ſhall make the plan of it the ſubject of this day's paper.

It is commonly known, that Pope *Leo* the tenth was a great patron of learning, and uſed to be preſent at the performances, converſations and diſputes of all the moſt polite writers of his time. Upon this bottom *Strada* founds the following narrative. When this Pope was at his *Villa,* that ſtood upon an eminence on the banks of the *Tiber,* the poets contrived the following pageant or machine for his entertainment. They made a huge floating mountain, that was ſplit at the top in imitation of *Parnaſſus.* There were ſeveral marks on it that diſtinguiſhed it for the habitation of Heroic Poets. Of all the Muſes *Calliope* only made her appearance. It was covered up and down with groves of laurel. *Pegaſus* appeared hanging off the ſide of a rock, with a fountain running from his heel. This floating *Parnaſſus* fell down the river to the ſound of trumpets, and in a kind of epic meaſure, for it was rowed forward by *ſix* huge wheels, three on each ſide, that by their conſtant motion carried on the machine until it arrived before the Pope's *Villa.*

The repreſentatives of the ancient poets were diſpoſed in ſtations ſuitable to their reſpective characters. *Statius* was poſted on the higheſt of the two ſummits, which was faſhioned in the form of a precipice, and hung over the reſt of the mountain in a dreadful manner, ſo that people regarded him with the ſame terror and curioſity as they look upon a daring rope-dancer whom they expect to fall every moment.

Claudian was ſeated on the other ſummit, which was lower, and at the ſame time more ſmooth and even than the former. It was obſerved likewiſe to be more barren, and to produce, on ſome ſpots of it, plants that are unknown to *Italy,* and ſuch as the gardeners call exotics.

Lucretius was very buſy about the roots of the mountain, being wholly intent upon the motion and management of the machine; which was under his conduct, and was indeed of his invention. He was ſometimes ſo engaged among the wheels, and covered with machinery, that not above half the poet appeared to the ſpectators, though at other times, by the working of the engines, he was raiſed up and became as conſpicuous as any of the brotherhood.

Ovid did not ſettle in any particular place, but ranged over all *Parnaſſus* with great nimbleneſs and activity. But as he did not much care for the toil and pains that were requiſite to climb the upper part of the hill, he was generally roving about the bottom of it.

But there was none who was placed in a more eminent ſtation, and had a greater proſpect under him than *Lucan.* He vaulted upon *Pegaſus* with all

the heat and intrepidity of youth, and ſeemed deſirous of mounting into the clouds upon the back of him. But as the hinder feet of the horſe ſtuck to the mountain while the body reared up in the air, the poet, with great difficulty, kept himſelf from ſliding off his back, inſomuch that the people often gave him for gone, and cried out, every now and then, that he was tumbling.

Virgil, with great modeſty in his looks, was ſeated by *Calliope,* in the midſt of a plantation of laurels which grew thick about him, and almoſt covered him with their ſhade. He would not perhaps have been ſeen in this retirement, but that it was impoſſible to look upon *Calliope* without ſeeing *Virgil* at the ſame time.

The poetical maſquerade was no ſooner arrived before the Pope's *Villa,* but they received an invitation to land, which they did accordingly. The hall prepared for their reception was filled with an audience of the greateſt eminence for quality and politeneſs. The poets took their places, and repeated each of them a poem written in the ſtyle and ſpirit of thoſe immortal authors whom they repreſented. The ſubjects of theſe ſeveral poems, with the judgment paſſed upon each of them, may be an agreeable entertainment for another day's paper.

N° 116. *Friday, July* 24.

——— *Ridiculum acri*
Fortius et melius ——— Hor.

THERE are many little enormities in the world, which our preachers would be very glad to ſee removed; but at the ſame time dare not meddle with them, for fear of betraying the dignity of the pulpit. Should they recommend the *Tucker* in a pathetic diſcourſe, their audiences would be apt to laugh out. I knew a pariſh, where the top woman of it uſed always to appear with a patch upon ſome part of her forehead: the good man of the place preached at it with great zeal for almoſt a twelvemonth; but inſtead of fetching out the ſpot which he perpetually aimed at, he only got the name of Parſon *Patch* for his pains. Another is to this day called by the name of Doctor *Topknot,* for reaſons of the ſame nature. I remember the clergy, during the time of *Cromwell*'s uſurpation, were very much taken

taken up in reforming the female world, and ſhewing the vanity of thoſe outward ornaments in which the ſex ſo much delights. I have heard a whole ſermon againſt a white-waſh, and have known a colored ribbon made the mark of the unconverted. The clergy of the preſent age are not tranſported with theſe indiſcreet favors, as knowing that it is hard for a reformer to avoid ridicule, when he is ſevere upon ſubjects which are rather apt to produce mirth than ſerioufneſs. For this reaſon I look upon myſelf to be of great uſe to theſe good men; while they are employed in extirpating mortal ſins, and crimes of a higher nature, I ſhould be glad to rally the world out of indecencies and venial tranſgreſſions. While the Doctor is curing diſtempers that have the appearance of danger or death in them, the *Merry-Andrew* has his ſeparate packet for the meagrims and the tooth-ach.

Thus much I thought fit to premiſe before I reſume the ſubject which I have already handled, I mean the naked boſoms of our *Britiſh* ladies. I hope they will not take it ill of me, if I ſtill beg that they will be covered. I ſhall here preſent them with a letter on that particular, as it was yeſterday conveyed to me through the lion's mouth. It comes from a Quaker, and is as follows:

NESTOR IRONSIDE,

"OUR friends like thee. We rejoice to find thou beginneſt to have a "glimmering of the light in thee: we ſhall pray for thee, that thou "mayeſt be more and more enlightened. Thou giveſt good advice to the "women of this world to clothe themſelves like unto our friends, and not "to expoſe their fleſhly temptations, for it is againſt the record. Thy lion "is a good lion; he roareth loud, and is heard a great way, even unto the "ſink of *Babylon;* for the Scarlet Whore is governed by the voice of thy lion. "Look on his order.

Rome, July 8, 1713. "*A placard is publiſhed here, forbidding women of what-*"*ſoever quality to go with naked breaſts; and the Prieſts are ordered not to admit the* "*tranſgreſſors of this law to confeſſion, nor to communion; neither are they to enter* "*the Cathedrals under ſevere penalties.*

"Theſe lines are faithfully copied from the nightly paper, with this title "written over it, *The Evening Poſt,* from *Saturday, July* the 18th, to *Tueſday,* "*July* the 21ſt.

"Seeing thy lion is obeyed at this diſtance, we hope the fooliſh women "in thy own country will liſten to thy admonitions. Otherwiſe thou art "deſired to make him ſtill roar till all the beaſts of the foreſt ſhall tremble. "I muſt again repeat unto thee, friend *Neſtor,* the whole brotherhood "have great hopes of thee, and expect to ſee thee ſo inſpired with the

" light, as thou mayeſt ſpeedily become a great preacher of the word. I " wiſh it heartily.

Thine,

in every thing that is praiſe-worthy,

Tom's *Coffee-houſe in* Birchin-lane, *the* 23*d day of the month called* July.

Tom Tremble.

It happens very oddly that the Pope and I ſhould have the ſame thought much about the ſame time. My enemies will be apt to ſay that we hold a correſpondence together, and act by concert in this matter. Let that be as it will, I ſhall not be aſhamed to join with his Holineſs in thoſe particulars which are indifferent between us, eſpecially when it is for the reformation of the finer half of mankind. We are both of us about the ſame age, and conſider the faſhion in the ſame view. I hope that it will not be able to reſiſt his bull and my lion. I am only afraid that our ladies will take occaſion from hence to ſhew their zeal for the proteſtant religion, and pretend to expoſe their naked boſoms only in oppoſition to popery.

N° 117. *Saturday, July* 25.

Cura pii Diis ſunt ——— Ovid.

LOOKING over the late edition of Monſieur *Boileau*'s works, I was very much pleaſed with the article which he has added to his notes on the tranſlation of *Longinus*. He there tells us, that the ſublime in writing riſes either from the nobleneſs of the thought, the magnificence of the words, or the harmonious and lively turn of the phraſe, and that the perfect ſublime ariſes from all theſe three in conjunction together. He produces an inſtance of this perfect ſublime in four verſes from the *Athaliah* of Monſieur *Racine*. When *Abner*, one of the chief officers of the court, repreſents to *Joad* the High-Prieſt, that the Queen was incenſed againſt him, the High-Prieſt, not in the leaſt terrified at the news, returns this anſwer.

Celui qui met un frein à la fureur des flots,
Scait auſſi des mêchans arrêter les complots.
Soumis avec reſpect à ſa volonté Sainte.
Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte.

He

He who ruleth the raging of the ſea, knows alſo how to check the deſigns of the ungodly. I ſubmit myſelf with reverence to his holy will. O Abner, *I fear my God, and I fear none but him.* Such a thought gives no leſs a ſublimity to human nature, than it does to good writing. This religious fear, when it is produced by juſt apprehenſions of the Divine power, naturally overlooks all human greatneſs that ſtands in competition with it, and extinguiſhes every other terror that can ſettle itſelf in the heart of man; it leſſens and contracts the figure of the moſt exalted perſon; it diſarms the tyrant and executioner, and repreſents to our minds the moſt enraged and the moſt powerful as altogether harmleſs and impotent.

There is no true fortitude which is not founded upon this fear, as there is no other principle of ſo ſettled and fixed a nature. Courage that grows from conſtitution very often forſakes a man when he has occaſion for it; and when it is only a kind of inſtinct in the ſoul, breaks out on all occaſions without judgment or diſcretion. That courage which proceeds from the ſenſe of our duty, and from the fear of offending him that made us, acts always in an uniform manner, and according to the dictates of right reaſon.

What can the man fear, who takes care in all his actions to pleaſe a Being that is Omnipotent? A Being who is able to cruſh all his adverſaries? A Being that can divert any misfortune from befalling him, or turn any ſuch misfortune to his advantage? The perſon who lives with this conſtant and habitual regard to the great Superintendent of the world, is indeed ſure that no real evil can come into his lot. Bleſſings may appear under the ſhape of pains, loſſes, and diſappointments, but let him have patience, and he will ſee them in their proper figures. Dangers may threaten him, but he may reſt ſatisfied that they will either not reach him, or that if they do, they will be the inſtruments of good to him. In ſhort, he may look upon all croſſes and accidents, ſufferings and afflictions, as means which are made uſe of to bring him to happineſs. This is even the worſt of that man's condition whoſe mind is poſſeſſed with the habitual fear of which I am now ſpeaking. But it very often happens, that thoſe which appear evils in our own eyes, appear alſo as ſuch to him who has human nature under his care, in which caſe they are certainly averted from the perſon who has made himſelf, by his virtue, an object of Divine favor. Hiſtories are full of inſtances of this nature, where men of virtue have had extraordinary eſcapes out of ſuch dangers as have encloſed them, and which have ſeemed inevitable.

There is no example of this kind in Pagan hiſtory, which more pleaſes me than that which is recorded in the life of *Timoleon*. This extraordinary man was famous for referring all his ſucceſſes to Providence. *Cornelius Nepos* acquaints

acquaints us, that he had in his houſe a private chapel, in which he uſed to pay his devotions to the Goddeſs who repreſented Providence among the heathens. I think no man was ever more diſtinguiſhed by the Deity whom he blindly worſhipped, than the great perſon I am ſpeaking of, in ſeveral occurrences of his life, but particularly in the following one which I ſhall relate out of *Plutarch*.

Three perſons had entered into a conſpiracy to aſſaſſinate *Timoleon* as he was offering up his devotions in a certain temple. In order to it they took their ſeveral ſtands in the moſt convenient places for their purpoſe. As they were waiting for an opportunity to put their deſign in execution, a ſtranger having obſerved one of the conſpirators, fell upon him and ſlew him. Upon which the other two, thinking their plot had been diſcovered, threw themſelves at *Timoleon*'s feet and confeſſed the whole matter. This ſtranger, upon examination, was found to have underſtood nothing of the intended aſſaſſination, but having ſeveral years before had a brother killed by the conſpirator, whom he here put to death, and having till now fought in vain for an opportunity of revenge, he chanced to meet the murderer in the temple, who had planted himſelf there for the abovem-entioned purpoſe. *Plutarch* cannot forbear, on this occaſion, ſpeaking with a kind of rapture on the ſchemes of Providence, which, in this particular, had ſo contrived it, that the ſtranger ſhould for ſo great a ſpace of time, be debarred the means of doing juſtice to his brother, until, by the ſame blow that revenged the death of one innocent man, he preſerved the life of another.

For my own part, I cannot wonder that a man of *Timoleon*'s religion ſhould have his intrepidity and firmneſs of mind, or that he ſhould be diſtinguiſhed by ſuch a deliverance as I have here related.

N° 118. *Monday, July 27.*

——— *Largitor ingenî*
Venter ——— Perſ.

I Am very well pleaſed to find that my lion has given ſuch univerſal content to all that have ſeen him. He has had a greater number of viſitants than any of his brotherhood in the *Tower*. I this morning examined his maw, where among much other food I found the following delicious morſels.

To

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Esq;*

Mr. GUARDIAN,

" I Am a daily peruſer of your papers. I have read over and over your " diſcourſe concerning the Tucker; as likewiſe your paper of *Thurſday,* " the 16th inſtant, in which you ſay it is your intention to keep a watchful " eye over every part of the female ſex, and to regulate them from head to " foot. Now, Sir, being by profeſſion a Mantua-maker who am employed by " the moſt faſhionable Ladies about town, I am admitted to them freely at " all hours, and ſeeing them both dreſſed and undreſſed, I think there is no " perſon better qualified than myſelf to ſerve you (if your Honor pleaſes) in " the nature of a *Lioneſs.* I am in the whole ſecret of their faſhion, and if " you think fit to entertain me in this character, I will have a conſtant watch " over them, and doubt not I ſhall ſend you from time to time ſuch private " intelligence, as you will find of uſe to you in your future papers.

" Sir, this being a new propoſal, I hope you will not let me loſe the be- " nefit of it: but that you will firſt hear me roar before you treat with any " body elſe. As a ſample of my intended ſervices, I give you this timely " notice of an improvement you will ſhortly ſee in the expoſing of the fe- " male cheſt, which in defiance of your gravity is going to be uncovered " yet more and more; ſo that to tell you truly, Mr. *Ironſide,* I am in ſome " fear leſt my profeſſion ſhould in a little time become wholly unneceſſary. " I muſt here explain to you a ſmall covering, if I may call it ſo, or rather " an ornament for the neck, which you have not yet taken notice of. This " conſiſts of a narrow lace, or a ſmall ſkirt of fine ruffled linen, which runs " along the upper part of the ſtays before, and croſſes the breaſts, without " riſing to the ſhoulders; and being as it were a part of the Tucker, yet " kept in uſe, is therefore by a particular name called the Modeſty-piece. " Now, Sir, what I have to communicate to you at preſent is, that at a " late meeting of the ſtripping Ladies, in which were preſent ſeveral emi- " nent toaſts and beauties, it was reſolved for the future to lay the modeſty- " piece wholly aſide. It is intended at the ſame time to lower the ſtays " conſiderably before, and nothing but the unſettled weather has hindered " this deſign from being already put in execution. Some few indeed " objected to this laſt improvement, but were over-ruled by the reſt, who " alledged it was their intention, as they ingenuouſly expreſſed it, to level " their breaſt-works entirely, and to truſt to no defence but their own virtue.

I am, S I R, (if you pleaſe) your ſecret Servant,

Leonilla Figleaf.

Dear

Dear Sir,

" AS by name, and duty bound, I yeſterday brought in a prey of pa-
" per for my Patron's dinner, but by the forwardneſs of his paws, he
" ſeemed ready to put it into his own mouth, which does not enough
" reſemble its prototypes, whoſe throats are open ſepulchres. I aſſure you,
" Sir, unleſs he gapes wider, he will ſooner be felt than heard. Witneſs
" my hand, *Jackall.*

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Eſq;*

Sage NESTOR,

" LIONS being eſteemed by Naturaliſts the moſt generous of Beaſts, the
" noble and majeſtic appearance they make in Poetry, wherein
" they ſo often repreſent the Hero himſelf, made me always think that
" name very ill applied to a profligate ſet of men, at preſent going about
" ſeeking whom to devour; and though I cannot but acquieſce in your ac-
" count of the derivation of that title to them, it is with great ſatisfaction
" I hear you are about to reſtore them to their former dignity, by pro-
" ducing one of that ſpecies ſo public-ſpirited, as to roar for reformation
" of manners. I will roar (ſays the clown in *Shakeſpear)* that it will do any
" man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the Duke ſay,
" let him roar again, let him roar again. Such ſucceſs and ſuch applauſe
" I do not queſtion but your Lion will meet with, whilſt, like that of *Samp-*
" *ſon,* his ſtrength ſhall bring forth ſweetneſs, and his entrails abound with
" honey.

" At the ſame time that I congratulate with the republic of beaſts upon
" this honor done to their King, I muſt condole with us poor mortals, who
" by diſtance of place are rendered incapable of paying our reſpects to him,
" with the ſame aſſiduity as thoſe who are uſhered into his preſence by the
" diſcreet Mr. *Button.* Upon this account, Mr. *Ironſide,* I am become a ſuit-
" or to you, to conſtitute an out-riding Lion; or if you pleaſe a *Jackall* or
" two, to receive and remit our homage in a more particular manner than
" is hitherto provided. As it is, our tenders of duty every now and then
" miſcarry by the way, at leaſt the natural ſelf-love that makes us unwil-
" ling to think any thing that comes from us worthy of contempt, inclines
" us to believe ſo. Methinks it were likewiſe neceſſary to ſpecify, by what
" means a preſent from a fair hand may reach his brindled Majeſty, the
" place of his reſidence being very unfit for a Lady's perſonal appearance.

I am your moſt conſtant Reader and Admirer,

N. R.

Dear

Dear NESTOR,

" IT is a well known proverb, in a certain part of this kingdom, *love me, love my dog;* and I hope you will take it as a mark of my reſpect for " your perſon, that I here bring a bit for your lion. * * *

What follows being ſecret hiſtory, it will be printed in other papers; wherein the lion will publiſh his private intelligence.

N° 120. *Wedneſday, July* 29.

———Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to ſtudy houſehold good,
And good works in her huſband to promote. Milton.

A Bit for the Lion.

SIR,

" AS ſoon as you have ſet up your Unicorn, there is no queſtion but " the ladies will make him puſh very furiouſly at the *Men;* for which " reaſon I think it is good to be before-hand with them, and make the lion " roar aloud at *Female* irregularities. Among theſe, I wonder how their " *Gaming* has ſo long eſcaped your notice. You who converſe with the " ſober family of the *Lizards,* are perhaps a ſtranger to theſe viragos; but " what would you ſay, ſhould you ſee a *Sparkler* ſhaking her elbow for a " whole night together, and thumping the table with a dice-box? Or how " would you like to hear the good widow lady herſelf returning to her houſe " at midnight, and alarming the whole ſtreet with a moſt enormous rap, " after having ſat up until that time at Crimp or Ombre? Sir, I am the " huſband of one of theſe female gameſters, and a great loſer by it both in " my reſt and my pocket. As my wife reads your papers, one upon this " ſubject might be of uſe both to her, and

Your humble Servant.

I ſhould ill deſerve the name of GUARDIAN, did I not caution all my fair wards againſt a practice, which when it runs to exceſs, is the moſt ſhameful, but one, that the female world can fall into. The ill conſe-

quences of it are more than can be contained in this paper. However, that I may proceed in method, I ſhall conſider them, Firſt, as they relate to the *mind;* Secondly, as they relate to the *body.*

Could we look into the *mind* of a female gameſter, we ſhould ſee it full of nothing but *trumps* and *mattadores.* Her ſlumbers are haunted with Kings, Queens and Knaves. The day lies heavy upon her until the play-ſeaſon returns, when for half a dozen hours together all her faculties are employed in ſhuffling, cutting, dealing and ſorting out a pack of cards, and no ideas to be diſcovered in a Soul which calls itſelf rational, excepting little ſquare figures of painted and ſpotted paper. Was the underſtanding, that divine part in our compoſition, given for ſuch an uſe? Is it thus that we improve the greateſt talent human nature is endowed with? What would a ſuperior Being think, were he ſhewn this intellectual faculty in a female gameſter, and at the ſame time told that it was by this ſhe was diſtinguiſhed from brutes, and allied to Angels?

When our women thus fill their imaginations with pips and counters, I cannot wonder at the ſtory I have lately heard of a new-born child that was *marked* with the five of clubs.

Their *paſſions* ſuffer no leſs by this practice than their underſtandings and imaginations. What hope and fear, joy and anger, ſorrow and diſcontent break out all at once in a fair aſſembly, upon ſo noble an occaſion as that of turning up a card? Who can conſider without a ſecret indignation, that all thoſe affections of the mind which ſhould be conſecrated to their children, huſbands and parents, are thus vilely proſtituted and thrown away upon a hand at Loo? For my own part, I cannot but be grieved when I ſee a fine woman fretting and bleeding inwardly from ſuch trivial motives; when I behold the face of an Angel agitated and diſcompoſed by the heart of a fury.

Our minds are of ſuch a make, that they naturally give themſelves up to every diverſion which they are much accuſtomed to, and we always find that play, when followed with aſſiduity, engroſſes the whole woman. She quickly grows uneaſy in her own family, takes but little pleaſure in all the domeſtic innocent endearments of life, and grows more fond of *Pam* than of her huſband. My friend *Theophraſtus,* the beſt of huſbands and of fathers, has often complained to me, with tears in his eyes, of the late hours he is forced to keep if he would enjoy his wife's converſation. When ſhe returns to me with joy in her face, it does not ariſe, ſays he, from the ſight of her huſband, but from the good luck ſhe has had at Cards. On the contrary, ſays he, if ſhe has been a loſer, I am doubly a ſufferer by it. She comes home out of humor, is angry with every body, diſpleaſed with all

I can do or ſay, and in reality for no other reaſon but becauſe ſhe has been throwing away my eſtate. What charming bedfellows and companions for life are men likely to meet with, that chooſe their wives out of ſuch women of vogue and faſhion? What a race of worthies, what patriots, what heroes muſt we expect from mothers of this make?

I come in the next place to conſider the ill conſequences which gaming has on the *bodies* of our female adventurers. It is ſo ordered, that almoſt every thing which corrupts the Soul, decays the body. The beauties of the face and mind are generally deſtroyed by the ſame means. This conſideration ſhould have a particular weight with the female world, who were deſigned to pleaſe the eye, and attract the regard of the other half of the ſpecies. Now there is nothing that wears out a fine face like the vigils of the Card-table, and thoſe cutting paſſions which naturally attend them. Hollow eyes, haggard looks, and pale complexions, are the natural indications of a female Gameſter. Her morning ſleeps are not able to repair her midnight watchings. I have known a woman carried off half dead from Baſſet, and have many a time grieved to ſee a perſon of quality gliding by me in her chair at two o'clock in the morning, and looking like a ſpectre amidſt a glare of flambeaux. In ſhort, I never knew a thorough-paced female Gameſter hold her beauty two winters together.

But there is ſtill another caſe in which the body is more endangered than in the former. All play debts muſt be paid in ſpecie, or by an equivalent. The man that plays beyond his income pawns his eſtate; the woman muſt find out ſomething elſe to mortgage when her pin-money is gone: the huſband has his lands to diſpoſe of, the wife her perſon. Now when the female body is once *dipped,* if the creditor be very importunate, I leave my Reader to conſider the conſequences.

N° 121. *Thurſday, July* 30.

Hinc exaudiri gemitus, iræque leonum. Virg.

Roarings of the Lion.

Old NESTOR,

" EVER ſince the firſt notice you gave of the erection of that uſeful mo-
" nument of yours in *Button*'s Coffee-houſe, I have had a reſtleſs am-
" bition to imitate the renowned *London* Prentice, and boldly venture my
" hand down the throat of your Lion. The ſubject of this letter is a rela-
" tion of a Club whereof I am a member, and which has made a conſider-
" able noiſe of late, I mean the Silent Club. The year of our inſtitution
" is 1694, the number of members twelve, and the place of our meeting is
" *Dumb*'s *Alley* in *Holborn*. We look upon ourſelves as the relics of the old
" *Pythagoreans,* and have this maxim in common with them, which is the
" foundation of our deſign, that *talking ſpoils company.* The Preſident of our
" ſociety is one who was born deaf and dumb, and owes that bleſſing to na-
" ture, which in the reſt of us is owing to induſtry alone. I find upon
" enquiry, that the greater part of us are married men, and ſuch whoſe
" wives are remarkably loud at home: hither we fly for refuge, and enjoy
" at once the two greateſt and moſt valuable bleſſings, company and retire-
" ment. When that eminent relation of yours, the *Spectator,* publiſhed his
" weekly papers, and gave us that remarkable account of his ſilence (for
" you muſt know, though we do not read, yet we inſpect all ſuch uſeful eſ-
" ſays) we ſeemed unanimous to invite him to partake of our ſecrecy,
" but it was unluckily objected that he had juſt then publiſhed a diſ-
" courſe of his at his own Club, and had not arrived to that happy inac-
" tivity of the tongue, which we expected from a man of his underſtand-
" ing. You will wonder, perhaps, how we managed this debate, but it will
" be eaſily accounted for, when I tell you that our fingers are as nimble,
" and as infallible interpreters of our thoughts, as other mens tongues are;
" yet even this mechanic eloquence is only allowed upon the weightieſt
" occaſions. We admire the wiſe inſtitutions of the *Turks,* and other eaſt-
" ern nations, where all commands are performed by officious mutes, and
" we wonder that the polite courts of chriſtendom ſhould come ſo far ſhort
" of the majeſty of the barbarians. *Ben Johnſon* has gained an eternal re-
" putation

" putation among us by his Play called *The Silent Woman.* Every member " here is another *Moroſe* while the Club is ſitting, but at home may talk as " much and as faſt as his family occaſions require, without breach of ſta- " tute. The advantages we find from this Quaker-like aſſembly are many. " We conſider, that the underſtanding of man is liable to miſtakes, and his " will fond of contradictions; that diſputes, which are of no weight in " themſelves, are often very conſiderable in their effects. The diſuſe of " the tongue is the only effectual remedy againſt theſe. All party con- " cerns, all private ſcandal, all inſults over another man's weaker reaſons, " muſt there be loſt, where no diſputes ariſe. Another advantage which " follows from the firſt, (and which is very rarely to be met with) is, that " we are all upon the ſame level in converſation. A wag of my acquaint- " ance uſed to add a third, *viz.* that, if ever we debate, we are ſure to have " all our arguments at our fingers ends. Of all *Longinus*'s remarks, we are " moſt enamoured with that excellent paſſage, where he mentions *Ajax*'s ſi- " lence as one of the nobleſt inſtances of the ſublime; and (if you will al- " low me to be free with a nameſake of yours) I ſhould think that the ever- " laſting ſtory-teller *Neſtor,* had he been likened to the aſs inſtead of our " hero, he had ſuffered leſs by the compariſon.

" I have already deſcribed the practice and ſentiments of this ſociety, and " ſhall but barely mention the report of the neighbourhood, that we are " not only as mute as fiſhes, but that we drink like fiſhes too; that we are " like the *Welſhman*'s owl, though we do not ſing, we pay it off with think- " ing. Others take us for an aſſembly of diſaffected perſons, nay their zeal " to the government has carried them ſo far as to ſend, laſt week, a party " of conſtables to ſurpriſe us: you may eaſily imagine how exactly we re- " preſented the *Roman* Senators of old, ſitting with majeſtic ſilence, and " undaunted at the approach of an army of *Gauls.* If you approve of our " undertaking, you need not declare it to the world; your ſilence ſhall be " interpreted as conſent given to the honorable body of mutes, and in par- " ticular to *Your humble Servant,*

Ned Mum.

P. S. " We have had but one word ſpoken ſince the foundation, for " which the member was expelled by the old *Roman* cuſtom of bending back " the thumb. He had juſt received the news of the battle of *Hochſtat,* and " being too impatient to communicate his joy, was unfortunately betray- " ed into a *lapſus linguæ.* We acted on the principles of the *Roman Manlius,* " and though we approved of the cauſe of his error as juſt, we condemned " the effect as a manifeſt violation of his duty.

I never

I never could have thought a dumb man would have roared ſo well out of my Lion's mouth. My next pretty correſpondent, like *Shakeſpear*'s Lion in *Pyramus* and *Thiſbe*, roars as it were any nightingale.

Mr. IRONSIDE, *July* 28, 1713.

"I Was afraid at firſt you were only in jeſt, and had a mind to expoſe "our nakedneſs for the diverſion of the town; but ſince I ſee that you "are in good earneſt, and have infallibility of your ſide, I cannot forbear re- "turning my thanks to you for the care you take of us, having a friend who "has promiſed me to give my Letters to the Lion, till we can communi- "cate our thoughts to you through our own proper vehicle. Now you "muſt know, dear Sir, that if you do not take care to ſuppreſs this exor- "bitant growth of the female cheſt, all that is left of my waiſt muſt inevi- "tably periſh. It is at this time reduced to the depth of four inches, by "what I have already made over to my neck. But if the ſtripping deſign, "mentioned by Mrs. *Figleaf* yeſterday, ſhould take effect, Sir, I dread to "think what it will come to. In ſhort there is no help for it, my girdle "and all muſt go. This is the naked truth of the matter. Have pity on "me then, my dear *Guardian*, and preſerve me from being ſo inhumanly "expoſed. I do aſſure you that I follow your precepts as much as a young "woman can, who will live in the world without being laughed at. I "have no hooped petticoat, and when I am a matron will wear broad "tuckers whether you ſucceed or no. If the flying project takes, I in- "tend to be the laſt in wings, being reſolved in every thing to behave my- "ſelf as becomes

Your moſt obedient Ward.

Tueſday,

N° 119. *Tuesday, July* 28.

——*poetarum veniet manus, auxilio quæ*
Sit mihi—— Hor.

THERE is nothing which more shews the want of taste and discernment in a writer, than the decrying of an author in gross, especially of an author who has been the admiration of multitudes, and that too in several ages of the world. This, however, is the general practice of all illiterate and undistinguishing critics. Because *Homer* and *Virgil* and *Sophocles* have been commended by the learned of all times, every scribler, who has no relish of their beauties, gives himself an air of rapture when he speaks of them. But as he praises these he knows not why, there are others whom he depreciates with the same vehemence and upon the same account. We may see after what a different manner *Strada* proceeds in his judgment on the *Latin* poets; for I intend to publish, in this paper, a continuation of that Prolusion which was the subject of the last *Thursday*. I shall therefore give my reader a short account, in prose, of every poem which was produced in the learned assembly there described; and if he is thoroughly conversant in the works of those ancient authors, he will see with how much judgment every subject is adapted to the poet who makes use of it, and with how much delicacy every particular poet's way of writing is characterised in the censure that is passed upon it. *Lucan*'s representative was the first who recited before that august assembly. As *Lucan* was a *Spaniard,* his poem does honor to that nation, which at the same time makes the romantic bravery in the hero of it more probable.

Alphonso was the governor of a town invested by the *Moors.* During the blockade they made his only son their prisoner, whom they brought before the walls, and exposed to his father's sight, threatening to put him to death, if he did not immediately give up the town. The father tells them, if he had an hundred sons, he would rather see them all perish than do an ill action, or betray his country. But, says he, if you take a pleasure in destroying the innocent, you may do it if you please: behold a sword for your purpose. Upon which he threw his sword from the wall, returned to his palace, and was able, at such a juncture, to sit down to the repast, which was prepared for him. He was soon raised by the shouts of the enemy

enemy and the cries of the beſieged. Upon returning again to the walls, he ſaw his ſon lying in the pangs of death; but far from betraying any weakneſs at ſuch a ſpectacle, he upbraids his friends for their ſorrow, and returns to finiſh his repaſt.

Upon the recital of this ſtory, which is exquiſitely drawn up in *Lucan*'s ſpirit and language, the whole aſſembly declared their opinion of *Lucan* in a confuſed murmur. The poem was praiſed or cenſured according to the prejudices which every one had conceived in favor or diſadvantage of the author. Theſe were ſo very great, that ſome had placed him in their opinions above the higheſt, and others beneath the loweſt of the *Latin* poets. Moſt of them however agreed, that *Lucan*'s genius was wonderfully great, but at the ſame time too haughty and headſtrong to be governed by art, and that his ſtyle was like his genius, learned, bold and lively, but withal too tragical and bluſtering. In a word, that he choſe rather a great than a juſt reputation; to which they added, that he was the firſt of the *Latin* poets who deviated from the purity of the *Roman* language.

The repreſentative of *Lucretius* told the aſſembly, that they would ſoon be ſenſible of the difference between a poet who was a native of *Rome,* and a ſtranger who had been adopted into it: after which he entered upon his ſubject, which I find exhibited to my hand in a ſpeculation of one my predeceſſors.

Strada, in the perſon of *Lucretius,* gives an account of a chimerical correſpondence between two friends by the help of a certain loadſtone, which had ſuch a virtue in it, that if it touched two ſeveral needles, when one of the needles ſo touched began to move, the other, though at never ſo great a diſtance, moved at the ſame time, and in the ſame manner. He tells us that the two friends, being each of them poſſeſſed of one of theſe needles, made a kind of dial-plate, inſcribing it with the four and twenty letters, in the ſame manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate. They then fixed one of the needles on each of theſe plates in ſuch a manner that it could move round without impediment, ſo as to touch any of the four and twenty letters. Upon their ſeparating from one another into diſtant countries, they agreed to withdraw themſelves punctually into their cloſets at a certain hour of the day, and to converſe with one another by means of this their invention. Accordingly when they were ſome hundred miles aſunder, each of them ſhut himſelf up in his cloſet at the time appointed, and immediately caſt his eye upon his dial-plate. If he had a mind to write any thing to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words which he had occaſion for, making a little pauſe at the end of every word or ſentence, to avoid confuſion. The friend, in the mean

mean while, ſaw his own ſympathetic needle moving of itſelf to every letter which that of his correſpondent pointed at. By this means they talked together a-croſs a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another, in an inſtant, over cities or mountains, ſeas or deſerts.

The whole audience were pleaſed with the artifice of the poet, who repreſented *Lucretius,* obſerving very well how he had laid aſleep their attention to the ſimplicity of his ſtyle in ſome verſes, and to the want of harmony in others, by fixing their minds to the novelty of his ſubject, and to the experiment which he related. Without ſuch an artifice they were of opinion that nothing would have ſounded more harſh than *Lucretius*'s diction and numbers. But it was plain that the more learned part of the aſſembly were quite of another mind. Theſe allowed that it was peculiar to *Lucretius,* above all other poets, to be always doing or teaching ſomething, that no other ſtyle was ſo proper to teach in, or gave a greater pleaſure to thoſe who had a true reliſh for the *Roman* tongue. They added further, that if *Lucretius* had not been embarraſſed with the difficulty of his matter, and a little led away by an affectation of antiquity, there could not have been any thing more perfect than his poem.

Claudian ſucceeded *Lucretius,* having choſen for his ſubject the famous conteſt between the nightingale and the lutaniſt, which every one is acquainted with, eſpecially ſince Mr. *Philips* has ſo finely improved that hint in one of his paſtorals.

He had no ſooner finiſhed, but the aſſembly rung with acclamations made in his praiſe. His firſt beauty, which every one owned, was the great clearneſs and perſpicuity which appeared in the plan of his poem. Others were wonderfully charmed with the ſmoothneſs of his verſe, and the flowing of his numbers, in which there were none of thoſe eliſions and cuttings-off ſo frequent in the works of other poets. There were ſeveral however of a more refined judgment, who ridiculed that infuſion of foreign phraſes with which he had corrupted the *Latin* tongue, and ſpoke with contempt of the equability of his numbers that cloyed and ſatiated the ear for want of variety: to which they likewiſe added, a frequent and unſeaſonable affectation of appearing ſonorous and ſublime.

The ſequel of this Proluſion ſhall be the work of another day.

N° 122. *Friday, July* 31.

Nec magis expreſſi vultus per ahenea ſigna. Hor.

THAT I may get out of debt with the public as faſt as I can, I ſhall here give them the remaining part of *Strada*'s criticiſm on the *Latin* heroic poets. My readers may ſee the whole work in the three papers numbered 115, 119, 122. Thoſe who are acquainted with the authors themſelves, cannot but be pleaſed to ſee them ſo juſtly repreſented; and as for thoſe who have never peruſed the originals, they may form a judgment of them from ſuch accurate and entertaining copies. The whole piece will ſhew at leaſt how a man of genius (and none elſe ſhould call himſelf a critic) can make the drieſt art a pleaſing amuſement.

The ſequel of Strada's *Proluſion.*

The poet who perſonated *Ovid* gives an account of the Chryſo-magnet, or of the loadſtone which attracts gold, after the ſame manner as the common loadſtone attracts iron. The author, that he might expreſs *Ovid*'s way of thinking, derives this virtue to the Chryſo-magnet from a poetical Metamorphoſis.

As I was ſitting by a well, ſays he, when I was a boy, my ring dropped into it, when immediately my father faſtening a certain ſtone to the end of a line, let it down into the well. It no ſoonĕr touched the ſurface of the water, but the ring leaped up from the bottom, and clung to it in ſuch a manner, that he drew it out like a fiſh. My father ſeeing me wonder at the experiment, gave me the following account of it. When *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha* went about the world, to repair mankind by throwing ſtones over their heads, the men who roſe from them differed in their inclinations according to the places on which the ſtones fell. Thoſe which fell in the fields became plowmen and ſhepherds. Thoſe which fell into the water produced ſailors and fiſhermen. Thoſe that fell among the woods and foreſts gave birth to huntſmen. Among the reſt there were ſeveral that fell upon mountains, that had mines of gold and ſilver in them. This laſt race of men immediately betook themſelves to the ſearch of theſe precious metals; but nature being diſpleaſed to ſee herſelf ranſacked, withdrew theſe her treaſures towards the centre of the earth. The avarice of man

man however perſiſted in its former purſuits, and ranſacked her inmoſt bowels in queſt of the riches which they contained. Nature ſeeing herſelf thus plundered by a ſwarm of miners, was ſo highly incenſed, that ſhe ſhook the whole place with an earthquake, and buried the men under their own works. The *Stygian* flames which lay in the neighbourhood of theſe deep mines, broke out at the ſame time with great fury, burning up the whole maſs of human limbs and earth, until they were hardened and baked into ſtone. The human bodies that were delving in iron mines were converted into thoſe common loadſtones which attract that metal. Thoſe which were in ſearch of gold became Chryſo-magnets, and ſtill keep their former avarice in their preſent ſtate of petrefaction.

Ovid had no ſooner given over ſpeaking, but the aſſembly pronounced their opinions of him. Several were ſo taken with his eaſy way of writing, and had ſo formed their taſtes upon it, that they had no reliſh for any compoſition which was not framed in the *Ovidian* manner. A great many, however, were of a contrary opinion, until at length it was determined by a plurality of voices, that *Ovid* highly deſerved the name of a witty man, but that his language was vulgar and trivial, and of the nature of thoſe things which coſt no labor in the invention, but are ready found out to a man's hand. In the laſt place they all agreed, that the greateſt objection which lay againſt *Ovid,* both as to his life and writings, was his having too much wit, and that he would have ſucceeded better in both, had he rather checked than indulged it. *Statius* ſtood up next with a ſwelling and haughty air, and made the following ſtory the ſubject of his poem.

A *German* and a *Portugueſe,* when *Vienna* was beſieged, having had frequent conteſts of rivalry, were preparing for a ſingle duel, when on a ſudden the walls were attacked by the enemy. Upon this both the *German* and *Portugueſe* conſented to ſacrifice their private reſentments to the public, and to ſee who could ſignaliſe himſelf moſt upon the common foe. Each of them did wonders in repelling the enemy from different parts of the wall. The *German* was at length engaged amidſt a whole army of *Turks*, until his left arm, that held the ſhield, was unfortunately lopped off, and he himſelf ſo ſtunned with a blow he had received, that he fell down as dead. The *Portugueſe* ſeeing the condition of his rival, very generouſly flew to his ſuccor, diſperſed the multitudes that were gathered about him, and fought over him as he lay upon the ground. In the mean while the *German* recovered from his trance, and roſe up to the aſſiſtance of the *Portugueſe,* who a little after had his right arm, which held the ſword, cut off by the blow of a ſabre. He would have loſt his life at the ſame time by a ſpear which was aimed at his back, had not the *German* ſlain the perſon who was aiming at

him. Theſe two competitors for fame having received ſuch mutual obligations, now fought in conjunction, and as the one was only able to manage the ſword and the other the ſhield, made up but one warrior betwixt them. The *Portugueſe* covered the *German*, while the *German* dealt deſtruction among the enemy. At length, finding themſelves faint with loſs of blood, and reſolving to periſh nobly, they advanced to the moſt ſhattered part of the wall, and threw themſelves down with a huge fragment of it, upon the heads of the beſiegers.

When *Statius* ceaſed, the old factions immediately broke out concerning his manner of writing. Some gave him very loud acclamations, ſuch as he had received in his life time, declaring him the only man who had written in a ſtyle which was truly heroical, and that he was above all others in his fame as well as in his diction. Others cenſured him as one who went beyond all bounds in his images and expreſſions, laughing at the cruelty of his conceptions, the rumbling of his numbers, and the dreadful pomp and bombaſt of his expreſſions. There were however a few ſelect judges who moderated between both theſe extremes, and pronounced upon *Statius*, that there appeared in his ſtyle much poetical heat and fire, but withal ſo much ſmoke as ſullied the brightneſs of it. That there was a majeſty in his verſe, but that it was the majeſty rather of a Tyrant than of a King. That he was often towering among the clouds, but often met with the fate of *Icarus*. In a word, that *Statius* was among the poets, what *Alexander* the Great is among heroes, a man of great virtues and of great faults.

Virgil was the laſt of the ancient poets who produced himſelf upon this occaſion. His ſubject was the ſtory of *Theutilla*, which being ſo near that of *Judith* in all its circumſtances, and at the ſame tranſlated by a very ingenious gentleman in one of Mr. *Dryden*'s miſcellanies, I ſhall here give no farther account of it. When he had done, the whole aſſembly declared the works of this great poet a ſubject rather for their admiration than for their applauſe, and that if any thing was wanting in *Virgil*'s poetry, it was to be aſcribed to a deficiency in the art itſelf, and not in the genius of this great man. There were however ſome envious murmurs and detractions heard among the croud, as if there were very frequently verſes in him which flagged or wanted ſpirit, and were rather to be looked upon as faultleſs than beautiful. But theſe injudicious cenſures were heard with a general indignation.

I need not obſerve to my learned Reader, that the foregoing ſtory of the *German* and *Portugueſe* is almoſt the ſame in every particular with that of the two rival ſoldiers in *Cæſar*'s Commentaries. This Proluſion ends with the performance of an *Italian* poet, full of thoſe little witticiſms and conceits which have infected the greateſt part of modern poetry. *Saturday*,

N° 123. *Saturday, Auguſt* 1.

——— Hic murus aheneus eſto
Nil conſcire ſibi ——— Hor.

THERE are a ſort of Knights-errant in the world, who, quite contrary to thoſe in romance, are perpetually ſeeking adventures to bring virgins into diſtreſs, and to ruin innocence. When men of rank and figure paſs away their lives in theſe criminal purſuits and practices, they ought to conſider that they render themſelves more vile and deſpicable than any innocent man can be, whatever low ſtation his fortune or birth have placed him in. Title and anceſtry render a good man more illuſtrious, but an ill one more contemptible.

Thy father's merit ſets thee up to view,
And plants thee in the faireſt point of light,
To make thy virtues or thy faults conſpicuous. Cato.

I have often wondered, that theſe deflourers of innocence, though dead to all the ſentiments of virtue and honor, are not reſtrained by compaſſion and humanity. To bring ſorrow, confuſion and infamy into a family, to wound the heart of a tender parent, and ſtain the life of a poor deluded young woman with a diſhonor that can never be wiped off, are circumſtances one would think ſufficient to check the moſt violent paſſion in a heart which has the leaſt tincture of pity and good-nature. Would any one purchaſe the gratification of a moment at ſo dear a rate? and entail a laſting miſery on others, for ſuch a tranſient ſatisfaction to himſelf? nay, for a ſatisfaction that is ſure, at ſome time or other, to be followed with remorſe? I am led to this ſubject by two letters which came lately to my hands. The laſt of them is, it ſeems, the copy of one ſent by a mother to one who had abuſed her daughter; and though I cannot juſtify her ſentiments, at the latter end of it, they are ſuch as might ariſe in a mind which had not yet recovered its temper after ſo great a provocation. I preſent the Reader with it as I received it, becauſe I think it gives a lively idea of the affliction which a fond parent ſuffers on ſuch an occaſion.

S I R,

S I R, ——*ſhire, July* 1713.

" THE other day I went into the houſe of one of my tenants, whoſe " wife was formerly a ſervant in our family, and (by my grandmo- " ther's kindneſs) had her education with my mother from her infancy; ſo " that ſhe is of a ſpirit and underſtanding greatly ſuperior to thoſe of her " own rank. I found the poor woman in the utmoſt diſorder of mind and " attire, drowned in tears, and reduced to a condition that looked rather " like ſtupidity than grief. She leaned upon her arm over a table, on " which lay a letter folded up and directed to a certain Nobleman, very " famous in our parts for low intrigue, or (in plainer words) for debauch- " ing country girls; in which number is the unfortunate daughter of my " poor tenant, as I learn from the following letter written by her mother. " I have ſent you here a copy of it, which, made public in your paper, " may perhaps furniſh uſeful reflections to many men of figure and quality, " who indulge themſelves in a paſſion which they poſſeſs but in common " with the vileſt part of mankind.

My Lord,

" LAST night I diſcovered the injury you have done to my daughter. " Heaven knows how long and piercing a torment that ſhort-lived " ſhameful pleaſure of yours muſt bring upon me; upon me, from whom " you never received any offence. This conſideration alone ſhould have " deterred a noble mind from ſo baſe and ungenerous an act. But, alas! " what is all the grief that muſt be my ſhare, in compariſon of that, with " which you have requited her by whom you have been obliged? loſs of " good name, anguiſh of heart, ſhame and infamy, are what muſt inevi- " tably fall upon her, unleſs ſhe gets over them by what is much worſe, " open impudence, profeſſed lewdneſs, and abandoned proſtitution. Theſe " are the returns you have made to her, for putting in your power all her " livelihood and dependence, her virtue and reputation. O, my Lord, " ſhould my ſon have practiſed the like on one of your daughters! —— I " know you ſwell with indignation at the very mention of it, and would think " he deſerved a thouſand deaths, ſhould he make ſuch an attempt upon the " honor of your family. It is well, my Lord. And is then the honor of " your daughter, whom ſtill, though it had been violated, you might " have maintained in plenty, and even luxury, of greater moment to her, " than to my daughter hers, whoſe only ſuſtenance it was? and muſt my " ſon, void of all the advantages of a generous education, muſt he, I " ſay, conſider: and may your Lordſhip be excuſed from all reflection?

" Eternal

" Eternal contumely attend that guilty title which claims exemption from " thought, and arrogates to its wearers the prerogative of brutes. Ever " curſed be its falſe luſtre, which could dazzle my poor daughter to her " undoing. Was it for this that the exalted merits, and godlike virtues of " your great anceſtor, were honored with a coronet, that it might be a pan- " der to his poſterity, and confer a privilege of diſhonoring the innocent " and defenceleſs? at this rate the laws of rewards ſhould be inverted, and " he who is generous and good ſhould be made a beggar and a ſlave; that " induſtry and honeſt diligence may keep his poſterity unſpotted, and pre- " ſerve them from ruining virgins, and making whole families unhappy. " Wretchedneſs is now become my everlaſting portion! Your crime, my " Lord, will draw perdition even upon my head. I may not ſue for for- " giveneſs of my own failings and miſdeeds, for I never can forgive yours; " but ſhall curſe you with my dying breath, and at the laſt tremendous " day ſhall hold forth in my arms my much wronged child, and call aloud " for vengeance on her defiler. Under theſe preſent horrors of mind I " could be content to be your chief tormentor, ever paying you mock " reverence, and ſounding in your ears, to your unutterable loathing, the " empty title which inſpired you with preſumption to tempt, and over- " awed my daughter to comply.

" Thus have I given ſome vent to my ſorrow, nor fear I to awaken you " to repentance, ſo that your ſin may be forgiven: the divine laws have " been broken, but much injury, irreparable injury, has been alſo done " to me, and the juſt judge will not pardon that until I do.

My Lord, your conſcience will help you to my name.

N° 124. *Monday, Auguſt* 3.

Quid fremat in terris violentius? Juv.

More Roarings of the Lion.

Mr. GUARDIAN,

" BEFORE I proceed to make you my propoſals, it will be neceſſary " to inform you, that an uncommon ferocity in my countenance, to- " gether with the remarkable flatneſs of my noſe, and extent of my mouth, " have long ſince procured me the name of *Lion* in this our univerſity.

" The

" The vaſt emolument that, in all probability, will accrue to the public " from the roarings of my new-erected likeneſs at *Button*'s, hath made me " deſirous of being as like him in that part of his character, as I am told I " already am in all parts of my perſon. Wherefore I moſt humbly pro- " poſe to you, that (as it is impoſſible for this one lion to roar, either long " enough or loud enough againſt all the things that are roar-worthy in " theſe realms) you would appoint him a ſub-lion, as a *Præfectus Provinciæ,* " in every county in *Great Britain;* and it is my requeſt, that I may be in- " ſtituted his under-roarer in this univerſity, town, and county of *Cambridge*, " as my reſemblance does, in ſome meaſure, claim that I ſhould.

" I ſhall follow my Metropolitan's example, in roaring only againſt thoſe " enormities that are too ſlight and trivial for the notice or cenſures of our " Magiſtrates, and ſhall communicate my roarings to him monthly, or " oftener if occaſion requires, to be inſerted in your papers *cum privilegio.*

" I ſhall not omit giving informations of the improvement or decay of " punning, and may chance to touch upon the riſe and fall of tuckers; but " I will roar aloud and ſpare not, to the terror of, at preſent, a very " floriſhing ſociety of people called *Loungers,* gentlemen whoſe obſervations " are moſtly itinerant, and who think they have already too much good " ſenſe of their own, to be in need of ſtaying at home to read other peoples.

" I have, Sir, a Raven that ſhall ſerve, by way of Jackall, to bring me " in proviſions, which I ſhall chaw and prepare for the digeſtion of my " principal; and I do hereby give notice to all under my juriſdiction, that " whoever are willing to contribute to this good deſign, if they will affix " their informations to the leg or neck of the aforeſaid Raven or Jackall, " they will be thankfully received by their (but more particularly

From my Den at ———
College in Cambridge,
July 29.

Your) humble ſervant,

Leo *the ſecond.*

N. B. The Raven won't bite.

Mr. IRONSIDE,

" HEARING that your Unicorn is now in hand, and not queſtioning " but his horn will prove a *Cornu-copiæ* to you, I deſire that in order " to introduce it, you will conſider the following propoſal.

" My wife and I intend a diſſertation upon horns; the province ſhe has " choſen is, the planting of them, and I am to treat of their growth, im- " provement, *&c.* The work is like to ſwell ſo much upon our hands, " that I am afraid we ſhall not be able to bear the charge of printing it with-

" out

" out a ſubſcription, wherefore I hope you will invite the city into it, and " deſire thoſe who have any thing by them relating to that part of natural " hiſtory, to communicate it to,

S I R, your humble Servant,

Humphry Binicorn.

S I R,

" I Humbly beg leave to drop a ſong into your Lion's mouth, which will " very truly make him roar like any nightingale. It is fallen into my " hands by chance, and is a very fine imitation of the works of many of " our *Engliſh* Lyrics. It cannot but he highly acceptable to all thoſe who " admire the tranſlations of *Italian* Operas.

I.

Oh the charming month of May!
Oh the charming month of May!
When the breezes fan the treeſes
Full of bloſſoms freſh and gay——
Full, &c.

II.

Oh what joys our proſpects yield!
Charming joys our proſpects yield!
In a new livery when we ſee every
Buſh and meadow, tree and field——
Buſh, &c.

III.

Oh how freſh the morning air!
Charming freſh the morning air!
When the zephyrs and the heifers
Their odoriferous breath compare——
Their, &c.

IV.

Oh how fine our evening walk!
Charming fine our evening walk!
When the nighting-gale delighting
With her ſong ſuſpends our talk——
With her, &c.

V.

Oh how ſweet at night to dream!
Charming ſweet at night to dream!
On moſſy pillows, by the trilloes
Of a gentle purling ſtream——
Of a, &c.

VI.

Oh how kind the country laſs!
Charming kind the country laſs!
Who, her cow bilking, leaves her milking
For a green gown on the graſs——
For a, &c.

VII.

Oh how ſweet it is to ſpy!
Charming ſweet it is to ſpy!
At the concluſion her confuſion,
Bluſhing cheeks, and down-caſt eye——
Bluſhing, &c.

VIII.

Oh the cooling curds and cream!
Charming cooling curds and cream!
When all is over ſhe gives her lover,
Who on her ſkimming-diſh carves her name——
Who on, &c.

Mr. IRONSIDE, *July* 30.

" I Have always been very much pleaſed with the ſight of thoſe crea-
" tures, which being of a foreign growth, are brought into our iſland
" for ſhew: I may ſay, there has not been a tiger, leopard, elephant or hygh-
" geen, for ſome years paſt, in this nation, but I have taken their parti-
" cular dimenſions, and am able to give a very good deſcription of them.
" But I muſt own, I never had a greater curioſity to viſit any of theſe
" ſtrangers than your Lion. Accordingly I came yeſterday to town, being
" able to wait no longer for fair weather; and made what haſte I could
" to Mr. *Button*'s, who readily conducted me to his den of ſtate. He is
" really a creature of as noble a preſence as I have ſeen, he has grandeur
" and good humor in his countenance, which command both our love
" and reſpect; his ſhaggy main and whiſkers are peculiar graces. In ſhort,

" I

" I do not queſtion but he will prove a worthy *Supporter* of *Britiſh* honor
" and virtue, eſpecially when aſſiſted by the *Unicorn*. You muſt think I
" would not wait upon him without a morſel to gain his favor, and had
" provided what I hoped would have pleaſed, but was unluckily prevented
" by the preſence of a bear, which conſtantly, as I approached with my pre-
" ſent, threw his eyes in my way, and ſtared me out of my reſolution.
" I muſt not forget to tell you, my younger daughter and your ward is
" hard at work about her Tucker, having never from her infancy laid aſide
" the modeſty-piece.

I am, venerable NESTOR, *your friend and Servant,*

P. N.

" I was a little ſurpriſed, having read ſome of your Lion's roarings, that
" a creature of ſuch eloquence ſhould want a tongue, but he has other
" qualifications which make good that deficiency.

N° 134. *Friday, Auguſt* 14.

Matronæ præter faciem nil cernere poſſis,
Cætera, ni Catia eſt, demiſſâ veſte tegentis. Hor.

MY Lion having given over roaring for ſome time, I find that ſeveral ſtories have been ſpread abroad in the country to his diſadvantage. One of my correſpondents tells me, it is confidently reported of him, in their parts, that he is ſilenced by authority; another informs me, that he hears he was ſent for by a meſſenger, who had orders to bring him away with all his papers, and that upon examination he was found to contain ſeveral dangerous things in his maw. I muſt not omit another report which has been raiſed by ſuch as are enemies to me and my Lion, namely, that he is ſtarved for want of food, and that he has not had a good meals meat for this fortnight. I do hereby declare theſe reports to be altogether groundleſs; and ſince I am contradicting common fame, I muſt likewiſe acquaint the world, that the ſtory of a two hundred pound bank-bill being conveyed to me through the mouth of my Lion, has no foundation of truth in it. The matter of fact is this; my Lion has not roared for theſe twelve days paſt, by reaſon that his prompters have put very ill words in his

mouth, and ſuch as he could not utter with common honor and decency. Notwithſtanding the admonitions I have given my correſpondents, many of them have crammed great quantities of ſcandal down his throat, others have choked him with lewdneſs and ribaldry. Some of them have gorged him with ſo much nonſenſe that they have made a very aſs of him. On *Monday* laſt, upon examining, I found him an arrant *French* Tory, and the day after a virulent Whig. Some have been ſo miſchievous as to make him fall upon his Keeper, and give me very reproachful language; but as I have promiſed to reſtrain him from hurting any man's reputation, ſo my Reader may be aſſured that I myſelf ſhall be the laſt man whom I will ſuffer him to abuſe. However, that I may give general ſatisfaction, I have a deſign of converting a room in Mr. *Button*'s houſe to the *Lion*'s *Library*, in which I intend to depoſit the ſeveral packets of letters and private intelligence which I do not communicate to the public. Theſe manuſcripts will in time be very valuable, and may afford good lights to future hiſtorians who ſhall give an account of the preſent age. In the mean while, as the lion is an animal which has a particular regard for chaſtity, it has been obſerved that mine has taken delight in roaring very vehemently againſt the untuckered neck, and, as far as I can find by him, is ſtill determined to roar louder and louder, till that irregularity be thoroughly reformed.

Good Mr. IRONSIDE,

"I Muſt acquaint you, for your comfort, that your Lion is grown a kind "of Bull-beggar among the women where I live. When my wife comes "home late from Cards, or commits any other enormity, I whiſper in her "ear, partly betwixt jeſt and earneſt, that *I will tell the Lion of her.* Dear Sir, "do not let them alone till you have made them put on their tuckers "again. What can be a greater ſign, that they themſelves are ſenſible "they have ſtripped too far, than their pretending to call a bit of linen "which will hardly cover a ſilver groat, their *Modeſty-piece?* It is obſerved, "that this modeſty-piece ſtill ſinks lower and lower, and who knows where "it will fix at laſt?

"You muſt know, Sir, I am a *Turkey* Merchant, and lived ſeveral years "in a country where the women ſhew nothing but their eyes. Upon my "return to *England* I was almoſt out of countenance to ſee my pretty coun-"try-women laying open their charms with ſo much liberality, though at "that time many of them were concealed under the modeſt ſhade of the "Tucker. I ſoon after married a very fine woman, who always goes in "the extremity of the faſhion. I was pleaſed to think, as every married "man muſt, that I ſhould make daily diſcoveries in the dear creature,

"which

" which were unknown to the reſt of the world. But ſince this new airy " faſhion is come up, every one's eye is as familiar with her as mine, for I " can poſitively affirm, that her neck is grown eight inches within theſe " three years. And what makes me tremble when I think of it, that pret- " ty foot and ancle are now expoſed to the ſight of the whole world, which " made my very heart dance within me when I firſt found myſelf their " proprietor. As in all appearance the curtain is ſtill riſing, I find a parcel " of raſcally young fellows in the neighbourhood are in hopes to be pre- " ſented with ſome new ſcene every day.

" In ſhort, Sir, the tables are now quite turned upon me. Inſtead of be- " ing acquainted with her perſon more than other men, I have now the leaſt " ſhare of it. When ſhe is at home ſhe is continually muffled up, and con- " cealed in mobs, morning gowns, and handkerchiefs; but ſtrips every af- " ternoon to appear in public. For ought I can find, when ſhe has thrown " aſide half her clothes, ſhe begins to think herſelf half dreſſed. Now, Sir, " if I may preſume to ſay ſo, you have been in the wrong, to think of re- " forming this faſhion, by ſhewing the immodeſty of it. If you expect to " make female proſelytes, you muſt convince them, that, if they would get " huſbands, they muſt not ſhew All before marriage. I am ſure, had my " wife been dreſſed before I married her as ſhe is at preſent, ſhe would " have ſatisfied a good half of my curioſity. Many a man has been hin- " dered from laying out his money on a ſhow, by ſeeing the principal fi- " gures of it hung out before the door. I have often obſerved a curious " paſſenger ſo attentive to theſe objects which he could ſee for nothing, " that he took no notice of the maſter of the ſhow, who was continually " crying out, *Pray Gentlemen walk in.*

" I have told you at the beginning of this letter, how *Mahomet*'s ſhe-diſ- " ciples are obliged to cover themſelves; you have lately informed us from " the foreign news-papers of the regulations which the Pope is now mak- " ing among the *Roman* Ladies in this particular; and I hope our *Britiſh* " Dames, notwithſtanding they have the fineſt ſkins in the world, will be " content to ſhew no more of them than what belongs to the face and to " the *neck* properly ſpeaking. Their being fair is no excuſe for their be- " ing naked.

" You know, Sir, that in the beginning of the laſt century there was a " ſect of men among us who called themſelves *Adamites*, and appeared in " public without clothes. This hereſy may ſpring up in the other ſex, if " you do not put a timely ſtop to it, there being ſo many in all public " places, who ſhew ſo great an inclination to be *Evites*.

I am SIR, &c.

Saturday,

N° 135. *Saturday, Auguſt* 15.

——————*meâ*
Virtute me involvo—— Hor.

A Good conſcience is to the Soul what health is to the body: it preſerves a conſtant eaſe and ſerenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions which can poſſibly befal us. I know nothing ſo hard for a generous mind to get over as calumny and reproach, and cannot find any method of quieting the Soul under them, beſides this ſingle one, of our being conſcious to ourſelves that we do not deſerve them.

I have been always mightily pleaſed with that paſſage in *Don Quixote*, where the fantaſtical Knight is repreſented as loading a Gentleman of good ſenſe with praiſes and eulogiums. Upon which the Gentleman makes this reflection to himſelf: How grateful is praiſe to human nature! I cannot forbear being ſecretly pleaſed with the commendations I receive, though I am ſenſible it is a madam that beſtows them on me. In the ſame manner, though we are often ſure that the cenſures which are paſſed upon us are uttered by thoſe who know nothing of us, and have neither means nor abilities to form a right judgment of us, we cannot forbear being grieved at what they ſay.

In order to heal this infirmity, which is natural to the beſt and wiſeſt of men, I have taken a particular pleaſure in obſerving the conduct of the old philoſophers, how they bore themſelves up againſt the malice and detraction of their enemies.

The way to ſilence calumny, ſays *Bias*, is to be always exerciſed in ſuch things as are praiſe-worthy. *Socrates*, after having received ſentence, told his friends, that he had always accuſtomed himſelf to regard truth and not cenſure, and that he was not troubled at his condemnation, becauſe he knew himſelf free from guilt. It was in the ſame ſpirit that he heard the accuſations of his two great adverſaries, who had uttered againſt him the moſt virulent reproaches. *Anytus* and *Melitus*, ſays he, may procure ſentence againſt me, but they cannot hurt me. This divine philoſopher was ſo well fortified in his own innocence, that he neglected all the impotence of evil tongues which were engaged in his deſtruction. This was properly the

the ſupport of a good conſcience, that contradicted the reports which had been raiſed againſt him, and cleared him to himſelf.

Others of the philoſophers rather choſe to retort the injury, by a ſmart reply, than thus to diſarm it with reſpect to themſelves. They ſhew that it ſtung them, though at the ſame time, they had the addreſs to make their aggreſſors ſuffer with them. Of this kind was *Ariſtotle*'s reply to one who purſued him with long and bitter invectives. You, ſays he, who are uſed to ſuffer reproaches, utter them with delight; I, who have not been uſed to utter them, take no pleaſure in hearing them. *Diogenes* was ſtill more ſevere on one who ſpoke ill of him: Nobody will believe you when you ſpeak ill of me, any more than they would believe me ſhould I ſpeak well of you.

In theſe, and many other inſtances I could produce, the bitterneſs of the anſwer ſufficiently teſtifies the uneaſineſs of mind the perſon was under who made it. I would rather adviſe my reader, if he has not in this caſe the ſecret conſolation that he deſerves no ſuch reproaches as are caſt upon him, to follow the advice of *Epictetus*. If any one ſpeaks ill of thee, conſider whether he has truth on his ſide; and if ſo, reform thyſelf, that his cenſures may not affect thee. When *Anaximander* was told, that the very boys laughed at his ſinging; Ay? ſays he, then I muſt learn to ſing better. But of all the ſayings of philoſophers which I have gathered together for my own uſe on this occaſion, there are none which carry in them more candor and good ſenſe than the two following ones of *Plato*. Being told that he had many enemies who ſpoke ill of him, It is no matter, ſaid he, I will live ſo that none ſhall believe them. Hearing at another time, that an intimate friend of his had ſpoken detractingly of him; I am ſure he would not do it, ſays he, if he had not ſome reaſon for it. This is the ſureſt, as well as the nobleſt way, of drawing the ſting out of a reproach, and the true method of preparing a man for that great and only relief againſt the pains of calumny, *a good conſcience.*

I deſigned in this eſſay, to ſhew, that there is no happineſs wanting to him who is poſſeſſed of this excellent frame of mind, and that no perſon can be miſerable who is in the enjoyment of it; but I find this ſubject ſo well treated in one of Dr. *South*'s ſermons, that I ſhall fill this *Saturday*'s paper with a paſſage of it, which cannot but make the man's heart burn within him, who reads it with due attention.

That admirable author, having ſhewn the virtue of a good conſcience in ſupporting a man under the greateſt trials and difficulties of life, concludes with repreſenting its force and efficacy in the hour of death.

The

The third and laſt inſtance, in which above all others this confidence towards God *does moſt eminently ſhew and exert itſelf, is at the* time of death; *which ſurely gives the grand opportunity of trying both the* ſtrength *and* worth *of every principle. When a man ſhall be juſt about to quit the ſtage of this world, to put off his mortality, and to deliver up his laſt accounts to God; at which ſad time his memory ſhall ſerve him for little elſe, but to terrify him with a frightful review of his paſt life, and his former extravagances ſtripped of all their* pleaſure, *but retaining their* guilt: *What is it then that can promiſe him a fair paſſage into the other world, or a comfortable appearance before his dreadful Judge when he is there? not all the* friends *and* intereſts, *all the* riches *and* honors *under heaven, can ſpeak ſo much as a word* for him, *or one word of comfort* to him *in that condition; they may poſſibly reproach, but they cannot relieve him.*

No; at this diſconſolate time, when the buſy tempter ſhall be more than uſually apt to vex and trouble him, and the pains of a dying body to hinder and diſcompoſe him, and the ſettlement of worldly affairs to diſturb and confound him; and, in a word, all things conſpire to make his ſick-bed grievous and uneaſy: nothing can then ſtand up againſt all theſe ruins, and ſpeak life in the midſt of death, but a clear conſcience.

And the teſtimony of that ſhall make the comforts of heaven deſcend upon his weary head, like a refreſhing dew, or ſhower upon a parched ground. It ſhall give him ſome lively earneſts, and ſecret anticipations of his approaching joy. It ſhall bid his ſoul go out of the body undauntedly, and lift up its head with confidence before Saints and Angels. Surely the comfort, which it conveys at this ſeaſon, is ſomething bigger than the capacities of mortality, mighty and unſpeakable, and not to be underſtood till it comes to be felt.

And now, who would not quit all the pleaſures, *and* traſh *and* trifles, *which are apt to captivate the heart of man, and purſue the greateſt rigors of piety, and auſterities of a good life, to purchaſe to himſelf ſuch a conſcience, as at the hour of death, when all the friendſhip in the world ſhall bid him* adieu, *and the whole creation turn its back upon him, ſhall diſmiſs the ſoul, and cloſe his eyes with that bleſſed ſentence,* Well done thou good and faithful ſervant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord?

Monday

N° 136. *Monday, Auguſt* 17.

Noctes atque dies patet atri janua ditis. Virg.

SOME of our quaint moraliſts have pleaſed themſelves with an obſervation, that there is but one way of coming into the world, but a thouſand to go out of it. I have ſeen a fanciful dream written by a *Spaniard*, in which he introduces the perſon of Death metamorphoſing himſelf like another *Proteus* into innumerable ſhapes and figures. To repreſent the fatality of fevers and agues, with many other diſtempers and accidents that deſtroy the life of man; Death enters firſt of all in a body of fire, a little after he appears like a man of ſnow, then rolls about the room like a cannon ball, then lies on the table like a gilded pill: after this he transforms himſelf, of a ſudden, into a ſword, then dwindles ſucceſſively to a dagger, to a bodkin, to a crooked pin, to a needle, to a hair. The *Spaniard*'s deſign, by this allegory, was to ſhew the many aſſaults to which the life of man is expoſed, and to let his reader ſee that there was ſcarce any thing in nature ſo very mean and inconſiderable, but that it was able to overcome him and lay his head in the duſt. I remember Monſieur *Paſchal*, in his reflections on Providence, has this obſervation upon *Cromwell*'s death. That uſurper, ſays he, who had deſtroyed the Royal Family in his own nation, who had made all the Princes of *Europe* tremble, and ſtruck a terror into *Rome* itſelf, was at laſt taken out of the world by a fit of the gravel. An atom, a grain of ſand, ſays he, that would have been of no ſignificancy in any other part of the univerſe, being lodged in ſuch a particular place, was an inſtrument of Providence to bring about the moſt happy revolution, and to remove from the face of the earth this troubler of mankind. In ſhort, ſwarms of diſtempers are every where hovering over us; caſualties, whether at home or abroad, whether we wake or ſleep, ſit or walk, are planted about us in ambuſcade; every element, every climate, every ſeaſon, all nature is full of death.

There are more caſualties incident to men than women, as battles, ſea-voyages, with ſeveral dangerous trades and profeſſions that often prove fatal to the practitioners. I have ſeen a treatiſe written by a learned Phyſician on the diſtempers peculiar to thoſe who work in ſtone or marble. It has been therefore obſerved by curious men, that upon a ſtrict examination there are more males brought into the world than females. Providence, to

ſupply this waſte in the ſpecies, has made allowances for it by a ſuitable redundancy in the male ſex. Thoſe who have made the niceſt calculations have found, I think, that taking one year with another, there are about twenty boys produced to nineteen girls. This obſervation is ſo well grounded, that I will at any time lay five to four, that there appear more male than female infants in every weekly bill of mortality. And what can be a more demonſtrative argument for the ſuperintendancy of Providence?

There are caſualties incident to every particular ſtation and way of life. A friend of mine was once ſaying, that he fancied there would be ſomething new and diverting in a country bill of mortality. Upon communicating this hint to a gentleman who was then going down to his ſeat, which lies at a conſiderable diſtance from *London*, he told me he would make a collection, as well as he could, of the ſeveral deaths that had happened in his country for the ſpace of a whole year, and ſend them up to me in the form of ſuch a bill as I mentioned. The reader will here ſee that he has been as good as his promiſe. To make it the more entertaining he has ſet down, among the real diſtempers, ſome imaginary ones, to which the country people aſcribed the deaths of ſome of their neighbours. I ſhall extract out of them ſuch only as ſeem almoſt peculiar to the country, laying aſide fevers, apoplexies, ſmall-pox, and the like, which they have in common with towns and cities.

Of a ſix-bar gate, fox-hunters	4
Of a quick-ſet hedge	2
Two duels, *viz.*	
Firſt, between a frying-pan and a pitch-fork	1
Second, between a joint-ſtool and a brown jug	1
Bewitched	13
Of an evil tongue	9
Croſſed in love	7
Broke his neck in robbing a henrooſt	1
Cut finger turned to a gangrene by an old Gentlewoman of the pariſh	1
Surfeit of curds and cream	2
Took cold ſleeping at church	11
Of a ſprain in his ſhoulder by ſaving his dog at a bull-baiting	1
Lady *B*——'s cordial water	2
Knocked down by a quart bottle	1
Frighted out of his wits by a headleſs dog with ſawcer eyes	1
Of *October*	25
Broke a vein in bawling for a Knight of the ſhire	1

Old

Old women drowned upon trial of witchcraft	3
Climbing a crow's neſt	1
Chalk and green apples	4
Led into a horſe-pond by a *Will of the Whiſp*	1
Died of a fright in an exerciſe of the trained bands	1
Over-eat himſelf at a houſe-warming	1
By the Parſon's bull	2
Vagrant beggars worried by the Squire's houſe-dog	2
Shot by miſtake	1
Of a mountebank doctor	6
Of the *Merry Andrew*	1
Caught her death in a wet ditch	1
Old age	100
Foul diſtemper	0

N° 137. *Tueſday, Auguſt* 18.

———*Sanctus haberi*
Juſtitiæque tenax, factis dictiſque mereris?
Agnoſco procerem——— Juv.

HORACE, Juvenal, Boileau, and indeed the greateſt writers in almoſt every age, have expoſed, with all the ſtrength of wit and good ſenſe, the vanity of a man's valuing himſelf upon his anceſtors, and endeavoured to ſhew that true nobility conſiſts in virtue, not in birth. With ſubmiſſion however to ſo many great authorities, I think they have puſhed this matter a little too far. We ought in gratitude to honor the poſterity of thoſe who have raiſed either the intereſt or reputation of their country, and by whoſe labors we ourſelves are more happy, wiſe or virtuous than we ſhould have been without them. Beſides, naturally ſpeaking, a man bids fairer for greatneſs of ſoul, who is the deſcendant of worthy anceſtors, and has good blood in his veins, than one who is come of an ignoble and obſcure parentage. For theſe reaſons I think a man of merit, who is derived from an illuſtrious line, is very juſtly to be regarded more than a man of equal merit who has no claim to hereditary honors. Nay, I think thoſe who are indifferent in themſelves, and have nothing elſe to diſtinguiſh them but the virtues of their forefathers, are to be looked upon with a degree of

veneration even upon that account, and to be more reſpected than the common run of men who are of low and vulgar extraction.

After having thus aſcribed due honors to birth, and parentage, I muſt however take notice of thoſe who arrogate to themſelves more honors than are due to them upon this account. The firſt are ſuch who are not enough ſenſible that vice and ignorance taint the blood, and that an unworthy behaviour degrades and diſennobles a man, in the eye of the world, as much as birth and family aggrandiſe and exalt him.

The ſecond are thoſe who believe a *new* man of an elevated merit is not more to honored than an inſignificant and worthleſs man who is deſcended from a long line of patriots and heroes: or, in other words, behold with contempt a perſon who is ſuch a man as the firſt founder of their family was, upon whoſe reputation they value themſelves.

But I ſhall chiefly apply myſelf to thoſe whoſe quality ſits uppermoſt in all their diſcourſes and behaviour. An empty man of a great family is a creature that is ſcarce converſible. You read his anceſtry in his ſmile, in his air, in his eye-brow. He has indeed nothing but his nobility to give employment to his thoughts. Rank and precedency are the important points which he is always diſcuſſing within himſelf. A Gentleman of this turn began a ſpeech in one of King *Charles*'s parliaments: *Sir, I had the honor to be born at a time*——upon which a rough honeſt Gentleman took him up ſhort, *I would fain know what that Gentleman means: Is there any one in this houſe that has not had the honor to be born as well as himſelf?* The good ſenſe which reigns in our nation has pretty well deſtroyed this ſtarched behaviour among men who have ſeen the world, and know that every Gentleman will be treated upon a foot of equality. But there are many who have had their education among women, dependents or flatterers, that loſe all the reſpect, which would otherwiſe be paid them, by being too aſſiduous in procuring it.

My Lord *Froth* has been ſo educated in punctilio, that he governs himſelf by a ceremonial in all the ordinary occurrences of life. He meaſures out his bow to the degree of the perſon he converſes with. I have ſeen him in every inclination of the body, from a familiar nod to the low ſtoop in the ſalutation ſign. I remember five of us, who were acquainted with one another, met together one morning at his lodgings, when a wag of the company was ſaying, it would be worth while to obſerve how he would diſtinguiſh us at his firſt entrance. Accordingly he no ſooner came into the room, but caſting his eye about, *My Lord ſuch a one,* ſays he, *your moſt humble ſervant. Sir* Richard, *your humble Servant. Your ſervant, Mr.* Ironſide. *Mr.* Ducker, *how do you do? Hah!* Frank, *are you there?*

There

There is nothing more eaſy than to diſcover a man whoſe heart is full of his family. Weak minds that have imbibed a ſtrong tincture of the nurſery, younger brothers that have been brought up to nothing, ſuperannuated retainers to a great houſe, have generally their thoughts taken up with little elſe.

I had ſome years ago an aunt of my own, by name Mrs. *Martha Ironſide*, who would never marry beneath herſelf, and is ſuppoſed to have died a maid in the fourſcorth year of her age. She was the chronicle of our family, and paſſed away the greateſt part of the laſt forty years of her life in recounting the antiquity, marriages, exploits and alliances of the *Ironſides*. Mrs. *Martha* converſed generally with a knot of old virgins, who were likewiſe of good families, and had been very cruel all the beginning of the laſt century. They were every one of them as proud as *Lucifer*, but ſaid their prayers twice a day, and in all other reſpects were the beſt women in the world. If they ſaw a fine petticoat at church, they immediately took to pieces the pedigree of her that wore it, and would lift up their eyes to heaven at the confidence of the ſaucy Minx, when they found ſhe was an honeſt tradeſman's daughter. It is impoſſible to deſcribe the pious indignation that would riſe in them at the ſight of a man who lived plentifully on an eſtate of his own getting. They were tranſported with zeal beyond meaſure, if they heard of a young woman's matching into a great family upon account only of her beauty, her merit, or her money. In ſhort, there was not a female within ten miles of them that was in poſſeſſion of a gold watch, a pearl necklace, or a piece of *Mechlin* lace, but they examined her title to it. My aunt *Martha* uſed to chide me very frequently for not ſufficiently valuing myſelf. She would not eat a bit all dinner time, if at an invitation ſhe found ſhe had been ſeated below herſelf; and would frown upon me for an hour together, if ſhe ſaw me give place to any man under a Baronet. As I was once talking to her of a wealthy citizen whom ſhe had refuſed in her youth, ſhe declared to me with great warmth, that ſhe preferred a man of quality in his ſhirt to the richeſt man upon the Change in a coach and ſix. She pretended, that our family was nearly related by the mother's ſide to half a dozen Peers; but as none of them knew any thing of the matter, we always keep it as a ſecret among ourſelves. A little before her death ſhe was reciting to me the hiſtory of my forefathers; but dwelling a little longer than ordinary upon the actions of Sir *Gilbert Ironſide*, who had a horſe ſhot under him at *Edghill* fight, I gave an unfortunate *Piſh*, and aſked, *What was all this to me?* upon which ſhe retired to her cloſet, and fell a ſcribbling for three hours together, in which time, as I afterwards found, ſhe ſtruck me out of her will, and left all ſhe had to my ſiſter *Margaret*, a wheedling

wheedling baggage, that uſed to be aſking queſtions about her great grandfather from morning to night. She now lies buried among the family of the *Ironſides*, with a ſtone over her, acquainting the reader, that ſhe died at the age of eighty years, a Spinſter, and that ſhe was deſcended of the ancient family of the *Ironſides* — After which follows the Genealogy drawn up by her own hand.

N° 138. *Wedneſday, Auguſt* 19.

Incenditque animum famæ venientis amore. Virg.

THERE is nothing which I ſtudy ſo much in the courſe of theſe my daily diſſertations, as variety. By this means every one of my Readers is ſure ſome time or other to find a ſubject that pleaſes him, and almoſt every paper has ſome particular ſet of men for its advocates. Inſtead of ſeeing the number of my papers every day increaſing, they would quickly lie as a drug upon my hands, did not I take care to keep up the appetite of my gueſts, and quicken it from time to time by ſomething new and unexpected. In ſhort, I endeavour to treat my Reader in the ſame manner as *Eve* does the Angel in that beautiful deſcription of *Milton*.

So ſaying, with diſpatchful looks in haſte
She turns, on hoſpitable thoughts intent,
What choice to chooſe for delicacy beſt.
What order, ſo contriv'd as not to mix
Taſtes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
Taſte after taſte, upheld with kindlieſt change.
Whatever earth, all-bearing mother yields,
In India *eaſt or weſt, or middle ſhore,*
In Pontus *or the* Punic *coaſt, or where*
Alcinous *reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coat*
Rough or ſmooth rined, or bearded huſk, or ſhell,
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unſparing hand—— Fifth book.

If by this method I can furniſh out a *ſplendida farrago*, according to the compliment lately paid me in a fine poem publiſhed among the exerciſes of the laſt *Oxford* act, I have gained the end which I propoſe to myſelf.

In

In my yeſterday's paper, I ſhewed how the actions of our anceſtors and forefathers ſhould excite us to every thing that is great and virtuous; I ſhall here obſerve, that a regard to our poſterity, and thoſe who are to deſcend from us, ought to have the ſame kind of influence on a generous mind. A noble ſoul would rather die than commit an action that ſhould make his children bluſh when he is in his grave, and be looked upon as a reproach to thoſe who ſhall live a hundred years after him. On the contrary, nothing can be a more pleaſing thought to a man of eminence, than to conſider that his poſterity, who lie many removes from him, ſhall make their boaſt of his virtues, and be honored for his ſake.

Virgil repreſents this conſideration as an incentive of glory to *AEneas*, when after having ſhewn him the race of heroes who were to deſcend from him, *Anchiſes* adds with a noble warmth,

Et dubitamus adhuc virtutem extendere factis?

And doubt we yet thro' dangers to purſue
The paths of honor? ——— *Mr.* Dryden.

Since I have mentioned this paſſage in *Virgil*, where *AEneas* was entertained with the view of his great deſcendants, I cannot forbear obſerving a particular beauty, which I do not know any one has taken notice of. The liſt which he has there drawn up was in general to do honor to the *Roman* name, but more particularly to compliment *Auguſtus*. For this reaſon *Anchiſes*, who ſhews *AEneas* moſt of the reſt of his deſcendants in the ſame order that they were to make their appearance in the world, breaks his method for the ſake of *Auguſtus*, whom he ſingles out immediately after having mentioned *Romulus*, as the moſt illuſtrious perſon who was to riſe in that empire which the other had founded. He was impatient to deſcribe his poſterity raiſed to the utmoſt pitch of glory, and therefore paſſes over all the reſt to come at this great man, whom by this means he implicitly repreſents as making the moſt conſpicuous figure among them. By this artifice the poet did not only give his Emperor the greateſt praiſe he could beſtow upon him; but hindered his reader from drawing a parallel, which would have been diſadvantageous to him, had he been celebrated in his proper place, that is, after *Pompey* and *Cæſar*, who each of them eclipſed the other in military glory.

Tho' there have been finer things ſpoken of *Auguſtus* than of any other man, all the wits of his age having tried to out-rival one another on that ſubject, he never received a compliment, which, in my opinion, can be compared for ſublimity of thought, to that which the poet here makes him.

The

The *Engliſh* reader may ſee a faint ſhadow of it in Mr. *Dryden*'s tranſlation, for the original is inimitable.

Hic vir hic eſt, &c.

But next behold the youth of form divine,
Cæſar *himſelf, exalted in his line;*
Auguſtus, *promis'd oft, and long foretold,*
Sent to the realm that Saturn *rul'd of old;*
Born to reſtore a better age of gold.
Afric, *and* India, *ſhall his pow'r obey,*
He ſhall extend his propagated ſway
Beyond the ſolar year, without the ſtarry way.
Where Atlas *turns the rolling heavens around,*
And his broad ſhoulders with their light are crown'd,
At his foreſeen approach, already quake
The Caſpian *kingdoms, and* Mæotian *lake.*
Their ſeers behold the tempeſt from afar;
And threat'ning oracles denounce the war.
Nile *hears him knocking at his ſevenfold gates;*
And ſeeks his hidden ſpring, and fears his nephews fates.
Nor Hercules *more lands or labors knew,*
Not tho' the brazen-footed hind he ſlew;
Freed Erymanthus *from the foaming boar,*
And dipp'd his arrows in Lernæan *gore.*
Nor Bacchus, *turning from his* Indian *war,*
By tigers drawn triumphant in his car,
From Niſus *top deſcending on the plains;*
With curling vines around his purple reins.
And doubt we yet thro' dangers to purſue
The paths of honor? ———

I could ſhew out of other poets the ſame kind of viſion as this in *Virgil*, wherein the chief perſons of the poem have been entertained with the ſight of thoſe who were to deſcend from them; but inſtead of that, I ſhall conclude with a rabbinical ſtory which has in it the oriental way of thinking, and is therefore very amuſing.

Adam, ſay the Rabbins, a little after his creation, was preſented with a view of all thoſe ſouls who were to be united to human bodies, and take their turn after him upon the earth. Among others, the viſion ſet before him the ſoul

ſoul of *David.* Our great anceſtor was tranſported at the ſight of ſo beautiful an apparition; but to his unſpeakable grief was informed, that it was not to be converſant among men the ſpace of one year.

Oſtendent terris hunc tantùm fata, neque ultrà
Eſſe ſinent.

Adam, to procure a longer life for ſo fine a piece of human nature, begged that threeſcore and ten years (which he heard would be the age of man in *David*'s time) might be taken out of his own life, and added to that of *David.* Accordingly, ſay the Rabbins, *Adam* falls ſhort of a thouſand years, which was to have been the complete term of his life, by juſt ſo many years as make up the life of *David. Adam* having lived 930 years, and *David* 70.

This ſtory was invented to ſhew the high opinion which the Rabbins entertained of this man after God's own heart, whom the prophet, who was his own contemporary, could not mention without rapture, where he records the laſt poetical compoſition of *David, of* David *the ſon of* Jeſſe, *of the man who was raiſed up on high, of the anointed of the God of* Jacob, *of the ſweet pſalmiſt of* Iſrael.

N° 139. *Thurſday, Auguſt* 20.

——*priſca fides facto, ſed fama perennis.* Virg.

Moſt venerable NESTOR,

"I Find that every body is very much delighted with the voice of your "Lion. His roarings againſt the tucker have been moſt melodious and "emphatical. It is to be hoped, that the ladies will take warning by them, "and not provoke him to greater outrages; for I obſerve, that your Lion, as "you yourſelf have told us, is made up of mouth and paws. For my own "part, I have long conſidered with myſelf how I might expreſs my grati-"tude to this noble animal that has ſo much the good of our country at "his heart. After many thoughts on this ſubject, I have at length reſolved "to do honor to him, by compiling a hiſtory of his ſpecies, and extracting "out of all authors whatever may redound to his reputation. In the pro-"ſecution of this deſign I ſhall have no manner of regard to what *Eſop* "has ſaid upon the ſubject, whom I look upon to have been a republican,

" by the unworthy treatment which he often gives to the king of beaſts, " and whom, if I had time, I could convict of falſehood and forgery in " almoſt every matter of fact which he has related of this generous animal. " Your romance writers are likewiſe a ſet of men whoſe authority I ſhall " build upon very little in this caſe. They all of them are born with a " particular antipathy to Lions, and give them no more quarter than they " do giants, wherever they chance to meet them. There is not one of the " ſeven champions, but, when he has nothing elſe to do, encounters with " a Lion, and you may be ſure always gets the better of him. In ſhort, " a knight-errant lives in a perpetual ſtate of enmity with this noble crea- " ture, and hates him more than all things upon the earth, except a dra- " gon. Had the ſtories recorded of them by theſe writers been true, the " whole ſpecies would have been deſtroyed before now. After having " thus renounced all fabulous authorities, I ſhall begin my memoirs of the " Lion with a ſtory related of him by *Aulus Gellius*, and extracted by him " out of *Dion Caſſius*, an hiſtorian of undoubted veracity. It is the famous " ſtory of *Androcles* the *Roman* ſlave, which I premiſe for the ſake of my " learned reader, who needs go no farther in it if he has read it already.

" *Androcles* was the ſlave of a noble *Roman* who was proconſul of *Afric*. " He had been guilty of a fault, for which his maſter would have put " him to death, had not he found an opportunity to eſcape out of his " hands, and fled into the deſerts of *Numidia*. As he was wandering among " the barren ſands, and almoſt dead with heat and hunger, he ſaw a cave " in the ſide of a rock. He went into it, and finding at the farther end of " it a place to ſit down upon, reſted there for ſome time. At length to his " great ſurpriſe a huge overgrown Lion entered at the mouth of the cave, " and ſeeing a man at the upper end of it, immediately made towards him. " *Androcles* gave himſelf for gone; but the Lion, inſtead of treating him as " he expected, laid his paw upon his lap, and with a complaining kind of " voice fell a licking his hand. *Androcles*, after having recovered himſelf a " little from the fright he was in, obſerved the Lion's paw to be exceed- " ingly ſwelled by a large thorn that ſtuck in it. He immediately pulled " it out, and by ſqueezing the paw very gently, made a great deal of cor- " rupt matter run out of it, which probably freed the Lion from the great " anguiſh he had felt for ſome time before. The Lion left him upon re- " ceiving this good office from him, and ſoon after returned with a fawn " which he had juſt killed. This he laid down at the feet of his bene- " factor, and went off again in purſuit of his prey. *Androcles*, after having " ſodden the fleſh of it by the ſun, ſubſiſted upon it until the Lion had " ſupplied him with another. He lived many days in this frightful ſoli-

" tude,

" tude, the Lion catering for him with great aſſiduity. Being tired at " length of this ſavage ſociety, he was reſolved to deliver himſelf up into his " maſter's hands, and ſuffer the worſt effects of his diſpleaſure, rather than " be thus driven out from mankind. His maſter, as was cuſtomary for the " proconſuls of *Afric*, was at that time getting together a preſent of all " the largeſt Lions that could be found in the country, in order to ſend " them to *Rome*, that they might furniſh out a ſhow to the *Roman* people. " Upon his poor ſlave's ſurrendering himſelf into his hands, he ordered " him to be carried away to *Rome* as ſoon as the Lions were in readineſs " to be ſent, and that for his crime he ſhould be expoſed to fight with one " of the Lions in the amphitheatre, as uſual, for the diverſion of the peo- " ple. This was all performed accordingly. *Androcles*, after ſuch a ſtrange " run of fortune, was now in the area of the theatre amidſt thouſands of " ſpectators, expecting every moment when his antagoniſt would come " out upon him. At length a huge monſtrous Lion leaped out from the " place where he had been kept hungry for the ſhow. He advanced with " great rage towards the man, but on a ſudden, after having regarded him " a little wiſtfully, fell to the ground, and crept towards his feet with all the " ſigns of blandiſhment and careſs. *Androcles*, after a ſhort pauſe, diſcovered " that it was his old *Numidian* friend, and immediately renewed his ac- " quaintance with him. Their mutual congratulations were very ſurpriſ- " ing to the beholders, who, upon hearing an account of the whole matter " from *Androcles*, ordered him to be pardoned, and the Lion to be given " up into his poſſeſſion. *Androcles* returned at *Rome* the civilities which he " had received from him in the deſerts of *Afric*. *Dion Caſſius* ſays, that he " himſelf ſaw the man leading the Lion about the ſtreets of *Rome*, the peo- " ple every where gathering about them, and repeating to one another, *Hic* " *eſt leo hoſpes hominis, hic eſt homo medicus leonis. This is the Lion who was the* " *man's hoſt, this is the man who was the Lion's phyſician.*

N° 140. *Friday, Auguſt* 21.

——*quibus incendi jam frigidus ævo*
Laomedontiades, vel Neſtoris hernia poſſit. Juv.

I Have lately received a letter from an Aſtrologer in *Moorfields;* which I have read with great ſatisfaction. He obſerves to me, that my Lion at *Button*'s Coffee-houſe was very luckily erected in the very month when the ſun was in *Leo*. He farther adds, that upon converſing with the above-mentioned Mr. *Button* (whoſe other name he obſerves is *Daniel,* a good omen ſtill with regard to the Lion his cohabitant) he had diſcovered the very hour in which the ſaid Lion was ſet up; and that by the help of other lights, which he had received from the ſaid Mr. *Button,* he had been enabled to calculate the nativity of the Lion. This myſterious philoſopher acquaints me, that the ſign of *Leo* in the Heavens immediately precedes that of *Virgo,* by which, ſays he, is ſignified the natural love and friendſhip the Lion bears to virginity, and not only to virginity, but to ſuch matrons likewiſe as are pure and unſpotted, from whence he foretels the good influence which the roarings of my Lion are likely to have over the female world for the purifying of their behaviour, and bettering of their manners. He then proceeds to inform me, that in the moſt exact aſtrological ſchemes, the Lion is obſerved to affect, in a more particular manner, the legs and the neck, as well as to allay the power of the Scorpion in thoſe parts which are allotted to that fiery conſtellation. From hence he very naturally prognoſticates, that my Lion will meet with great ſucceſs in the attacks he has made on the untuckered ſtays and ſhort petticoat, and that, in a few months, there will not be a female boſom or ancle uncovered in *Great Britain.* He concludes, that by the rules of his art he foreſaw, five years ago, that both the Pope and myſelf ſhould about this time unite our endeavours in this particular, and that ſundry mutations and revolutions would happen in the female dreſs.

I have another letter by me from a perſon of a more volatile and airy genius, who finding this great propenſion in the fair ſex to go uncovered, and thinking it impoſſible to reclaim them entirely from it, is for compounding the matter with them, and finding out a middle expedient between nakedneſs and clothing. He propoſes, therefore, that they ſhould imitate

imitate their great grandmothers the *Briths* or *Picts*, and paint the parts of their bodies which are uncovered with ſuch figures as ſhall be moſt to their fancy. The boſom of the coquette, ſays he, may bear the figure of a *Cupid*, with a bow in his hand, and his arrow upon the ſtring. The prude might have a *Pallas*, with a ſhield and *Gorgon*'s head. In ſhort, by this method, he thinks every woman might make very agreeable diſcoveries of herſelf, and at the ſame time ſhew us what ſhe would be at. But, by my correſpondent's good leave, I can by no means conſent to ſpoil the ſkin of my pretty country-women. They could find no colors half ſo charming as thoſe which are natural to them; and though, like the old *Picts*, they painted the ſun itſelf upon their bodies, they would ſtill change for the worſe, and conceal ſomething more beautiful than what they exhibited.

I ſhall therefore perſiſt in my firſt deſign, and endeavour to bring about the reformation in neck and legs, which I have ſo long aimed at. Let them but raiſe their ſtays and let down their petticoats, and I have done. However, as I will give them ſpace to conſider of it, I deſign this for the laſt time that my Lion ſhall roar upon the ſubject during this ſeaſon, which I give public notice of for the ſake of my correſpondents, that they may not be at an unneceſſary trouble or expence in furniſhing me with any informations relating to the Tucker before the beginning of next winter, when I may again reſume that point if I find occaſion for it. I ſhall not, however, let it drop without acquainting my Reader, that I have written a Letter to the Pope upon it, in order to encourage him in his preſent good intentions, and that we may act by concert in this matter. Here follows the copy of my Letter.

To Pope Clement *the Eighth,* NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Greeting.*

Dear Brother,

" I Have heard, with great ſatisfaction, that you have forbidden your Prieſts " to confeſs any woman, who appears before them without a Tucker, " in which you pleaſe me well. I do agree with you, that it is impoſſible " for the good man to diſcharge his office, as he ought, who gives an ear to " thoſe alluring penitents that diſcover their hearts and necks to him at " the ſame time. I am laboring, as much as in me lies, to ſtir up the " ſame ſpirit of modeſty among the women of this iſland, and ſhould be " glad we might aſſiſt one another in ſo good a work. In order to it, I de- " ſire that you will ſend me over the length of a *Roman* Lady's neck, as it " ſtood before your late prohibition. We have ſome here who have necks " of one, two, and three foot in length, ſome that have necks which reach

" down

" down to their middles, and, indeed, ſome who may be ſaid to be all " neck and no body. I hope, at the ſame time you obſerve the ſtays of " your female ſubjects, that you have alſo an eye to their petticoats, which " riſe in this iſland daily. When the petticoat reaches but to the knee, " and the ſtays fall to the fifth rib (which I hear is to be the ſtandard of each, " as it has been lately ſettled in a junto of the ſex) I will take care to " ſend you one of either ſort, which I advertiſe you of beforehand, that " you may not compute the ſtature of our *Engliſh* women from the length " of their garments. In the mean time I have deſired the maſter of a veſ- " ſel, who tells me that he ſhall touch at *Civita Vecchia,* to preſent you with " a certain female machine, which, I believe, will puzzle your infallibility " to diſcover the uſe of it. Not to keep you in ſuſpenſe, it is what we call " in this country a hooped-petticoat. I ſhall only beg of you to let me " know, whether you find any garment of this nature among all the re- " lics of your female ſaints, and in particular, whether it was ever " worn by any of your twenty thouſand virgin martyrs.

Yours, uſque ad aras,

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

I muſt not diſmiſs this Letter without declaring myſelf a good Proteſtant, as I hint in the ſubſcribing part of it. This I think neceſſary to take notice of, leſt I ſhould be accuſed, by an author of *unexampled* ſtupidity, for correſponding with the head of the *Romiſh* Church.

N° 152. *Friday, September* 4.

Quin potiùs pacem æternam pactoſque hymenæos
Exercemus ——— Virg.

THERE is no rule in *Longinus* which I more admire, than that wherein he adviſes an author who would attain to the Sublime, and writes for eternity, to conſider, when he is engaged in his compoſition, what *Homer* or *Plato,* or any other of thoſe heroes in the learned world, would have ſaid or thought upon the ſame occaſion. I have often practiſed this rule, with regard to the beſt authors among the ancients, as well as among the moderns. With what ſucceſs, I muſt leave to the judgment

ment of others. I may at leaſt venture to ſay with Mr. *Dryden*, where he profeſſes to have imitated *Shakeſpear*'s ſtyle, that in imitating ſuch great authors I have always excelled myſelf.

I have alſo by this means revived ſeveral antiquated ways of writing, which, though very inſtructive and entertaining, had been laid aſide, and forgotten for ſome ages. I ſhall in this place only mention thoſe allegories, wherein virtues, vices, and human paſſions, are introduced as real actors. Though this kind of compoſition was practiſed by the fineſt authors among the ancients, our countryman *Spenſer* is the laſt writer of note who has applied himſelf to it with ſucceſs.

That an allegory may be both delightful and inſtructive; in the firſt place, the fable of it ought to be perfect, and, if poſſible, to be filled with ſurpriſing turns and incidents. In the next, there ought to be uſeful morals and reflections couched under it, which ſtill receive a greater value from their being new and uncommon; as alſo from their appearing difficult to have been thrown into emblematical types and ſhadows.

I was once thinking to have written a whole Canto in the ſpirit of *Spenſer*, and in order to it contrived a fable of imaginary perſons and characters. I raiſed it on that common diſpute between the comparative perfections and pre-eminence of the two ſexes, each of which have very frequently had their advocates among the men of letters. Since I have not time to accompliſh this work, I ſhall preſent my reader with the naked fable, reſerving the embelliſhments of verſe and poetry to another opportunity.

The two ſexes contending for ſuperiority, were once at war with each other, which was chiefly carried on by their auxiliaries. The males were drawn up on the one ſide of a very ſpacious plain, the females on the other; between them was left a very large interval for their auxiliaries to engage in. At each extremity of this middle ſpace lay encamped ſeveral bodies of neutral forces, who waited for the event of the battle before they would declare themſelves, that they might then act as they ſaw occaſion.

The main body of the male auxiliaries was commanded by *Fortitude;* that of the female by *Beauty*. *Fortitude* began the onſet on *Beauty*, but found to his coſt, that ſhe had ſuch a particular witchcraft in her looks, as withered all his ſtrength. She played upon him ſo many ſmiles and glances, that ſhe quite weakened and diſarmed him.

In ſhort, he was ready to call for quarter, had not *Wiſdom* come to his aid: this was the commander of the male right wing, and would have turned the fate of the day, had not he been timely oppoſed by *Cunning*, who commanded the left wing of the female auxiliaries. *Cunning* was the chief engineer of the fair army; but upon this occaſion was poſted, as I have here

ſaid,

ſaid, to receive the attacks of *Wiſdom*. It was very entertaining to ſee the workings of theſe two antagoniſts; the conduct of the one, and the ſtratagems of the other. Never was there a more equal match. Thoſe who beheld it gave the victory ſometimes to the one, and ſometimes to the other, though moſt declared the advantage was on the ſide of the female commander.

In the mean time the conflict was very great in the left wing of the army, where the battle began to turn to the male ſide. This wing was commanded by an old experienced officer called *Patience,* and on the female ſide by a general known by the name of *Scorn*. The latter, that fought after the manner of the *Parthians,* had the better of it all the beginning of the day: but being quite tired out with the long purſuits, and repeated attacks of the enemy, who had been repulſed above a hundred times, and rallied as often, began to think of yielding. When on a ſudden a body of neutral forces began to move. The leader was of an ugly look, and gigantic ſtature. He acted like a Drawcanſir, ſparing neither friend nor foe. His name was *Luſt*. On the female ſide he was oppoſed by a ſelect body of forces, commanded by a young officer that had the face of a cherubim, and the name of *Modeſty*. This beautiful young hero was ſupported by one of a more maſculine turn, and fierce behaviour, called by *Men*, HONOR, and by the *Gods*, PRIDE. This laſt made an obſtinate defence, and drove back the enemy more than once, but at length reſigned at diſcretion.

The dreadful monſter, after having overturned whole ſquadrons in the female army, fell among the males, where he made a more terrible havoc than on the other ſide. He was here oppoſed by *Reaſon,* who drew up all his forces againſt him, and held the fight in ſuſpenſe for ſome time, but at length quitted the field.

After a great ravage on both ſides, the two armies agreed to join againſt this common foe. And in order to it drew out a ſmall choſen band, whom they placed by conſent under the conduct of *Virtue,* who in a little time drove this foul ugly monſter out of the field.

Upon his retreat, a ſecond neutral leader, whoſe name was *Love,* marched in between the two armies. He headed a body of ten thouſand winged boys that threw their darts and arrows promiſcuouſly among both armies. The wounds they gave were not the wounds of an enemy. They were pleaſing to thoſe that felt them; and had ſo ſtrange an effect that they wrought a ſpirit of mutual friendſhip, reconciliation, and good-will in both ſexes. The two armies now looked with cordial love on each other, and ſtretched out their arms with tears of joy, as longing to forget old animoſities, and embrace one another.

The

The laſt general of neutrals, that appeared in the field, was *Hymen,* who marched immediately after *Love,* and ſeconding the good inclinations which he had inſpired, joined the hands of both armies. *Love* generally accompanied him, and recommended the ſexes pair by pair to his good offices.

But as it is uſual enough for ſeveral perſons to dreſs themſelves in the habit of a great leader, *Ambition* and *Avarice* had taken on them the garb and habit of *Love,* by which means they often impoſed on *Hymen,* by putting into his hands ſeveral couples whom he would never have joined together, had it not been brought about by the deluſion of theſe two impoſtors.

N° 153. *Saturday, September* 5.

Admiranda tibi levium ſpectacula rerum. Virg.

THERE is no paſſion which ſteals into the heart more imperceptibly, and covers itſelf under more diſguiſes, than Pride. For my own part, I think if there is any paſſion or vice which I am wholly a ſtranger to, it is this; though at the ſame time, perhaps this very judgment which I form of myſelf, proceeds in ſome meaſure from this corrupt principle.

I have been always wonderfully delighted with that ſentence in holy writ, *Pride was not made for man.* There is not indeed any ſingle view of human nature under its preſent condition, which is not ſufficient to extinguiſh in us all the ſecret ſeeds of pride; and, on the contrary, to ſink the ſoul into the loweſt ſtate of humility, and what the ſchoolmen call ſelf-annihilation. Pride was not made for man, as he is,

1. A ſinful,
2. An ignorant,
3. A miſerable Being.

There is nothing in his underſtanding, in his will, or in his preſent condition, that can tempt any conſiderate creature to pride and vanity.

Theſe three very reaſons why he ſhould not be proud, are notwithſtanding the reaſons why he is ſo. Were not he a ſinful creature, he would not be ſubject to a paſſion which riſes from the depravity of his nature; were he not an ignorant creature, he would ſee that he has nothing to be proud

of; and were not the whole ſpecies miſerable, he would not have thoſe wretched objects of compariſon before his eyes, which are the occaſions of this paſſion, and which make one man value himſelf more than another.

A wiſe man will be contented that his glory be deferred till ſuch time as he ſhall be truly glorified: when his underſtanding ſhall be cleared, his will rectified, and his happineſs aſſured; or in other words, when he ſhall be neither ſinful, nor ignorant, nor miſerable.

If there be any thing which makes human nature appear *ridiculous* to Beings of ſuperior faculties, it muſt be Pride. They know ſo well the vanity of thoſe imaginary perfections that ſwell the heart of man, and of thoſe little ſupernumerary advantages, whether in birth, fortune, or title, which one man enjoys above another, that it muſt certainly very much aſtoniſh, if it does not very much divert them, when they ſee a mortal puffed up, and valuing himſelf above his neighbours on any of theſe accounts, at the ſame time that he is obnoxious to all the common calamities of the ſpecies.

To ſet this thought in its true light, we will fancy, if you pleaſe, that yonder mole-hill is inhabited by reaſonable creatures, and that every piſmire (his ſhape and way of life only excepted) is endowed with human paſſions. How ſhould we ſmile to hear one give us an account of the pedigrees, diſtinctions, and titles that reign among them! Obſerve how the whole ſwarm divide and make way for the piſmire that paſſes through them. You muſt underſtand he is an emmet of quality, and has better blood in his veins than any piſmire in the mole-hill. Do not you ſee how ſenſible he is of it, how ſlow he marches forward, how the whole rabble of ants keep their diſtance? Here you may obſerve one placed upon a little eminence, and looking down on a long row of laborers. He is the richeſt inſect on this ſide the hilloc, he has a walk of half a yard in length, and a quarter of an inch in breadth, he keeps a hundred menial ſervants, and has at leaſt fifteen barley corns in his granary. He is now chiding and beſlaving the emmet that ſtands before him, and who, for all that we can diſcover, is as good an emmet as himſelf.

But here comes an inſect of figure! do not you take notice of a little white ſtraw that he carries in his mouth? That ſtraw, you muſt underſtand, he would not part with for the longeſt tract about the mole-hill: did you but know what he has undergone to purchaſe it! See how the ants of all qualities and conditions ſwarm about him. Should this ſtraw drop out of his mouth, you would ſee all this numerous circle of attendants follow the next that took it up, and leave the diſcarded inſect, or run over his back, to come at his ſucceſſor.

If

If now you have a mind to ſee all the Ladies of the mole-hill, obſerve firſt the piſmire that liſtens to the emmet on her left hand, at the ſame time that ſhe ſeems to turn away her head from him. He tells this poor inſect that ſhe is a Goddeſs, that her eyes are brighter than the ſun, that life and death are at her diſpoſal. She believes him, and gives herſelf a thouſand little airs upon it. Mark the vanity of the piſmire on your left hand. She can ſcarce crawl with age, but you muſt know ſhe values herſelf upon her birth; and, if you mind, ſpurns at every one that comes within her reach. The little nimble coquette that is running along by the ſide of her, is a wit. She has broke many a piſmire's heart. Do but obſerve what a drove of lovers are running after her.

We will here finiſh this imaginary ſcene; but firſt of all, to draw the parallel cloſer, will ſuppoſe, if you pleaſe, that death comes down upon the mole-hill, in the ſhape of a cock-ſparrow, who picks up without diſtinction, the piſmire of quality and his flatterers, the piſmire of ſubſtance and his day-laborers, the white-ſtraw officer and his ſycophants, with all the goddeſſes, wits and beauties of the mole-hill.

May we not imagine that Beings of ſuperior natures and perfections regard all the inſtances of pride and vanity, among our own ſpecies, in the ſame kind of view, when they take a ſurvey of thoſe who inhabit the earth; or, in the language of an ingenious *French* poet, of thoſe piſmires that people this heap of dirt, which human vanity has divided into climates and regions?

N° 154. *Monday, September 7.*

Omnia transformant ſeſe in miracula rerum. Virg.

I Queſtion not but the following letter will be entertaining to thoſe who were preſent at the laſt maſquerade, as it will recall into their minds ſeveral merry particulars that paſſed in it, and, at the ſame time, be very acceptable to thoſe who were at a diſtance from it, as they may form from hence ſome idea of this faſhionable amuſement.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Esq;*

Per via Leonis.

SIR,

" I Could ſcarce ever go into good company, but the diſcourſe was on the " ambaſſador, the politeneſs of his entertainments, the goodneſs of his " *Burgundy* and *Champaign,* the gaiety of his maſquerades, with the odd fan- " taſtical dreſſes which were made uſe of in thoſe midnight ſolemnities. " The noiſe theſe diverſions made at laſt raiſed my curioſity, and for once I " reſolved to be preſent at them, being at the ſame time provoked to it by a " Lady I then made my addreſſes to, one of a ſprightly humor, and a " great admirer of ſuch novelties. In order to it I hurried my habit, and " got it ready a week before the time, for I grew impatient to be initiated " in theſe new myſteries. Every morning I dreſſed myſelf in it, and acted " before the looking-glaſs, ſo that I am vain enough to think I was as per- " fect in my part, as moſt who had oftener frequented theſe diverſions. You " muſt underſtand I perſonated a *Devil,* and that for ſeveral weighty rea- " ſons. Firſt, becauſe appearing as one of that fraternity, I expected to " meet with particular civilities from the more polite and better bred part " of the company. Beſides, as from their uſual reception they are called fa- " miliars, I fancied I ſhould, in this character, be allowed the greateſt li- " berties, and ſooneſt be led into the ſecrets of the maſquerade. To re- " commend and diſtinguiſh me from the vulgar, I drew a very long tail " after me. But to ſpeak the truth, what perſuaded me moſt to this diſ- " guiſe was, becauſe I heard an intriguing Lady ſay, in a large company " of females, who unanimouſly aſſented to it, that ſhe loved to converſe " with ſuch, for that generally they were very clever fellows who made " choice of that ſhape. At length, when the long wiſhed for evening came " which was to open to us ſuch vaſt ſcenes of pleaſure, I repaired to the " place appointed about ten at night, where I found nature turned top- " ſide turvy, women changed into men and men into women, children " in leading-ſtrings ſeven foot high, courtiers transformed into clowns, " ladies of the night into ſaints, people of the firſt quality into beaſts or " birds, gods or goddeſſes; I fancied I had all *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoſes* before " me. Among theſe were ſeveral monſters to which I did not know how " to give a name;

——————*worſe*
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire. Milton

" In

" In the middle of the firſt room I met with one dreſſed in a *Shroud.* " This put me in mind of the old cuſtom of ſerving up a Death's head at a " feaſt. I was a little angry at the dreſs, and aſked the Gentleman whether he " thought a dead man was fit company for ſuch an aſſembly; but he told " me, that he was one who loved his money, and that he conſidered this " dreſs would ſerve him another time. This walking corſe was followed " by a gigantic woman with a high-crowned hat, that ſtood up like a ſteeple " over the heads of the whole aſſembly. I then chanced to tread upon the " foot of a female *Quaker,* to all outward appearance; but was ſurpriſed to " hear her cry out, D—n you, you ſon of a — upon which I immediately " rebuked her, when all of a ſudden reſuming her character, *Verily,* ſays " ſhe, *I was to blame, but thou haſt bruiſed me ſorely.* A few moments after this " adventure, I had like to have been knocked down by a ſhepherdeſs, for " having run my elbow a little inadvertently into one of her ſides. She " ſwore like a trooper, and threatened me with a very maſculine voice; but " I was timely taken off by a *Preſbyterian Parſon,* who told me in a very " ſoft tone, that he believed I was a pretty fellow, and that he would meet " me in *Spring-garden* to-morrow night. The next object I ſaw was a *Chim-* " *ney-ſweeper* made up of black crape and velvet, (with a huge diamond in his " mouth) making love to a Butterfly. On a ſudden I found myſelf among " a flock of *Bats, Owls* and *Lawyers:* but what took up my attention moſt, " was one dreſſed in white feathers that repreſented a *Swan.* He would " fain have found out a *Leda* among the fair ſex, and indeed was the moſt " unlucky bird in the company. I was then engaged in diſcourſe with a " *Running Footman,* but as I treated him like what he appeared to be, a *Turk-* " *iſh* Emperor whiſpered me in the ear, deſiring me *to uſe him civilly, for that it* " *was his maſter.* I was here interrupted by the famous large figure of a " *woman hung with little looking-glaſſes.* She had a great many that followed " her as ſhe paſſed by me, but I would not have her value herſelf upon that " account, ſince it was plain they did not follow ſo much to look upon her " as to ſee themſelves. The next I obſerved was a *Nun* making an aſſigna- " tion with a *Heathen God,* for I heard them mention the *Little Piazza* in *Co-* " *vent Garden.* I was by this time exceeding hot, and thirſty, ſo that I made " the beſt of my way to the place where wine was dealt about in great " quantities. I had no ſooner preſented myſelf before the table, but a *Ma-* " *gician* ſeeing me, made a circle over my head with his wand, and ſeem- " ed to do me homage. I was at a loſs to account for his behaviour, until " I recollected who I was: this however drew the eyes of the ſervants up- " on me, and immediately procured me a glaſs of excellent *Champaign.* " The *Magician* ſaid I was a ſpirit of an aduſt and dry conſtitution; and de-

" ſired

" fired that I might have another refreshing glass, adding withal, that it " ought to be a brimmer. I took it in my hand, and drank it off to the *Ma-* " *gician*. This so enlivened me, that I led him by the hand into the next " room, where we danced a rigadoon together. I was here a little offend- " ed at a jackanapes of a *Scaramouch*, that cried out, *Avaunt Satan;* and gave " me a little tap on my left shoulder, with the end of his lath sword. As I " was considering how I ought to resent this affront, a well shaped person that " stood at my left hand, in the figure of a *Bell-man*, cried out with a suita- " ble voice, *Past twelve o'clock*. This put me in mind of bed-time: accord- " ingly I made my way towards the door, but was intercepted by an *Indian* " King, a tall, slender youth, dressed up in a most beautiful party-colored plu- " mage. He regarded my habit very attentively; and after having turned " me about once or twice, asked me *whom I had been tempting;* I could not tell " what was the matter with me, but my heart leaped as soon as he touch- " ed me, and was still in greater disorder, upon my hearing his voice. In " short, I found, after a little discourse with him, that his *Indian* Majesty was " my dear *Leonora*, who knowing the disguise I had put on, would not let " me pass by her unobserved. Her aukward manliness made me guess at " her sex, and her own confession quickly let me know the rest. This mas- " querade did more for me than a twelvemonth's courtship: for it inspired " her with such tender sentiments, that I married her the next morning.

" How happy I shall be in a wife taken out of a masquerade, I cannot " yet tell; but I have reason to hope the best, *Leonora* having assured me it " was the first and shall be the last time of her appearing at such an enter- " tainment.

" And now, Sir, having given you the history of this strange evening, " which looks rather like a dream than a reality, it is my request to you, that " you will oblige the world with a dissertation on masquerades in general, " that we may know how far they are useful to the public, and consequent- " ly how far they ought to be encouraged. I have heard of two or three very " odd accidents that have happened upon this occasion, as in particular, " of a *Lawyer*'s being now big-bellied, who was present at the first of these " entertainments; not to mention (what is still more strange) an *Old Man* with " a long beard, who was got with child by a *Milk-maid;* but in cases of this " nature, where there is such a confusion of sex, age, and quality, men are " apt to report rather what might have happened, than what really came to " pass. Without giving credit therefore to any of these rumors, I shall " only renew my petition to you, that you will tell us your opinion at large " of these matters, and am, *SIR*, &c.

Lucifer.

Tuesday,

N° 155. *Tueſday, September* 8.

———*libelli Stoici inter ſericos*
Jacere pulvillos amant. Hor.

I Have often wondered that Learning is not thought a proper ingredient in the education of a woman of quality or fortune. Since they have the ſame improveable minds as the male part of the ſpecies, why ſhould they not be cultivated by the ſame methods? why ſhould reaſon be left to itſelf in one of the ſexes, and be diſciplined with ſo much care in the other?

There are ſome reaſons why learning ſeems more adapted to the female world, than to the male. As in the firſt place, becauſe they have more ſpare time upon their hands, and lead a more ſedentary life. Their employments are of a domeſtic nature, and not like thoſe of the other ſex, which are often inconſiſtent with ſtudy and contemplation. The excellent lady, the Lady *Lizard*, in the ſpace of one ſummer, furniſhed a gallery with chairs and couches of her own and her daughters working; and at the ſame time heard all Dr. *Tillotſon*'s ſermons twice over. It is always the cuſtom for one of the young ladies to read, while the others are at work; ſo that the learning of the family is not at all prejudicial to its manufactures. I was mightily pleaſed, the other day, to find them all buſy in *preſerving* ſeveral fruits of the ſeaſon, with the *Sparkler* in the midſt of them, reading over *the Plurality of Worlds*. It was very entertaining to me to ſee them dividing their ſpeculations between jellies and ſtars, and making a ſudden tranſition from the ſun to an apricot, or from the *Copernican* ſyſtem to the figure of a cheeſe-cake.

A ſecond reaſon why women ſhould apply themſelves to uſeful knowledge rather than men, is becauſe they have the natural gift of *Speech* in greater perfection. Since they have ſo excellent a talent, ſuch a *copia verborum*, or plenty of words, it is pity they ſhould not put it to ſome uſe. If the female tongue will be in motion, why ſhould it not be ſet to go right? Could they diſcourſe about the ſpots in the ſun, it might divert them from publiſhing the faults of their neighbours: could they talk of the different aſpects and conjunctions of the planets, they need not be at the pains to comment upon oglings and clandeſtine marriages. In ſhort, were they furniſhed with matters of fact, out of arts and ſciences, it would now and then be of great eaſe to their invention.

There

There is another reaſon why thoſe eſpecially who are women of quality ſhould apply themſelves to letters, namely, becauſe their huſbands are generally ſtrangers to them.

It is great pity there ſhould be no knowledge in a family. For my own part, I am concerned when I go into a great houſe, where perhaps there is not a ſingle perſon that can ſpell, unleſs it be by chance the butler, or one of the footmen. What a figure is the young heir likely to make, who is a dunce both by father and mother's ſide?

If we look into the hiſtories of famous women, we find many eminent philoſophers of this ſex. Nay, we find that ſeveral females have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in thoſe ſects of philoſophy which ſeem almoſt repugnant to their natures. There have been famous female *Pythagoreans,* notwithſtanding moſt of that philoſophy conſiſted in keeping a ſecret, and that the diſciple was to hold her tongue five years together. I need not mention *Portia,* who was a ſtoic in petticoats: nor *Hipparchia,* the famous ſhe cynic, who arrived at ſuch a perfection in her ſtudies, that ſhe converſed with her huſband, or man-planter, in broad day-light, and in the open ſtreets.

Learning and knowledge are perfections in us, not as we are men, but as we are reaſonable creatures, in which order of beings the female world is upon the ſame level with the male. We ought to conſider in this particular, not what is the ſex, but what is the ſpecies to which they belong. At leaſt, I believe every one will allow me, that a female philoſopher is not ſo abſurd a character, and ſo oppoſite to the ſex, as a female gameſter; and that it is more irrational for a woman to paſs away half a dozen hours at cards or dice, than in getting up ſtores of uſeful learning. This therefore is another reaſon why I would recommend the ſtudies of knowledge to the female world, that they may not be at a loſs how to employ thoſe hours that lie upon their hands.

I might alſo add this motive to my fair readers, that ſeveral of their ſex, who have improved their minds by books and literature, have raiſed themſelves to the higheſt poſts of honor and fortune. A neighbouring nation may at this time furniſh us with a very remarkable inſtance of this kind, but I ſhall conclude this head with the hiſtory of *Athenais,* which is a very ſignal example to my preſent purpoſe.

The Emperor *Theodoſius* being about the age of one and twenty, and deſigning to take a wife, deſired his ſiſter *Pulcheria* and his friend *Paulinus* to ſearch his whole empire for a woman of the moſt exquiſite beauty and higheſt accompliſhments. In the midſt of this ſearch, *Athenais,* a *Grecian* virgin, accidentally offered herſelf. Her father, who was an eminent philoſopher of *Athens,* and had bred her up in all the learning of that place, at his

his death left her but a very ſmall portion, in which alſo ſhe ſuffered great hardſhips from the injuſtice of her two brothers. This forced her upon a journey to *Conſtantinople*, where ſhe had a relation who repreſented her caſe to *Pulcheria*, in order to obtain ſome redreſs from the Emperor. By this means that religious Princeſs became acquainted with *Athenais*, whom ſhe found the moſt beautiful woman of her age, and educated under a long courſe of philoſophy, in the ſtricteſt virtue, and moſt unſpotted innocence. *Pulcheria* was charmed with her converſation, and immediately made her reports to the Emperor her brother *Theodoſius*. The character ſhe gave made ſuch an impreſſion on him, that he deſired his ſiſter to bring her away immediately to the lodgings of his friend *Paulinus*, where he found her beauty and her converſation beyond the higheſt idea he had framed of them. His friend *Paulinus* converted her to chriſtianity, and gave her the name of *Eudoſia;* after which the Emperor publicly eſpouſed her, and enjoyed all the happineſs in his marriage which he promiſed himſelf from ſuch a virtuous and learned bride. She not only forgave the injuries which her two brothers had done her, but raiſed them to great honors; and by ſeveral works of learning, as well as by an exemplary life, made herſelf ſo dear to the whole empire, that ſhe had many ſtatues erected to her memory, and is celebrated by the fathers of the church as the ornament of her ſex.

N° 156. *Wedneſday, September* 9.

——— Magni formica laboris
Ore trahit quodcunque poteſt, atque addit acervo,
Quem ſtruit haud ignara, ac non incauta futuri.
Quæ, ſimul inverſum contriſtat Aquarius annum,
Non uſquam prorepit, et illis utitur ante
Quæſitis patiens ——— Hor.

IN my laſt *Saturday*'s paper I ſuppoſed a mole-hill, inhabited by piſmires or ants, to be a lively image of the earth, peopled by human creatures. This ſuppoſition will not appear too forced or ſtrained to thoſe who are acquainted with the natural hiſtory of theſe little inſects, in order to which I ſhall preſent my reader with the extract of a letter upon this curious ſubject, as it was publiſhed by the members of the *French* academy, and ſince

tranſlated into *Engliſh*. I muſt confeſs I was never in my life better entertained than with this narrative, which is of undoubted credit and authority.

" In a room next to mine, which had been empty for a long time, there " was upon a window a box full of earth, two foot deep, and fit to keep " flowers in. That kind of parterre had been long uncultivated; and there- " fore it was covered with old plaiſter, and a great deal of rubbiſh that fell " from the top of the houſe, and from the walls, which, together with the " earth formerly imbibed with water, made a kind of dry and barren ſoil. " That place lying to the ſouth, and out of the reach of the wind and rain, " beſides the neighbourhood of a granary, was a moſt delightful ſpot of " ground for ants; and therefore they had made three neſts there, without " doubt for the ſame reaſon that men build cities in fruitful and con- " venient places, near ſprings and rivers.

" Having a mind to cultivate ſome flowers, I took a view of that place, " and removed a tulip out of the garden into that box; but caſting my eyes " upon the ants, continually taken up with a thouſand cares, very incon- " ſiderable with reſpect to us, but of the greateſt importance for them, they " appeared to me more worthy of my curioſity than all the flowers in the " world. I quickly removed the tulip, to be the admirer and reſtorer of " that little commonwealth. This was the only thing they wanted; for " their policy, and the order obſerved among them, are more perfect than " thoſe of the wiſeſt republics: and therefore they have nothing to fear, " unleſs a new legiſlator ſhould attempt to change the form of their govern- " ment.

" I made it my buſineſs to procure them all ſorts of conveniences. I took " out of the box every thing that might be troubleſome to them, and fre- " quently viſited my ants, and ſtudied all their actions. Being uſed to go " to bed very late, I went to ſee them work in a moon-ſhiny night; and I " did frequently get up in the night, to take a view of their labors. I al- " ways found ſome going up and down, and very buſy: one would think " that they never ſleep. Every body knows that ants come out of their " holes in the day time, and expoſe to the ſun the corn, which they keep " under ground in the night: thoſe who have ſeen ant-hillocs, have eaſily " perceived thoſe ſmall heaps of corn about their neſts. What ſurpriſed " me at firſt was, that my ants never brought out their corn, but in the " night when the moon did ſhine, and kept it under ground in the day " time; which was contrary to what I had ſeen, and ſaw ſtill practiſed by " thoſe inſects in other places. I quickly found out the reaſon of it; there " was a pigeon-houſe not far from thence: pigeons and birds would have " eaten their corn, if they had brought it out in the day time: it is highly

" probable

" probable they knew it by experience; and I frequently found pigeons " and birds in that place, when I went to it in a morning. I quickly de- " livered them from thoſe robbers: I frighted the birds away with ſome " pieces of paper tied to the end of a ſtring over the window. As for the " pigeons, I drove them away ſeveral times; and when they perceived that " the place was more frequented than before, they never came to it again. " What is moſt admirable, and what I could hardly believe, if I did not " know it by experience, is, that thoſe ants knew ſome days after that they " had nothing to fear, and began to lay out their corn in the ſun. How- " ever, I perceived they were not fully convinced of being out of all danger; " for they durſt not bring out their proviſions all at once, but by degrees, " firſt in a ſmall quantity, and without any great order, that they might " quickly carry them away in caſe of any misfortune, watching, and look- " ing every way. At laſt being perſuaded that they had nothing to fear, " they brought out all their corn, almoſt every day, and in good order, and " carried it in at night.

" There is a ſtraight hole in every ants neſt, about half an inch deep; and " then it goes down ſloping into a place where they have their magazine; " which I take to be a different place from that where they reſt and eat. " For it is highly improbable that an ant, which is a very cleanly inſect, " and throws out of her neſt all the ſmall remains of the corn on which ſhe " feeds, as I have obſerved a thouſand times, would fill up her magazine, " and mix her corn with dirt and ordure.

" The corn, that is laid up by ants, would ſhoot under ground, if thoſe " inſects did not take care to prevent it. They bite off all the buds before " they lay it up; and therefore the corn that has lain in their neſt will pro- " duce nothing. Any one may eaſily make this experiment, and even " plainly ſee that there is no bud in their corn. But though the bud be " bitten off, there remains another inconvenience, that corn muſt needs " ſwell and rot under ground; and therefore it could be of no uſe for the " nouriſhment of ants. Thoſe inſects prevent that inconvenience by their " labor and induſtry, and contrive the matter ſo, that corn will keep as dry " in their neſts as in our granaries.

" They gather many ſmall particles of dry earth, which they bring every " day out of their holes, and place them round to heat them in the ſun. " Every ant brings a ſmall particle of that earth in her pincers, lays it by " the hole, and then goes and fetches another. Thus, in leſs than a quarter " of an hour, one may ſee a vaſt number of ſuch ſmall particles of dry " earth, heaped up round the hole. They lay their corn under ground up- " on that earth, and cover it with the ſame. They performed this work al-

" moſt every day, during the heat of the ſun; and though the ſun went from " the window about three or four o'clock in the afternoon, they did not re- " move their corn and their particles of earth, becauſe the ground was very " hot, till the heat was over.

" If any one ſhould think that thoſe animals ſhould uſe ſand, or ſmall " particles of brick or ſtone, rather than take ſo much pains about dry earth; " I anſwer, that upon ſuch an occaſion nothing can be more proper than " earth heated in the ſun. Corn does not keep upon ſand: beſides, a grain " of corn that is cut, being deprived of its bud, would be filled with ſmall " ſandy particles that could not eaſily come out. To which I add, that " ſand conſiſts of ſuch ſmall particles, that an ant could not take them up " one after another; and therefore thoſe inſects are ſeldom to be ſeen near " rivers, or in a very ſandy ground.

" As for the ſmall particles of brick or ſtone, the leaſt moiſtneſs would " join them together, and turn them into a kind of maſtic, which thoſe in- " ſects could not divide. Thoſe particles ſticking together, could not come " out of an ant's neſt, and would ſpoil its ſymmetry.

" When ants have brought out thoſe particles of earth, they bring out " their corn after the ſame manner, and place it round that earth: thus one " may ſee two heaps ſurrounding their hole, one of dry earth and the other " of corn; and then they fetch out the remainder of dry earth, on which " doubtleſs their corn was laid up.

" Thoſe inſects never go about this work but when the weather is clear, " and the ſun very hot. I obſerved, that thoſe little animals having one " day brought out their corn at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, removed it, " againſt their uſual cuſtom, before one in the afternoon. The ſun being " very hot, and ſky very clear, I could perceive no reaſon for it: but half " an hour after the ſky began to be overcaſt, and there fell a ſmall rain, " which the ants foreſaw; whereas the *Milan* Almanac had foretold that " there would be no rain upon that day.

" I have ſaid before, that thoſe ants which I did ſo particularly conſider, " fetched their corn out of a garret. I went very frequently into that " garret; there was ſome old corn in it; and becauſe every grain was not " alike, I obſerved that they choſe the beſt.

" I know, by ſeveral experiments, that thoſe little animals take great " care to provide themſelves with wheat when they can find it, and always " pick out the beſt; but they can make ſhift without it. When they can " get no wheat they take rye, oats, millet, and even crumbs of bread, but " ſeldom any barley, unleſs it be in a time of great ſcarcity, and when " nothing elſe can be had.

" Being

" Being willing to be more particularly informed of their forecaſt and in-
" duſtry, I put a ſmall heap of wheat in a corner of the room where they
" kept: and to prevent their fetching corn out of the garret, I ſhut up the
" window and ſtopped all the holes. Though ants are very knowing, I do not
" take them to be conjurers; and therefore they could not gueſs that I had put
" ſome corn in that room. I perceived for ſeveral days that they were very
" much perplexed, and went a great way to fetch their proviſions. I was
" not willing for ſome time to make them more eaſy; for I had a mind to
" know, whether they would at laſt find out the treaſure, and ſee it at a
" great diſtance, and whether ſmelling enabled them to know what is good
" for their nouriſhment. Thus they were ſome time in great trouble, and
" took a great deal of pains: they went up and down a great way looking
" out for ſome grains of corn: they were ſometimes diſappointed, and ſome-
" times they did not like their corn after many long and painful excurſions.
" What appeared to me very wonderful, was, that none of them came
" home without bringing ſomething: one brought a grain of wheat, another
" a grain of rye or oats, or a particle of dry earth, if ſhe could get nothing
" elſe.

" The window, upon which thoſe ants had made their ſettlement, look-
" ed into a garden, and was two ſtories high. Some went to the farther end
" of the garden, and others to the fifth ſtory, in queſt of ſome corn. It was
" a very hard journey for them, eſpecially when they came home loaded
" with a pretty large grain of corn, which muſt needs be a heavy bur-
" den for an ant, and as much as ſhe can bear. The bringing of that grain
" from the middle of the garden to the neſt, took up four hours; whereby
" one may judge of the ſtrength and prodigious labor of thoſe little ani-
" mals. It appears from thence, that an ant works as hard as a man,
" who ſhould carry a very heavy load on his ſhoulders almoſt every day
" for the ſpace of four leagues. It is true, thoſe inſects do not take ſo much
" pains upon a flat ground; but then how great is the hardſhip of a poor
" ant, when ſhe carries a grain of corn to the ſecond ſtory, climbing up a
" wall with her head downwards and her backſide upwards; none can have
" a true notion of it, unleſs they ſee thoſe little animals at work in ſuch a
" ſituation. The frequent ſtops they make in the moſt convenient places,
" are a plain indication of their wearineſs. Some of them were ſtrangely
" perplexed, and could not get to their journey's end. In ſuch a caſe, the
" ſtrongeſt ants, or thoſe that are not ſo weary, having carried their corn
" to their neſt, came down again to help them. Some are ſo unfortunate
" as to fall down with their load, when they are almoſt come home: when
" this happens they ſeldom loſe their corn, but carry it up again.

" I

" I saw one of the smallest carrying a large grain of wheat with incredi-
" ble pains: when she came to the box, where the nest was, she made so
" much haste that she fell down with her load, after a very laborious march:
" such an unlucky accident would have vexed a philosopher. I went down
" and found her with the same corn in her paws: she was ready to climb up
" again. The same misfortune happened to her three times: sometimes she
" fell in the middle of her way, and sometimes higher; but she never let go
" her hold, and was not discouraged. At last her strength failed her: she stop-
" ped; and another ant helped her to carry her load, which was one of the
" largest and finest grains of wheat that an ant can carry. It happens some-
" times, that a corn slips out of their paws, when they are climbing up:
" they take hold of it again, when they can find it: otherwise they look for
" another, or take something else, being ashamed to return to their
" nest without bringing something: this I have experimented, by tak-
" ing away the grain which they looked for. All those experiments
" may easily be made by any one that has patience enough; they do not
" require so great a patience as that of ants; but few people are capable
" of it.

N° 157. *Thursday, September* 10.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise.
Solomon.

IT has been observed by writers of morality, that in order to quicken human industry, Providence has so contrived it, that our daily food is not to be procured without much pains and labor. The chase of birds and beasts, the several arts of fishing, with all the different kinds of agriculture, are necessary scenes of business, and give employment to the greatest part of mankind. If we look into the brute creation, we find all its individuals engaged in a painful and laborious way of life, to procure a necessary subsistence for themselves, or those that grow up under them; the preservation of their being is the whole business of it. An idle man is therefore a kind of monster in the creation. All nature is busy about him; every animal he sees reproaches him. Let such a man, who lies as a burden or dead weight upon the species, and contributes nothing either to the riches of the commonwealth,

monwealth, or to the maintenance of himſelf and family, conſider that inſtinct with which Providence has endowed the ant, and by which is exhibited an example of induſtry to rational creatures. This is ſet forth under many ſurpriſing inſtances in the paper of yeſterday, and in the concluſion of that narrative, which is as follows:

" Thus my ants were forced to make ſhift for a livelihood, when I had " ſhut up the garret, out of which they uſed to fetch their proviſions. At " laſt, being ſenſible that it would be a long time before they could diſcover " the ſmall heap of corn, which I had laid up for them, I reſolved to ſhew " it to them.

" In order to know how far their induſtry could reach, I contrived an " expedient, which had good ſucceſs: the thing will appear incredible to " thoſe, who never conſidered, that all animals of the ſame kind, which " form a ſociety, are more knowing than others. I took one of the largeſt " ants, and threw her upon that ſmall heap of wheat. She was ſo glad to " find herſelf at liberty, that ſhe ran away to her neſt, without carrying " off a grain; but ſhe obſerved it: for an hour after all my ants had notice " given them of ſuch a proviſion; and I ſaw moſt of them very buſy in " carrying away the corn I had laid up in the room. I leave it to you to " judge whether it may not be ſaid, that they have a particular way of " communicating their knowledge to one another; for otherwiſe how could " they know, one or two hours after, that there was corn in that place? " It was quickly exhauſted; and I put in more, but in a ſmall quantity, " to know the true extent of their appetite or prodigious avarice; for I " make no doubt but they lay up proviſions againſt the winter: we read it " in holy Scripture; a thouſand experiments teach us the ſame; and I do " not believe that any experiment has been made that ſhews the contrary.

" I have ſaid before, that there were three ants neſts in that box or par- " terre, which formed, if I may ſay ſo, three different cities, governed by " the ſame laws, and obſerving the ſame order, and the ſame cuſtoms. " However there was this difference, that the inhabitants of one of thoſe " holes ſeemed to be more knowing and induſtrious than their neighbours. " The ants of that neſt were diſpoſed in a better order; their corn was " finer; they had a greater plenty of proviſions; their neſt was furniſhed " with more inhabitants, and they were bigger and ſtronger: it was the " principal and the capital neſt. Nay, I obſerved that thoſe ants were " diſtinguiſhed from the reſt, and had ſome pre-eminence over them.

" Though the box full of earth, where the ants had made their ſettle- " ment, was generally free from rain; yet it rained ſometimes upon it, " when a certain wind blew. It was a great inconvenience for thoſe inſects:

" ants

" ants are afraid of water; and when they go a great way in queſt of pro-
" viſions, and are ſurpriſed by the rain, they ſhelter themſelves under ſome
" tile, or ſomething elſe, and do not come out until the rain is over. The
" ants of the principal neſt found out a wonderful expedient to keep out
" the rain: there was a ſmall piece of a flat ſlate, which they laid over the
" hole of their neſt, in the day time, when they foreſaw it would rain, and
" almoſt every night. Above fifty of thoſe little animals, eſpecially the
" ſtrongeſt, ſurrounded that piece of ſlate, and drew it equally in a wonder-
" ful order: they removed it in the morning; and nothing could be more
" curious than to ſee thoſe little animals about ſuch a work. They had
" made the ground uneven about their neſt, inſomuch, that the ſlate did not
" lie flat upon it, but left a free paſſage underneath. The ants of the two other
" neſts did not ſo well ſucceed in keeping out the rain: they laid over their
" holes ſeveral pieces of old and dry plaiſter one upon the other; but they
" were ſtill troubled with the rain, and the next day they took a world of
" pains to repair the damage. Hence it is, that thoſe inſects are ſo fre-
" quently to be found under tiles, where they ſettle themſelves to avoid
" the rain. Their neſts are at all times covered with thoſe tiles, without
" any incumbrance, and they lay out their corn and their dry earth in the
" ſun about the tiles, as one may ſee every day. I took care to cover the
" two ants neſts that were troubled with the rain: as for the capital neſt,
" there was no need of exerciſing my charity towards it.

" M. *de la Loubere* ſays, in his relation of *Siam*, that in a certain part of
" that kingdom, which lies open to great inundations, all the ants make
" their ſettlements upon trees: no ants neſts are to be ſeen any where elſe.
" I need not inſert here what that author ſays about thoſe inſects: you may
" ſee his relation.

" Here follows a curious experiment, which I made upon the ſame
" ground, where I had three ants neſts. I undertook to make a fourth, and
" went about it in the following manner. In a corner of a kind of a ter-
" race, at a conſiderable diſtance from the box, I found a hole ſwarming
" with ants much larger than all thoſe I had already ſeen; but they were
" not ſo well provided with corn, nor under ſo good a government. I
" made a hole in the box like that of an ants neſt, and laid, as it were, the
" foundations of a new city. Afterwards I got as many ants as I could
" out of the neſt in the terrace, and put them into a bottle, to give them a
" new habitation in my box; and becauſe I was afraid they would return
" to the terrace, I deſtroyed their old neſt, pouring boiling water into the
" hole, to kill thoſe ants that remained in it. In the next place, I filled
" the new hole with the ants that were in the bottle; but none of them

" would

" would ſtay in it: they went away in leſs than two hours; which made me " believe, that it was impoſſible to make a fourth ſettlement in my box.

" Two or three days after, going accidentally over the terrace, I was very " much ſurpriſed to ſee the ants neſt which I had deſtroyed very artfully re- " paired. I reſolved then to deſtroy it entirely, and to ſettle thoſe ants in my " box. To ſucceed in my deſign, I put ſome gunpowder and brimſtone in- " to their hole, and ſprung a mine, whereby the whole neſt was overthrown; " and then I carried as many ants as I could get into the place which I de- " ſigned for them. It happened to be a very rainy day, and it rained all " night; and therefore they remained in the new hole all that time. In the " morning, when the rain was over, moſt of them went away to repair their " old habitation; but finding it impracticable by reaſon of the ſmell of the " powder and brimſtone, which kills them, they came back again, and ſet- " tled in the place I had appointed for them. They quickly grew acquainted " with their neighbours, and received from them all manner of aſſiſtance " out of their holes. As for the inſide of their neſt, none but themſelves " were concerned in it, according to the inviolable laws eſtabliſhed among " thoſe animals.

" An ant never goes into any other neſt but her own; and if ſhe ſhould " venture to do it, ſhe would be turned out, and ſeverely puniſhed. I have " often taken an ant out of one neſt, and put her into another; but ſhe " quickly came out, being warmly purſued by two or three other ants. I " tried the ſame experiment ſeveral times with the ſame ant; but at laſt the " other ants grew impatient, and tore her to pieces. I have often frighted " ſome ants with my fingers, and purſued them as far as another hole, ſtop- " ping all the paſſages to prevent their going to their own neſt. It was very " natural for them to fly into the next hole: many a man would not be ſo " cautious, and would throw himſelf out of the windows, or into a well, if " he were purſued by aſſaſſins. But the ants I am ſpeaking of, avoided go- " ing into any other hole but their own, and rather tried all other ways " of making their eſcape. They never fled into another neſt, but at the laſt " extremity; and ſometimes rather choſe to be taken, as I have often ex- " perienced. It is therefore an inviolable cuſtom among thoſe inſects, not " to go into any other hole but their own. They do not exerciſe hoſpita- " lity; but they are very ready to help one another out of their holes. They " put down their loads at the entrance of a neighbouring neſt; and thoſe " that live in it carry them in.

" They keep up a ſort of trade among themſelves; and it is not true that " thoſe inſects are not for lending: I know the contrary: they lend their " corn; they make exchanges; they are always ready to ſerve one another;

" and I can aſſure you, that more time and patience would have enabled me " to obſerve a thouſand things more curious and wonderful than what I " have mentioned. For inſtance, how they lend, and recover their loans; " whether it be in the ſame quantity, or with uſury; whether they pay the " ſtrangers that work for them, *&c.* I do not think it impoſſible to examine " all thoſe things; and it would be a great curioſity to know by what max- " ims they govern themſelves: perhaps ſuch a knowledge might be of ſome " uſe to us.

" They are never attacked by any enemies in a body, as it is reported " of bees: their only fear proceeds from birds, which ſometimes eat their " corn when they lay it out in the ſun; but they keep it under ground, when " they are afraid of thieves. It is ſaid, that ſome birds eat them; but I " never ſaw any inſtance of it. They are alſo infeſted with ſmall worms; " but they turn them out, and kill them. I obſerved, that they puniſhed " thoſe ants, which probably had been wanting to their duty: nay, ſome- " times they killed them; which they did in the following manner. Three " or four ants fell upon one, and pulled her ſeveral ways, until ſhe was torn " in pieces. Generally ſpeaking they live very quietly; from whence I in- " fer that they have a very ſevere diſcipline among themſelves, to keep ſo " good an order; or that they are great lovers of peace, if they have no oc- " caſion for any diſcipline.

" Was there ever a greater union in any commonwealth? Every thing is " common among them; which is not to be ſeen any where elſe. Bees, of " which we are told ſo many wonderful things, have each of them a hole " in their hives; their honey is their own; every bee minds her own con- " cerns. The ſame may be ſaid of all other animals: they frequently fight, " to deprive one another of their portion. It is not ſo with ants: they " have nothing of their own: a grain of corn which an ant carries home, is " depoſited in a common ſtock: it is not deſigned for her own uſe, but for " the whole community: there is no diſtinction between a private and a " common intereſt. An ant never works for herſelf, but for the ſociety.

" Whatever misfortune happens to them, their care and induſtry find out " a remedy for it; nothing diſcourages them. If you deſtroy their neſts, " they will be repaired in two days. Any body may eaſily ſee how difficult it " is to drive them out of their habitations, without deſtroying the inhabi- " tants; for, as long as there are any left, they will maintain their ground.

" I had almoſt forgot to tell you, Sir, that *Mercury* has hitherto proved a " mortal poiſon for them; and that it is the moſt effectual way of deſtroying " thoſe inſects. I can do ſomething for them in this caſe: perhaps you will " hear in a little time that I have reconciled them to *Mercury*.

Friday,

N° 158. *Friday, September* 11.

Gnoſſius hæc Rhadamanthus habet duriſſima regna:
Caſtigatque, auditque dolos: ſubigitque fateri
Quæ quis apud ſuperos, furto lætatus inani,
Diſtulit in ſeram commiſſa piacula mortem. Virg.

I Was yeſterday purſuing the hint which I mentioned in my laſt paper, and comparing together the induſtry of man with that of other creatures; in which I could not but obſerve, that notwithſtanding we are obliged by duty to keep ourſelves in conſtant employ, after the ſame manner as inferior animals are prompted to it by inſtinct, we fall very ſhort of them in this particular. We are here the more inexcuſable, becauſe there is a greater variety of buſineſs to which we may apply ourſelves. Reaſon opens to us a large field of affairs, which other creatures are not capable of. Beaſts of prey, and I believe of all other kinds, in their natural ſtate of Being, divide their time between action and reſt. They are always at work or aſleep. In ſhort, their waking hours are wholly taken up in ſeeking after their food, or in conſuming it. The human ſpecies only, to the great reproach of our natures, are filled with complaints, that *the day hangs heavy on them,* that *they do not know what to do with themſelves,* that *they are at a loſs how to paſs away their time,* with many of the like ſhameful murmurs, which we often find in the mouths of thoſe who are ſtyled reaſonable Beings. How monſtrous are ſuch expreſſions among creatures, who have the labors of the mind, as well as thoſe of the body, to furniſh them with proper employments; who, beſides the buſineſs of their proper callings and profeſſions, can apply themſelves to the duties of religion, to meditation, to the reading of uſeful books, to diſcourſe; in a word, who may exerciſe themſelves in the unbounded purſuits of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themſelves wiſer or better than they were before.

After having been taken up for ſome time in this courſe of thought, I diverted myſelf with a book, according to my uſual cuſtom, in order to unbend my mind before I went to ſleep. The book I made uſe of on this occaſion was *Lucian,* where I amuſed my thoughts for about an hour among the dialogues of the dead, which in all probability produced the following dream.

I was conveyed, methought, into the entrance of the infernal regions, where I ſaw *Rhadamanthus*, one of the judges of the dead, ſeated on his tribunal. On his left hand ſtood the keeper of *Erebus*, on his right the keeper of *Elyſium*. I was told he ſat upon women that day, there being ſeveral of the ſex lately arrived, who had not yet their manſions aſſigned them. I was ſurpriſed to hear him aſk every one of them the ſame queſtion, namely, *What they had been doing?* Upon this queſtion being propoſed to the whole aſſembly, they ſtared one upon another, as not knowing what to anſwer. He then interrogated each of them ſeparately. Madam, ſays he, to the firſt of them, you have been upon the earth about fifty years: what have you been doing there all this while? Doing! ſays ſhe, really I do not know what I have been doing: I deſire I may have time given me to recollect. After about half an hour's pauſe ſhe told him, that ſhe had been playing at crimp; upon which *Rhadamanthus* beckoned to the keeper on his left hand, to take her into cuſtody. And you, Madam, ſays the judge, that look with ſuch a ſoft and languiſhing air; I think you ſet out for this place in your nine and twentieth year, what have you been doing all this while? I had a great deal of buſineſs on my hands, ſays ſhe, being taken up the firſt twelve years of my life in dreſſing a jointed baby, and all the remaining part of it in reading Plays and Romances. Very well, ſays he, you have employed your time to good purpoſe. Away with her. The next was a plain country woman: Well Miſtreſs, ſays *Rhadamanthus*, and what have you been doing? An't pleaſe your worſhip, ſays ſhe, I did not live quite forty years: and in that time brought my huſband ſeven daughters, made him nine thouſand cheeſes, and left my eldeſt girl with him, to look after his houſe in my abſence, and who I may venture to ſay is as pretty a houſewife as any in the country. *Rhadamanthus* ſmiled at the ſimplicity of the good woman, and ordered the keeper of *Elyſium* to take her into his care. And you, fair Lady, ſays he, what have you been doing theſe five and thirty years? I have been doing no hurt, I aſſure you, Sir, ſaid ſhe. That is well, ſaid he, but what good have you been doing? The Lady was in great confuſion at this queſtion, and not knowing what to anſwer, the two keepers leaped out to ſeize her at the ſame time; the one took her by the hand to convey her to *Elyſium*, the other caught hold of her to carry her away to *Erebus*. But *Rhadamanthus* obſerving an ingenuous modeſty in her countenance and behaviour, bid them both let her looſe, and ſet her aſide for a re-examination when he was more at leiſure. An old woman, of a proud and ſour look, preſented herſelf next at the bar, and being aſked what ſhe had been doing? Truly, ſays ſhe, I lived threeſcore and ten years in a very wicked world, and was ſo angry at the behaviour of a parcel of young flirts, that I paſſed moſt of my laſt years in condemning

demning the follies of the times; I was every day blaming the ſilly conduct of people about me, in order to deter thoſe I converſed with from falling into the like errors and miſcarriages. Very well, ſays *Rhadamanthus,* but did you keep the ſame watchful eye over your own actions? Why truly, ſays ſhe, I was ſo taken up in publiſhing the faults of others, that I had no time to conſider my own. Madam, ſays *Rhadamanthus,* be pleaſed to file off to the left, and make room for the venerable matron that ſtands behind you. Old Gentlewoman, ſays he, I think you are fourſcore: you have heard the queſtion, what have you been doing ſo long in the world? Ah, Sir! ſays ſhe, I have been doing what I ſhould not have done, but I had made a firm reſolution to have changed my life, if I had not been ſnatched off by an untimely end. Madam, ſays he, you will pleaſe to follow your leader; and ſpying another of the ſame age, interrogated her in the ſame form. To which the matron replied, I have been the wife of a huſband who was as dear to me in his old age as in his youth. I have been a mother, and very happy in my children, whom I endeavoured to bring up in every thing that is good. My eldeſt ſon is bleſſed by the poor, and beloved by every one that knows him. I lived within my own family, and left it much more wealthy than I found it. *Rhadamanthus,* who knew the value of the old Lady, ſmiled upon her in ſuch a manner, that the keeper of *Elyſium,* who knew his office, reached out his hand to her. He no ſooner touched her, but her wrinkles vaniſhed, her eyes ſparkled, her cheeks glowed with bluſhes, and ſhe appeared in full bloom and beauty. A young woman obſerving that this officer, who conducted the happy to *Elyſium,* was ſo great a *Beautifier,* longed to be in his hands, ſo that preſſing through the crowd, ſhe was the next that appeared at the bar. And being aſked what ſhe had been doing the five and twenty years that ſhe had paſſed in the world? I have endeavoured, ſays ſhe, ever ſince I came to years of diſcretion, to make myſelf lovely and gain admirers. In order to it, I paſſed my time in bottling up *May* dew, inventing white-waſhes, mixing colors, cutting out patches, conſulting my glaſs, ſuiting my complexion, tearing off my tucker, ſinking my ſtays——*Rhadamanthus,* without hearing her out, gave the ſign to take her off. Upon the approach of the keeper of *Erebus,* her color faded, her face was puckered up with wrinkles, and her whole perſon loſt in deformity.

I was then ſurpriſed with a diſtant ſound of a whole troop of females that came forward laughing, ſinging and dancing. I was very deſirous to know the reception they would meet with, and withal was very apprehenſive, that *Rhadamanthus* would ſpoil their mirth: but at their nearer approach, the noiſe grew ſo very great that it awaked me.

I lay ſome time reflecting in myſelf on the oddneſs of this dream, and could not forbear aſking my own heart, what I was doing? I anſwered myſelf, that I was writing *Guardians*. If my Readers make as good a uſe of this work as I deſign they ſhould, I hope it will never be imputed to me as a work that is vain and unprofitable.

I ſhall conclude this paper with recommending to them the ſame ſhort ſelf-examination. If every one of them frequently lays his hand upon his heart, and conſiders what he is doing, it will check him in all the idle, or, what is worſe, the vicious moments of life; lift up his mind when it is running on in a ſeries of indifferent actions, and encourage him when he is engaged in thoſe which are virtuous and laudable. In a word, it will very much alleviate that guilt which the beſt of men have reaſon to acknowledge in their daily confeſſions, of *leaving undone thoſe things which they ought to have done, and of doing thoſe things which they ought not to have done.*

N° 159. *Saturday, September* 12.

Præſens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel ſuperbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos. Hor.

SIR,

" HAVING read over your paper of *Tueſday* laſt, in which you recommend the purſuits of wiſdom and knowledge to thoſe of the fair " ſex, who have much time lying upon their hands; and among other " motives make uſe of this, That ſeveral women, thus accompliſhed, " have raiſed themſelves by it to conſiderable poſts of honor and for- " tune: I ſhall beg leave to give you an inſtance of this kind, which many " now living can teſtify the truth of, and which I can aſſure you is matter " of fact.

" About twelve years ago I was familiarly acquainted with a gentleman, " who was in a poſt that brought him a yearly revenue, ſufficient to live " very handſomely upon. He had a wife, and no child but a daughter, " whom he bred up, as I thought, too high for one that could expect no " other fortune than ſuch a one as her father could raiſe out of the in- " come of his place; which, as they managed it, was ſcarce ſufficient for their " ordinary

" ordinary expences. Miſs *Betty* had always the beſt ſort of clothes, and was " hardly allowed to keep company but with thoſe above her rank; ſo that " it was no wonder ſhe grew proud and haughty towards thoſe ſhe looked " upon as her inferiors. There lived by them a barber who had a daugh- " ter about Miſs's age, that could ſpeak *French,* had read ſeveral books at " her leiſure hours, and was a perfect miſtreſs of her needle, and in all kinds " of female manufacture. She was at the ſame time a pretty, modeſt, wit- " ty girl. She was hired to come to Miſs an hour or two every day, to talk " *French* with her and teach her to work, but Miſs always treated her with " great contempt; and when *Molly* gave her any advice, rejected it with " ſcorn.

" About the ſame time ſeveral young fellows made their addreſſes to " Miſs *Betty,* who had indeed a great deal of wit and beauty, had they not " been infected with ſo much vanity and ſelf-conceit. Among the reſt was a " plain ſober young man, who loved her almoſt to diſtraction. His paſſion " was the common talk of the neighbourhood, who uſed to be often diſ- " courſing of Mr. *T*——'s Angel, for that was the name he always gave " her in ordinary converſation. As his circumſtances were very indifferent, " he being a younger brother, Miſtreſs *Betty* rejected him with diſdain: " inſomuch that the young man, as is uſual among thoſe who are croſſed in " love, put himſelf aboard the fleet, with a reſolution to ſeek his fortune, " and forget his Miſtreſs. This was very happy for him, for in a very few " years, being concerned in ſeveral captures, he brought home with him " an eſtate of about twelve thouſand pounds.

" Mean while days and years went on, Miſs lived high and learnt but " little, moſt of her time being employed in reading plays and practiſing " to dance, in which ſhe arrived at great perfection. When of a ſudden, at " a change of miniſtry, her father loſt his place, and was forced to leave " *London,* where he could no longer live upon the foot he had formerly done. " Not many years after I was told the poor gentleman was dead, and had " left his widow and daughter in a very deſolate condition, but I could not " learn where to find them, though I made what enquiry I could; and I " muſt own, I immediately ſuſpected their pride would not ſuffer them to " be ſeen or relieved by any of their former acquaintance. I had left en- " quiring after them for ſome years, when I happened, not long ago, as I " was aſking at a houſe for a gentleman I had ſome buſineſs with, to be led " into a parlor by a handſome young woman, who I preſently fancied was " that very daughter I had ſo long ſought in vain. My ſuſpicion increaſed " when I obſerved her to bluſh at the ſight of me, and to avoid, as much as " poſſible, looking upon, or ſpeaking to me: Madam, ſaid I, are not you

" Miſtreſs

" Miſtreſs ſuch a one? at which words the tears ran down her cheeks, and " ſhe would fain have retired without giving me an anſwer; but I ſtopped " her, and being to wait a while for the gentleman I was to ſpeak to, I re- " ſolved not to loſe this opportunity of ſatisfying my curioſity. I could not " well diſcern by her dreſs, which was genteel though not fine, whether ſhe " was the Miſtreſs of the houſe, or only a ſervant: but ſuppoſing her to be " the firſt, I am glad, Madam, ſaid I, after having long enquired after you, " to have ſo happily met with you, and to find you Miſtreſs of ſo fine a " place. Theſe words were like to have ſpoiled all, and threw her into ſuch " a diſorder, that it was ſome time before ſhe could recover herſelf; but as " ſoon as ſhe was able to ſpeak, Sir, ſaid ſhe, you are miſtaken; I am but a " ſervant. Her voice fell in theſe laſt words, and ſhe burſt again into tears. " I was ſorry to have occaſioned in her ſo much grief and confuſion, and " ſaid what I could to comfort her. Alas, Sir, ſaid ſhe, my condition is much " better than I deſerve; I have the kindeſt and beſt of women for my Mi- " ſtreſs. She is wife to the gentleman you come to ſpeak withal. You " know her very well, and have often ſeen her with me. To make my ſtory " ſhort, I found that my late friend's daughter was now a ſervant to the bar- " ber's daughter, whom ſhe had formerly treated ſo diſdainfully. The gen- " tleman at whoſe houſe I now was, fell in love with *Moll*, and being maſ- " ter of a great fortune, married her, and lives with her as happily, and " as much to his ſatisfaction, as he could deſire. He treats her with all the " friendſhip and reſpect poſſible, but not with more than her behaviour and " good qualities deſerve. And it was with a great deal of pleaſure I heard " her maid dwell ſo long upon her commendation. She informed me, that " after her father's death, her mother and ſhe lived for a while together in " great poverty. But her mother's ſpirit could not bear the thoughts of " aſking relief of any of her own, or her huſband's acquaintance; ſo that " they retired from all their friends, until they were providentially diſco- " vered by this new-married woman, who heaped on them favors upon " favors. Her mother died ſhortly after, who, while ſhe lived, was better " pleaſed to ſee her daughter a beggar, than a ſervant. But being freed " by her death, ſhe was taken into this gentlewoman's family, where ſhe " now lived, though much more like a friend or companion, than like a " ſervant.

" I went home full of this ſtrange adventure, and about a week after " chancing to be in company with Mr. *T.* the rejected lover whom I men- " tioned in the beginning of my letter, I told him the whole ſtory of his " Angel, not queſtioning but he would feel on this occaſion the uſual plea- " ſure of a reſenting lover, when he hears that fortune has avenged him of

" the

" the cruelty of his miſtreſs. As I was recounting to him at large theſe " ſeveral particulars, I obſerved that he covered his face with his hand, " and that his breaſt heaved as though it would have burſt, which I took at " firſt to have been a fit of laughter; but upon lifting up his head I ſaw his " eyes all red with weeping. He forced a ſmile at the end of my ſtory, " and we parted.

" About a fortnight after I received from him the following letter.

Dear Sir,

" I Am infinitely obliged to you for bringing me news of my Angel. I " have ſince married her, and think the low circumſtances ſhe was re- " duced to, a piece of good luck to both of us, ſince it has quite removed " that little pride and vanity, which was the only part of her character that " I diſliked, and given me an opportunity of ſhewing her the conſtant and " ſincere affection, which I profeſſed to her in the time of her proſperity.

Yours, R. T.

N° 160. *Monday, September* 14.

Solventur riſu tabulæ, tu miſſus abibis. Hor.

FROM writing the hiſtory of lions, I lately went off to that of ants, but to my great ſurpriſe, I find that ſome of my good Readers have taken this laſt to be a work of invention, which was only a plain narrative of matter of fact. They will ſeveral of them have it, that my laſt *Thurſday* and *Friday*'s papers are full of concealed ſatire, and that I have attacked people in the ſhape of piſmires, whom I durſt not meddle with in the ſhape of men. I muſt confeſs that I write with fear and trembling ever ſince that ingenious perſon the *Examiner*, in his little pamphlet, which was to make way for one of his following papers, found out treaſon in the word *Expect*.

But I ſhall for the future leave my friend to manage the controverſy in a ſeparate work, being unwilling to fill with diſputes a paper which was undertaken purely out of good-will to my countrymen. I muſt therefore declare that thoſe jealouſies and ſuſpicions, which have been raiſed in ſome weak minds, by means of the two above-mentioned diſcourſes concerning ants or piſmires, are altogether groundleſs. There is not an emmet in all

that whole narrative who is either whig or tory; and I could heartily wiſh that the individuals of all parties among us, had the good of their country at heart, and endeavoured to advance it by the ſame ſpirit of frugality, juſtice, and mutual benevolence, as are viſibly exerciſed by the members of thoſe little commonwealths.

After this ſhort preface, I ſhall lay before my Reader a letter or two which occaſioned it.

Mr. IRONSIDE,

" I Have laid a wager, with a friend of mine, about the pigeons that uſed " to peck up the corn which belonged to the ants. I ſay that by theſe " pigeons you meant the *Palatines*. He will needs have it that they were " the *Dutch*. We both agree that the papers upon the ſtrings which fright- " ed them away, were *Pamphlets, Examiners,* and the like. We beg you " will ſatisfy us in this particular, becauſe the wager is very conſiderable, " and you will much oblige two of your

Daily Readers.

Old IRON,

" WHY ſo ruſty? Will you never leave your innuendos? do you think " it hard to find out who is the Tulip in your laſt *Thurſday*'s paper? " or can you imagine that three neſts of ants is ſuch a diſguiſe, that the " plaineſt Reader cannot ſee three kingdoms through it? the blowing up of " the neighbouring ſettlement, where there was a race of poor beggarly " ants, under a worſe form of government, is not ſo difficult to be ex- " plained as you imagine. *Dunkirk* is not yet demoliſhed. Your ants are " enemies to rain, are they! Old *Birmingham,* no more of your ants, if you " do not intend to ſtir up a neſt of hornets.

Will Waſpe.

Dear GUARDIAN,

" CALLING in yeſterday at a Coffee-houſe in the city, I ſaw a very " ſhort corpulent angry man reading your paper about the ants. I " obſerved that he reddened and ſwelled over every ſentence of it. After " having peruſed it throughout, he laid it down upon the table, called the " woman of the Coffee-houſe to him, and aſked her, in a magiſterial voice, " if ſhe knew what ſhe did in taking in ſuch papers! The woman was in " ſuch a confuſion, that I thought it a piece of charity to interpoſe in her " behalf, and aſked him whether he had found any thing in it of danger- " ous import. Sir, ſaid he, it is a republican paper from one end to the " other, and if the author had his deſerts——He here grew ſo exceeding " choleric and fierce, that he could not proceed; until after having recovered " himſelf,

" himſelf, he laid his finger upon the following ſentence, and read it with " a very ſtern voice——*Though ants are very knowing, I do not take them to be " conjurers: and therefore they could not gueſs that I had put ſome corn in that room. " I perceived for ſeveral days that they were very much perplexed, and went a great " way to fetch their proviſions. I was not willing for ſome time to make them more " eaſy; for I had a mind to know, whether they would at laſt find out the treaſure, " and ſee it at a great diſtance, and whether ſmelling enabled them to know what is good " for their nouriſhment.* Then throwing the paper upon the table; Sir, ſays " he, theſe things are not to be ſuffered——I would engage out of this " ſentence to draw up an indictment that——He here loſt his voice a ſe- " cond time, in the extremity of his rage, and the whole company, who " were all of them Tories, burſting out into a ſudden laugh, he threw down " his penny in great wrath, and retired with a moſt formidable frown.

" This, Sir, I thought fit to acquaint you with, that you may make what " uſe of it you pleaſe. I only wiſh that you would ſometimes diverſify your " paper with many other pieces of natural hiſtory, whether of inſects or " animals; this being a ſubject which the moſt common reader is capable of " underſtanding, and which is very diverting in its nature; beſides, that it " highly redounds to the praiſe of that Being who has inſpired the ſeveral " parts of the ſenſitive world with ſuch wonderful and different kinds of in- " ſtinct, as enable them to provide for themſelves, and preſerve their ſpecies " in that ſtate of exiſtence wherein they are placed. There is no party con- " cerned in ſpeculations of this nature, which, inſtead of inflaming thoſe un- " natural heats that prevail among us, and take up moſt of our thoughts, " may divert our minds to ſubjects that are uſeful, and ſuited to reaſonable " creatures. Diſſertations of this kind are the more proper for your pur- " poſe, as they do not require any depth of mathematics, or any previous " ſcience, to qualify the reader for the underſtanding of them. To this I " might add, that it is a ſhame for men to be ignorant of thoſe worlds of " wonders which are tranſacted in the midſt of them, and not be ac- " quainted with thoſe objects which are every where before their eyes. " To which I might farther add, that ſeveral are of opinion, there is no " other uſe in many of theſe creatures than to furniſh matter of contempla- " tion and wonder to thoſe inhabitants of the earth, who are its only crea- " tures that are capable of it.

I am, SIR, your conſtant reader and humble ſervant.

After having preſented my reader with this ſet of letters, which are all upon the ſame ſubject, I ſhall here inſert one that has no relation to it. But

it has always been my maxim never to refuſe going out of my way to do any honeſt man a ſervice, eſpecially when I have an intereſt in it myſelf.

Moſt venerable NESTOR,

"AS you are a perſon that very eminently diſtinguiſh yourſelf in the promotion of the public good, I deſire your friendſhip in ſignifying "to the town, what concerns the greateſt good of life, *Health.* I do aſſure "you, Sir, there is in a vault, under the *Exchange* in *Cornhill,* over-againſt "*Pope's-Head-Alley,* a parcel of *French* wines, full of the ſeeds of good humor, chearfulneſs and friendly mirth. I have been told, the learned of "our nation agree, there is no ſuch thing as bribery in liquors, therefore I "ſhall preſume to ſend you of it, leſt you ſhould think it inconſiſtent with "integrity to recommend what you do not underſtand by experience. In "the mean time pleaſe to inſert this, that every man may judge for himſelf.

I am, SIR, &c.

N° 161. *Tueſday, September* 15.

——————— *incoctum generoſo pectus honeſto.* Perſ.

EVERY principle that is a motive to good actions, ought to be encouraged, ſince men are of ſo different a make, that the ſame principle does not work equally upon all minds. What ſome men are prompted to by conſcience, duty, or religion, which are only different names for the ſame thing, others are prompted to by *Honor.*

The ſenſe of honor is of ſo fine and delicate a nature, that it is only to be met with in minds which are naturally noble, or in ſuch as have been cultivated by great examples, or a refined education. This paper therefore is chiefly deſigned for thoſe, who by means of any of theſe advantages are, or ought to be, actuated by this glorious principle.

But as nothing is more pernicious than a principle of action when it is miſunderſtood, I ſhall conſider honor with reſpect to three ſorts of men. Firſt of all, with regard to thoſe who have a right notion of it. Secondly, with regard to thoſe who have a miſtaken notion of it. And thirdly, with regard to thoſe who treat it as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule.

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In the firſt place, true honor, tho' it be a different principle from religion, is that which produces the ſame effects. The lines of action, tho' drawn from different parts, terminate in the ſame point. Religion embraces virtue, as it is enjoined by the laws of God; Honor, as it is graceful and ornamental to human nature. The religious man *fears*, the man of honor *ſcorns* to do an ill action. The one conſiders vice as ſomething that is beneath him, the other as ſomething that is offenſive to the Divine Being. The one as what is *unbecoming*, the other as what is *forbidden*. Thus *Seneca* ſpeaks in the natural and genuine language of a man of honor, when he declares, that were there no God to ſee or puniſh vice, he would not commit it, becauſe it is of ſo mean, ſo baſe and ſo vile a nature.

I ſhall conclude this head with the deſcription of honor in the part of young *Juba*.

Honor's a ſacred tie, the law of Kings,
The noble mind's diſtinguiſhing perfection,
That aids and ſtrenghtens virtue where it meets her,
And imitates her actions where ſhe is not.
It ought not to be ſported with —— Cato.

In the ſecond place we are to conſider thoſe who have miſtaken notions of honor, and theſe are ſuch as eſtabliſh any thing to themſelves for a point of honor, which is contrary either to the laws of God, or of their country; who think it more honorable to revenge, than to forgive an injury; who make no ſcruple of telling a lie, but would put any man to death that accuſes them of it; who are more careful to guard their reputation by their courage, than by their virtue. True fortitude is indeed ſo becoming in human nature, that he who wants it ſcarce deſerves the name of a man; but we find ſeveral who ſo much abuſe this notion, that they place the whole idea of honor in a kind of brutal courage; by which means we have had many among us who have called themſelves men of honor, that would have been a diſgrace to a gibbet. In a word, the man who ſacrifices any duty of a reaſonable creature to a prevailing mode or faſhion, who looks upon any thing as honorable that is diſpleaſing to his Maker, or deſtructive to ſociety, who thinks himſelf obliged by this principle to the practice of ſome virtues and not of others, is by no means to be reckoned among true men of honor.

Timogenes was a lively inſtance of one actuated by falſe honor. *Timogenes* would ſmile at a man's jeſt who ridiculed his Maker, and at the ſame time, run a man through the body that ſpoke ill of his friend. *Timogenes* would have ſcorned to have betrayed a ſecret, that was entruſted with him,

though

though the fate of his country depended upon the diſcovery of it. *Timogenes* took away the life of a young fellow, in a duel, for having ſpoken ill of *Belinda*, a Lady whom he himſelf had ſeduced in her youth, and betrayed into want and ignominy. To cloſe his character, *Timogenes*, after having ruined ſeveral poor tradeſmen's families, who had truſted him, ſold his eſtate to ſatisfy his creditors; but, like a man of honor, diſpoſed of all the money he could make of it, in the paying off his play debts, or, to ſpeak in his own language, his debts of honor.

In the third place, we are to conſider thoſe perſons, who treat this principle as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule. Men who are profeſſedly of no honor, are of a more profligate and abandoned nature than even thoſe who are actuated by falſe notions of it, as there is more hopes of an heretic than of an atheiſt. Theſe ſons of infamy conſider honor with old *Syphax*, in the play before-mentioned, as a fine imaginary notion, that leads aſtray young unexperienced men, and draws them into real miſchiefs, while they are engaged in the purſuits of a ſhadow. Theſe are generally perſons who, in *Shakeſpear*'s phraſe, *are worn and hackney'd in the ways of men;* whoſe imaginations are grown callous, and have loſt all thoſe delicate ſentiments which are natural to minds that are innocent and undepraved. Such old battered miſcreants ridicule every thing as romantic that comes in competition with their preſent intereſt, and treat thoſe perſons as viſionaries, who dare ſtand up in a corrupt age, for what has not its immediate reward joined to it. The talents, intereſt, or experience of ſuch men, make them very often uſeful in all parties, and at all times. But whatever wealth and dignities they may arrive at, they ought to conſider, that every one ſtands as a blot in the annals of his country, who arrives at the temple of *Honor* by any other way than through that of *Virtue*.

N° 162. *Wedneſday, September* 16.

Proprium hoc eſſe prudentiæ, conſiliare ſibi animos hominum, et ad uſus ſuos adjungere.
Cicer.

I Was the other day in company at my Lady *Lizard*'s, when there came in among us their couſin *Tom*, who is one of thoſe country Squires that ſet up for plain honeſt Gentlemen who ſpeak their minds. *Tom* is in ſhort a lively impudent clown, and has wit enough to have made him a pleaſant

ſant companion, had it been poliſhed and rectified by good manners. *Tom* had not been a quarter of an hour with us, before he ſet every one in the company a bluſhing, by ſome blunt queſtion, or unlucky obſervation. He aſked the *Sparkler* if her wit had yet got her a huſband; and told her eldeſt ſiſter ſhe looked a little wan under the eyes, and that it was time for her to look about her, if ſhe did not deſign to lead apes in the other world. The good Lady *Lizard,* who ſuffers more than her daughters on ſuch an occaſion, deſired her couſin *Thomas,* with a ſmile, not to be ſo ſevere on his relations; to which the booby replied, with a rude country laugh, If I be not miſtaken, aunt, you were a mother at fifteen, and why do you expect that your daughters ſhould be maids till five and twenty? I endeavoured to divert the diſcourſe, when, without taking notice of what I ſaid, Mr. *Ironſide,* ſays he, you fill my couſins heads with your fine notions as you call them, can you teach them to make a pudding? I muſt confeſs he put me out of countenance with his ruſtic rallery, ſo that I made ſome excuſe, and left the room.

This fellow's behaviour made me reflect on the uſefulneſs of complaiſance, to make all converſation agreeable. This, though in itſelf it be ſcarce reckoned in the number of moral virtues, is that which gives a luſtre to every talent a man can be poſſeſſed of. It was *Plato*'s advice to an unpoliſhed writer, that he ſhould ſacrifice to the graces. In the ſame manner I would adviſe every man of learning, who would not appear in the world a meer ſcholar, or philoſopher, to make himſelf maſter of the ſocial virtue which I have here mentioned.

Complaiſance renders a ſuperior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable. It ſmooths diſtinction, ſweetens converſation, and makes every one in the company pleaſed with himſelf. It produces good-nature and mutual benevolence, encourages the timorous, ſooths the turbulent, humaniſes the fierce, and diſtinguiſhes a ſociety of civiliſed perſons from a confuſion of ſavages. In a word, complaiſance is a virtue that blends all orders of men together in a friendly intercourſe of words and actions, and is ſuited to that equality in human nature which every one ought to conſider, ſo far as is conſiſtent with the order and œconomy of the world.

If we could look into the ſecret anguiſh and affliction of every man's heart, we ſhould often find, that more of it ariſes from little imaginary diſtreſſes, ſuch as checks, frowns, contradictions, expreſſions of contempt, and (what *Shakeſpear* reckons among other evils under the ſun)

> ——*The poor man's contumely,*
> *The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns*
> *That patient merit of the unworthy takes,*

than

than from the more real pains and calamities of life. The only method to remove theſe imaginary diſtreſſes as much as poſſible out of human life, would be the univerſal practice of ſuch an ingenuous complaiſance as I have been here deſcribing, which, as it is a virtue, may be defined to be *a conſtant endeavour to pleaſe thoſe whom we converſe with, ſo far as we may do it innocently.* I ſhall here add, that I know nothing ſo effectual to raiſe a man's fortune as complaiſance, which recommends more to the favor of the great, than wit, knowledge, or any other talent whatſoever. I find this conſideration very prettily illuſtrated by a little wild *Arabian* tale, which I ſhall here abridge, for the ſake of my reader, after having again warned him, that I do not recommend to him ſuch an impertinent or vicious complaiſance as is not conſiſtent with honor and integrity.

" *Schacabac* being reduced to great poverty, and having eat nothing for " two days together, made a viſit to a noble *Barmecide* in *Perſia,* who was " very hoſpitable, but withal a great humoriſt. The *Barmecide* was ſitting " at his table that ſeemed ready covered for an entertainment. Upon hear- " ing *Schacabac*'s complaint, he deſired him to ſit down and fall on. He " then gave him an empty plate, and aſked him how he liked his rice-ſoup. " *Schacabac,* who was a man of wit, and reſolved to comply with the *Bar-* " *mecide* in all his humors, told him it was admirable, and at the ſame time, " in imitation of the other, lifted up the empty ſpoon to his mouth with " great pleaſure. The *Barmecide* then aſked him, if he ever ſaw whiter " bread? *Schacabac,* who ſaw neither bread nor meat, If I did not like it, " you may be ſure, ſays he, I ſhould not eat ſo heartily of it. You oblige " me mightily, replied the *Barmecide,* pray let me help you to this leg of a " gooſe. *Schacabac* reached out his plate, and received nothing on it with " great chearfulneſs. As he was eating very heartily on this imaginary " gooſe, and crying up the ſauce to the ſkies, the *Barmecide* deſired him to " keep a corner of his ſtomach for a roaſted lamb, fed with piſtacho nuts, " and after having called for it, as though it had really been ſerved up, " Here is a diſh, ſays he, that you will ſee at no body's table but my own. " *Schacabac* was wonderfully delighted with the taſte of it, which is like " nothing, ſays he, I ever eat before. Several other nice diſhes were ſerved " up in idea, which both of them commended and feaſted on after the ſame " manner. This was followed by an inviſible deſſert, no part of which de- " lighted *Schacabac* ſo much as a certain lozenge, which the *Barmecide* told " him was a ſweetmeat of his own invention. *Schacabac* at length, being " courteouſly reproached by the *Barmecide,* that he had no ſtomach, and " that he eat nothing, and, at the ſame time, being tired with moving his " jaws up and down to no purpoſe, deſired to be excuſed, for that really

" he

" he was ſo full he could not eat a bit more. Come then, ſays the *Barme-*
" *cide,* the cloth ſhall be removed, and you ſhall taſte my wines, which I
" may ſay, without vanity, are the beſt in *Perſia.* He then *filled* both their
" glaſſes out of an empty decanter. *Schacabac* would have excuſed himſelf
" from drinking ſo much at once, becauſe he ſaid he was a little quarrel-
" ſome in his liquor; however being preſſed to it, he pretended to take it off,
" having before-hand praiſed the color, and afterwards the flavor. Being
" plied with two or three other imaginary bumpers of different wines
" equally delicious, and a little vexed with this fantaſtic treat, he pretended
" to grow fluſtered, and gave the *Barmecide* a good box on the ear, but im-
" mediately recovering himſelf, Sir, ſays he, I beg ten thouſand pardons,
" but I told you before, that it was my misfortune to be quarrelſome in my
" drink. The *Barmecide* could not but ſmile at the humor of his gueſt, and
" inſtead of being angry at him, I find, ſays he, thou art a complaiſant
" fellow, and deſerveſt to be entertained in my houſe. Since thou can'ſt
" accommodate thyſelf to my humor, we will now eat together in good
" earneſt. Upon which, calling for his ſupper, the rice-ſoup, the gooſe,
" the piſtacho lamb, the ſeveral other nice diſhes, with the deſſert, the
" lozenges, and all the variety of *Perſian* wines, were ſerved up ſucceſſively,
" one after another; and *Schacabac* was feaſted in reality, with thoſe very
" things which he had before been entertained with in imagination.

N° 163. *Thurſday, September* 17.

——*miſerum eſt alienâ vivere quadrâ.* Juv.

WHEN I am diſpoſed to give myſelf a day's reſt, I order the Lion to be opened, and ſearch into that magazine of intelligence for ſuch letters as are to my purpoſe. The firſt I looked into comes to me from one who is chaplain to a great family. He treats himſelf in the beginning of it, after ſuch a manner, as I am perſuaded no man of ſenſe would treat him. Even the lawyer and phyſician to a man of quality, expect to be uſed like gentlemen, and much more may any one of ſo ſuperior a profeſſion. I am by no means for encouraging that diſpute, whether the chaplain or the maſter of the houſe be the better man, and the more to be reſpected. The two learned authors, Doctor *Hicks,* and Mr. *Collier,* to whom I might add ſeveral others, are to be excuſed if they have carried the

point a little too high in favor of the chaplain, ſince in ſo corrupt an age as that we live in, the popular opinion runs ſo far into the other extreme. The only controverſy, between the patron and the chaplain, ought to be, which ſhould promote the good deſigns and intereſts of each other moſt; and for my own part, I think it is the happieſt circumſtance, in a great eſtate or title, that it qualifies a man for chooſing, out of ſuch a learned and valuable body of men as that of the *Engliſh* clergy, a friend, a ſpiritual guide, and a companion. The letter I have received from one of this order, is as follows.

Mr. GUARDIAN,

"I Hope you will not only indulge me in the liberty of two or three queſ-
"tions, but alſo in the ſolution of them.

"I have had the honor, many years, of being chaplain to a noble fa-
"mily, and of being accounted the higheſt ſervant in the houſe, either out
"of reſpect to my cloth, or becauſe I lie in the uppermoſt garret.

"Whilſt my old Lord lived, his table was always adorned with uſeful
"learning and innocent mirth, as well as covered with plenty. I was not
"looked upon as a piece of furniture fit only to ſanctify and garniſh a
"feaſt, but treated as a gentleman, and generally deſired to fill up the con-
"verſation an hour after I had done my duty. But now my young Lord
"is come to the eſtate, I find I am looked upon as a *cenſor morum*, an ob-
"ſtacle to mirth and talk, and ſuffered to retire conſtantly, with *proſperity
"to the Church* in my mouth. I declare ſolemnly, Sir, that I have heard
"nothing, from all the fine gentlemen who viſit us, more remarkable, for
"half a year, than that one young Lord was ſeven times drunk at *Genoa*,
"and another had an affair with a famous courteſan at *Venice*. I have
"lately taken the liberty to ſtay three or four rounds beyond the church,
"to ſee what topics of diſcourſe they went upon, but, to my great ſurpriſe,
"have hardly heard a word all the time beſides the toaſts. Then they all
"ſtare full in my face, and ſhew all the actions of uneaſineſs till I am gone.
"Immediately upon my departure, to uſe the words in an old comedy,
"*I find, by the noiſe they make, that they had a mind to be private.* I am at a loſs
"to imagine what converſation they have among one another, which I
"may not be preſent at, ſince I love innocent mirth as much as any of
"them, and am ſhocked with no freedoms whatſoever, which are con-
"ſiſtent with chriſtianity. I have, with much ado, maintained my poſt
"hitherto at the deſſert, and every day eat tart in the face of my patron;
"but how long I ſhall be inveſted with this privilege I do not know.
"For the ſervants, who do not ſee me ſupported as I was in my old
Lord's

" Lord's time, begin to bruſh very familiarly by me, and thruſt aſide " my chair, when they ſet the ſweetmeats on the table. I have been " born and educated a gentleman, and deſire you will make the public " ſenſible, that the Chriſtian Prieſthood was never thought in any age or " country to debaſe the man who is a member of it. Among the great " ſervices which your uſeful papers daily do to religion, this perhaps will " not be the leaſt, and will lay a very great obligation on your unknown " ſervant, *G. W.*

Venerable NESTOR,

" I Was very much pleaſed with your paper of the 7th inſtant, in which " you recommend the ſtudy of uſeful knowledge to women of quality " or fortune. I have ſince that met with a very elegant poem, written by " the famous Sir *Thomas More;* it is inſcribed to a friend of his, who was " then ſeeking out a wife; he adviſes him on that occaſion to overlook " wealth and beauty, and if he deſires a happy life, to join himſelf with a " woman of virtue and knowledge. His words on this laſt head are as follow.

Proculque ſtulta ſit
Parvis labellulis
Semper loquacitas,
Proculque ruſticum
Semper ſilentium.
Sit illa vel modò
Inſtructa literis.
Vel talis ut modò
Sit apta literis.
Felix, quibus bene
Priſcis ab omnibus
Poſſit libellulis
Vitam beantia
Haurire dogmata.
Armata cum quibus,
Nec illa proſperis
Superba turgeat,
Nec illa turbidis
Miſcella lugeat
Proſtrata caſibus.
Jucunda ſit erit
Semper, nec unquam erit
Gravis, moleſtave
Vitæ comes tuæ,
Quæ docta parvulos
Docebit et tuos
Cum lacte literas
Olim nepotulos.
Jam te juvaverit
Viros relinquere,
Doctæque conjugis
Sinu quieſcere,
Dum grata te fovet.
Manûque mobili
Dum plectra perſonat,
Et voce (quâ nec eſt
Prognæ ſororculæ
Tuæ ſuavior)
Amœna cantillat
Apollo que velit
Audire carmina.
Jam te juvaverit
Sermone blandulo,
Docto tamen dies
Noctesque ducere.
Notare verbula
Mellita maximis
Non abſque gratiis

Ab ore melleo
Semper fluentia,
Quibus coerceat
Si quando te levet
Inane gaudium,
Quibus levaverit
Si quando deprimat
Te mœror anxius.
Certabit in quibus
Summa eloquentia
Jam cum omnium gravi
Rerum scientia.
Talem olim ego putem
Et vatis Orphei
Fuisse conjugem,
Nec unquam ab inferis
Curasset improbo
Labore fœminam
Referre rusticam.
Talemque credimus
Nasonis inclytam,
Quæ vel patrem queat
AEquare carmine,
Fuisse filiam,
Talemque suspicor
(Qua nulla charior
Unquam fuit patri,
Quo nemo doctior)
Fuisse Tulliam:
Talisque quæ tulit
Gracchos duos fuit,
Quæ quos tulit, bonis
Instruxit artibus:
Nec profuit minus
Magistra quàm parens.

The sense of this elegant description is as follows,

" May you meet with a wife who is not always stupidly silent, nor always prattling nonsense! May she be *learned,* if possible, or at least capable of being made so! A woman thus accomplished will be always drawing sentences and maxims of virtue out of the best authors of antiquity. She will be *Herself* in all changes of fortune, neither blown up in prosperity, nor broken with adversity. You will find in her an even chearful good humored friend, and an agreeable companion for life. She will infuse knowledge into your children with their milk, and from their infancy train them up to wisdom. Whatever company you are engaged in, you will long to be at home, and retire with delight from the society of *Men,* into the bosom of one who is so dear, so knowing and so amiable. If she touches her lute, or sings to it any of her own compositions, her voice will sooth you in your solitudes, and sound more sweetly in your ear than that of the nightingale. You will waste with pleasure whole days and nights in her conversation, and be ever finding out new beauties in her discourse. She will keep your mind in perpetual serenity, restrain its mirth from being dissolute, and prevent its melancholy from being painful.

" Such was doubtless the wife of *Orpheus;* for who would have undergone what he did to have recovered a foolish bride? Such was the daughter of *Ovid,* who was his rival in poetry. Such was *Tullia,* as she is

" celebrated

" celebrated by the moſt learned and the moſt fond of fathers. And ſuch " was the mother of the two *Gracchi,* who is no leſs famous for having " been their inſtructor than their parent.

N° 165. *Saturday, September* 19.

Decipit exemplar, vitiis imitabile —— Hor.

IT is a melancholy thing to ſee a coxcomb at the head of a family. He ſcatters infection through the whole houſe. His wife and children have always their eyes upon him; if they have more ſenſe than himſelf, they are out of countenance for him; if leſs, they ſubmit their underſtandings to him, and make daily improvements in folly and impertinence. I have been very often ſecretly concerned, when I have ſeen a circle of pretty children cramped in their natural parts, and prattling even below themſelves, while they are talking after a couple of ſilly parents. The dullneſs of a father often extinguiſhes a genius in the ſon, or gives ſuch a wrong caſt to his mind, as it is hard for him ever to wear off. In ſhort, where the head of a family is weak, you hear the repetitions of his inſipid pleaſantries, ſhallow conceits, and topical points of mirth, in every member of it. His table, his fire ſide, his parties of diverſion, are all of them ſo many ſtanding ſcenes of folly.

This is one reaſon why I would the more recommend the improvements of the mind to my female Readers, that a family may have a double chance for it, and if it meets with weakneſs in one of the heads, may have it made up in the other. It is indeed an unhappy circumſtance in a family, where the wife has more knowledge than the huſband; but it is better it ſhould be ſo, than that there ſhould be no knowledge in the whole houſe. It is highly expedient that at leaſt one of the perſons, who ſits at the helm of affairs, ſhould give an example of good ſenſe to thoſe who are under them in theſe little domeſtic governments.

If folly is of ill conſequence in the head of a family, vice is much more ſo, as it is of a more pernicious and of a more contagious nature. When the maſter is a profligate, the rake runs through the houſe. You hear the ſons talking looſely and ſwearing after their father, and ſee the daughters either familiariſed to his diſcourſe, or every moment bluſhing for him.

The

The very footman will be a fine gentleman in his maſter's way. He improves by his table talk, and repeats in the kitchen what he learns in the parlor. Inveſt him with the ſame title and ornaments, and you would ſcarce know him from his Lord. He practiſes the ſame oaths, the ſame ribaldry, the ſame way of joking.

It is therefore of very great concern to a family, that the ruler of it ſhould be wiſe and virtuous. The firſt of theſe qualifications does not indeed lie within his power: but though a man cannot abſtain from being weak, he may from being vicious. It is in his power to give a good example of modeſty, of temperance, of frugality, of religion, and of all other virtues, which, though the greateſt ornaments of human nature, may be put in practice by men of the moſt ordinary capacities.

As wiſdom and virtue are the proper qualifications of the maſter of a houſe, if he is not accompliſhed in both of them, it is much better that he ſhould be deficient in the former than in the latter, ſince the conſequences of vice are of an infinitely more dangerous nature than thoſe of folly.

When I read the hiſtories that are left us of *Pythagoras*, I cannot but take notice of the extraordinary influence, which that great philoſopher, who was an illuſtrious pattern of virtue and wiſdom, had on his private family. This excellent man, after having perfected himſelf in the learning of his own country, travelled into all the known parts of the world, on purpoſe to converſe with the moſt learned men of every place; by which means he gleaned up all the knowledge of the age, and is ſtill admired by the greateſt men of the preſent times, as a prodigy of ſcience. His wife *Theano* wrote ſeveral books; and after his death taught his philoſophy in his public ſchool, which was frequented by numberleſs diſciples of different countries. There are ſeveral excellent ſayings recorded of her. I ſhall only mention one, becauſe it does honor to her virtue, as well as to her wiſdom. Being aſked by ſome of her ſex, in how long a time a woman might be allowed to pray to the gods, after having converſed with a man? *If it were her huſband,* ſays ſhe, *the next day; if a ſtranger, never.* *Pythagoras* had by this wife two ſons and three daughters. His two ſons, *Telauges* and *Mneſarchus,* were both eminent philoſophers, and were joined with their mother in the government of the *Pythagorean* ſchool. *Arignote* was one of his daughters, whoſe writings were extant, and very much admired in the age of *Porphyrius*. *Damo* was another of his daughters, in whoſe hands *Pythagoras* left his works, with a prohibition to communicate them to ſtrangers, which ſhe obſerved to the hazard of her life; and though ſhe was offered a great ſum for them, rather choſe to live in poverty, than not to obey the commands of her beloved father. *Mila* was the third of the daughters, whoſe

whoſe works and hiſtory were very famous in *Lucian*'s time. She was ſo ſignally virtuous, that for her unblemiſhed behaviour in her virginity, ſhe was choſen to lead up the chorus of maids in a national ſolemnity; and for her exemplary conduct in marriage, was placed at the head of all the matrons in the like public ceremony. The memory of this learned woman was ſo precious among her countrymen, that her houſe was after her death converted into a temple, and the ſtreet ſhe lived in called by the name of the *Muſæum*. Nor muſt I omit, whilſt I am mentioning this great philoſopher under his character as the maſter of a family, that two of his ſervants ſo improved themſelves under him, that they were inſtituted into his ſect, and make an eminent figure in the liſt of *Pythagoreans*. The names of theſe two ſervants were *Aſtræus* and *Zamolxes*. This ſingle example ſufficiently ſhews us both the influence and the merit of one who diſcharges as he ought the office of a good maſter of a family; which, if it were well obſerved in every houſe, would quickly put an end to that univerſal depravation of manners, by which the preſent age is ſo much diſtinguiſhed; and which is more eaſy to lament than to reform.

N° 166. *Monday, September* 21.

——————— *aliquiſque malo fuit uſus in illo.* Ovid. Met.

CHARITY is a virtue of the heart, and not of the hands, ſays an old writer. Gifts and alms are the expreſſions, not the eſſence of this virtue. A man may beſtow great ſums on the poor and indigent, without being charitable, and may be charitable when he is not able to beſtow any thing. Charity is therefore a habit of good will, or benevolence, in the ſoul, which diſpoſes us to the love, aſſiſtance and relief of mankind, eſpecially of thoſe who ſtand in need of it. The poor man who has this excellent frame of mind, is no leſs entitled to the reward of this virtue than the man who founds a college. For my own part, I am charitable to an extravagance this way. I never ſaw an indigent perſon in my life, without reaching out to him ſome of this imaginary relief. I cannot but ſympathiſe with every one I meet that is in affliction; and if my abilities were equal to my wiſhes, there ſhould be neither pain nor poverty in the world.

To

To give my Reader a right notion of myſelf in this particular, I ſhall preſent him with the ſecret hiſtory of one of the moſt remarkable parts of my life.

I was once engaged in ſearch of the Philoſopher's Stone. It is frequently obſerved of men who have been buſied in this purſuit, that though they have failed in their principal deſign, they have however made ſuch diſcoveries in their way to it, as have ſufficiently recompenced their enquiries. In the ſame manner, though I cannot boaſt of my ſucceſs in that affair, I do not repent of my engaging in it, becauſe it produced in my mind, ſuch an habitual exerciſe of charity, as made it much better than perhaps it would have been, had I never been loſt in ſo pleaſing a deluſion.

As I did not queſtion but I ſhould ſoon have a new *Indies* in my poſſeſſion, I was perpetually taken up in conſidering how to turn it to the benefit of mankind. In order to it I employed a whole day in walking about this great city, to find out proper places for the erection of hoſpitals. I had likewiſe entertained that project, which has ſince ſucceeded in another place, of building churches at the court end of the town, with this only difference, that inſtead of fifty, I intended to have built a hundred, and to have ſeen them all finiſhed in leſs than one year.

I had with great pains and application got together a liſt of all the *French* proteſtants; and by the beſt accounts I could come at, had calculated the value of all thoſe eſtates and effects which every one of them had left in his own country for the ſake of his religion, being fully determined to make it up to him, and return ſome of them the double of what they had loſt.

As I was one day in my laboratory, my operator, who was to fill my coffers for me, and uſed to foot it from the other end of the town every morning, complained of a ſprain in his leg, that he had met with over againſt St. *Clement*'s Church. This ſo affected me, that as a ſtanding mark of my gratitude to him, and out of compaſſion to the reſt of my fellow citizens, I reſolved to new pave every ſtreet within the liberties, and entered a *Memorandum* in my pocket book accordingly. About the ſame time I entertained ſome thoughts of mending all the highways on this ſide the *Tweed*, and of making all the rivers in *England* navigable.

But the project I had moſt at heart, was the ſettling upon every man in *Great Britain* three pounds a year (in which ſum may be compriſed, according to Sir *William Pettit*'s obſervations, all the neceſſities of life) leaving to them whatever elſe they could get by their own induſtry, to lay out on ſuperfluities.

I was above a week debating in myſelf what I ſhould do in the matter of *Impropriations;* but at length came to a reſolution to buy them all up, and reſtore them to the church.

As

As I was one day walking near St. *Paul*'s, I took ſome time to ſurvey that ſtructure, and not being entirely ſatisfied with it, though I could not tell why, I had ſome thoughts of pulling it down, and building it up anew at my own expence.

For my own part, as I have no pride in me, I intended to take up with a coach and ſix, half a dozen footmen, and live like a private gentleman.

It happened about this time that public matters looked very gloomy, taxes came hard, the war went on heavily, people complained of the great burdens that were laid upon them: this made me reſolve to ſet aſide one morning, to conſider ſeriouſly the ſtate of the nation. I was the more ready to enter on it, becauſe I was obliged, whether I would or no, to ſit at home in my morning gown, having, after a moſt incredible expence, pawned a new ſuit of clothes, and a full bottomed wig, for a ſum of money which my operator aſſured me was the laſt he ſhould want to bring all our matters to bear. After having conſidered many projects, I at length reſolved to beat the common enemy at his own weapons, and laid a ſcheme which would have blown him up in a quarter of a year, had things ſucceeded to my wiſhes. As I was in this golden dream, ſome body knocked at my door. I opened it, and found it was a meſſenger that brought me a letter from the laboratory. The fellow looked ſo miſerably poor, that I was reſolved to make his fortune before he delivered his meſſage: but ſeeing he brought a letter from my operator, I concluded I was bound to it in honor, as much as a Prince is to give a reward to one that brings him the firſt news of a victory. I knew this was the long-expected hour of projection, and which I had waited for, with great impatience, above half a year before. In ſhort, I broke open my letter in a tranſport of joy, and found it as follows.

SIR,

" AFTER having got out of you every thing you can conveniently ſpare, " I ſcorn to treſpaſs upon your generous nature, and therefore muſt in- " genuouſly confeſs to you, that I know no more of the philoſopher's ſtone " than you do. I ſhall only tell you for your comfort, that I never yet " could bubble a blockhead out of his money. They muſt be men of wit " and parts who are for my purpoſe. This made me apply myſelf to a " perſon of your wealth and ingenuity. How I have ſucceeded, you your- " ſelf can beſt tell.

Your humble ſervant to command,

Thomas White.

" I have locked up the laboratory, and laid the key under the door.

I was very much ſhocked at the unworthy treatment of this man, and not a little mortified at my diſappointment, though not ſo much for what I myſelf, as what the public ſuffered by it. I think however I ought to let the world know what I deſigned for them, and hope that ſuch of my readers who find they had a ſhare in my good intentions, will accept of the will for the deed.

N° 167. *Tueſday, September* 22.

Fata viam invenient ——— Virg.

THE following ſtory is lately tranſlated out of an *Arabian* manuſcript, which I think has very much the turn of an oriental tale; and as it has never before been printed, I queſtion not but it will be highly acceptable to my Reader.

The name of *Helim* is ſtill famous through all the eaſtern parts of the world. He is called among the *Perſians,* even to this day, *Helim* the great phyſician. He was acquainted with all the powers of ſimples, underſtood all the influences of the ſtars, and knew the ſecrets that were engraved on the ſeal of *Solomon* the ſon of *David*. *Helim* was alſo governor of the Black Palace, and chief of the phyſicians to *Alnareſchin* the great King of *Perſia*.

Alnareſchin was the moſt dreadful tyrant that ever reigned in this country. He was of a fearful, ſuſpicious and cruel nature, having put to death upon very ſlight jealouſies and ſurmiſes five and thirty of his Queens, and above twenty ſons whom he ſuſpected to have conſpired againſt his life. Being at length wearied with the exerciſe of ſo many cruelties in his own family, and fearing leſt the whole race of *Caliphs* ſhould be entirely loſt, he one day ſent for *Helim,* and ſpoke to him after this manner. *Helim,* ſaid he, *I have long admired thy great wiſdom, and retired way of living. I ſhall now ſhew thee the entire confidence which I place in thee. I have only two ſons remaining, who are yet but infants. It is my deſign that thou take them home with thee, and educate them as thy own. Train them up in the humble and unambitious purſuits of knowledge. By this means ſhall the line of* Caliphs *be preſerved, and my children ſucceed after me, without aſpiring to my throne whilſt I am yet alive.* The words of my Lord the King ſhall be obeyed, ſaid *Helim*. After which he bowed, and went out

out of the King's preſence. He then received the children into his own houſe, and from that time bred them up with him in the ſtudies of knowledge and virtue. The young Princes loved and reſpected *Helim* as their father, and made ſuch improvements under him, that by the age of one and twenty they were inſtructed in all the learning of the *Eaſt*. The name of the eldeſt was *Ibrahim*, and of the youngeſt *Abdallah*. They lived together in ſuch a perfect friendſhip, that to this day it is ſaid of intimate friends, that they live together like *Ibrahim* and *Abdallah*. *Helim* had an only child, who was a girl, of a fine ſoul, and a moſt beautiful perſon. Her father omitted nothing in her education, that might make her the moſt accompliſhed woman of her age. As the young princes were in a manner excluded from the reſt of the world, they frequently converſed with this lovely virgin, who had been brought up by her father in the ſame courſe of knowledge and of virtue. *Abdallah*, whoſe mind was of a ſofter turn than that of his brother, grew by degrees ſo enamoured of her converſation, that he did not think he lived when he was not in company with his beloved *Balſora*, for that was the name of the maid. The fame of her beauty was ſo great, that at length it came to the ears of the King, who pretending to viſit the young princes his ſons, demanded of *Helim* the ſight of *Balſora* his fair daughter. The King was ſo inflamed with her beauty and behaviour, that he ſent for *Helim* the next morning, and told him it was now his deſign to recompence him for all his faithful ſervices; and that in order to it, he intended to make his daughter Queen of *Perſia*. *Helim*, who knew very well the fate of all thoſe unhappy women who had been thus advanced, and could not but be privy to the ſecret love which *Abdallah* bore his daughter, *Far be it*, ſaid he, *from the King of* Perſia *to contaminate the blood of the* Caliphs, *and join himſelf in marriage with the daughter of his Phyſician*. The King, however, was ſo impatient for ſuch a bride, that without hearing any excuſes, he immediately ordered *Balſora* to be ſent for into his preſence, keeping the father with him, in order to make her ſenſible of the honor which he deſigned her. *Balſora*, who was too modeſt and humble to think her beauty had made ſuch an impreſſion on the King, was a few moments after brought into his preſence as he had commanded.

She appeared in the King's eye as one of the virgins of *Paradiſe*. But upon hearing the honor which he intended her, ſhe fainted away, and fell down as dead at his feet. *Helim* wept, and after having recovered her out of the trance into which ſhe was fallen, repreſented to the King, that ſo unexpected an honor was too great to have been communicated to her all at once; but that, if he pleaſed, he would himſelf prepare her for it. The

King bid him take his own way, and diſmiſſed him. *Balſora* was conveyed again to her father's houſe, where the thoughts of *Abdallah* renewed her affliction every moment; inſomuch that at length ſhe fell into a raging fever. The King was informed of her condition by thoſe that ſaw her. *Helim* finding no other means of extricating her from the difficulties ſhe was in, after having compoſed her mind, and made her acquainted with his intentions, gave her a potion, which he knew would lay her aſleep for many hours; and afterwards, in all the ſeeming diſtreſs of a diſconſolate father, informed the King ſhe was dead. The King, who never let any ſentiments of humanity come too near his heart, did not much trouble himſelf about the matter; however, for his own reputation, he told the father, that ſince it was known through the empire that *Balſora* died at a time when he deſigned her for his bride, it was his intention that ſhe ſhould be honored as ſuch after her death, and that her body ſhould be laid in the Black Palace, among thoſe of his deceaſed Queens.

In the mean time *Abdallah,* who had heard of the King's deſign, was not leſs afflicted than his beloved *Balſora.* As for the ſeveral circumſtances of his diſtreſs, as alſo how the King was informed of an irrecoverable diſtemper into which he was fallen, they are to be found at length in the hiſtory of *Helim.* It ſhall ſuffice to acquaint my Reader, that *Helim,* ſome days after the ſuppoſed death of his daughter, gave the Prince a potion of the ſame nature with that which had laid aſleep *Balſora.*

It is the cuſtom among the *Perſians,* to convey in a private manner the bodies of all the Royal Family, a little after their death, into the Black Palace; which is the repoſitory of all who are deſcended from the *Caliphs,* or any way allied to them. The chief Phyſician is always governor of the Black Palace, it being his office to embalm and preſerve the holy family after they are dead, as well as to take care of them while they are yet living. The Black Palace is ſo called from the color of the building, which is all of the fineſt poliſhed black marble. There are always burning in it five thouſand everlaſting lamps. It has alſo a hundred folding doors of ebony, which are each of them watched day and night by a hundred negroes, who are to take care that no body enters, beſides the governor.

Helim, after having conveyed the body of his daughter into this repoſitory, and at the appointed time received her out of the ſleep into which ſhe was fallen, took care ſome time after to bring that of *Abdallah* into the ſame place. *Balſora* watched over him, till ſuch time as the doſe he had taken loſt its effect. *Abdallah* was not acquainted with *Helim*'s deſign when he gave him this ſleepy potion. It is impoſſible to deſcribe the ſurpriſe, the joy,

joy, the tranſport he was in at his firſt awaking. He fancied himſelf in the retirements of the bleſſed, and that the ſpirit of his dear *Balſora,* who he thought was juſt gone before him, was the firſt who came to congratulate his arrival. She ſoon informed him of the place he was in, which, notwithſtanding all its horrors, appeared to him more ſweet than the bower of *Mahomet,* in the company of his *Balſora.*

Helim, who was ſuppoſed to be taken up in the embalming of the bodies, viſited the place very frequently. His greateſt perplexity was how to get the lovers out of it, the gates being watched in ſuch a manner as I have before related. This conſideration did not a little diſturb the two interred lovers. At length *Helim* bethought himſelf, that the firſt day of the full moon, of the month *Tizpa,* was near at hand. Now it is a received tradition among the *Perſians,* that the ſouls of thoſe of the Royal Family, who are in a ſtate of bliſs, do on the firſt full moon after their deceaſe, paſs through the eaſtern gate of the Black Palace, which is therefore called the gate of *Paradiſe,* in order to take their flight for that happy place. *Helim* therefore having made due preparations for this night, dreſſed each of the lovers in a robe of azure ſilk, wrought in the fineſt looms of *Perſia,* with a long train of linen whiter than ſnow, that floated on the ground behind them. Upon *Abdallah*'s head he fixed a wreath of the greeneſt myrtle, and on *Balſora*'s a garland of the freſheſt roſes. Their garments were ſcented with the richeſt perfumes of *Arabia.* Having thus prepared every thing, the full moon was no ſooner up, and ſhining in all its brightneſs, but he privately opened the gate of *Paradiſe,* and ſhut it after the ſame manner, as ſoon as they had paſſed through it. The band of negroes, who were poſted at a little diſtance from the gate, ſeeing two ſuch beautiful apparitions, that ſhewed themſelves to advantage by the light of the full moon, and being raviſhed with the odor that flowed from their garments, immediately concluded them to be the ghoſts of the two perſons lately deceaſed. They fell upon their faces as they paſſed through the midſt of them, and continued proſtrate on the earth till ſuch time as they were out of ſight. They reported the next day what they had ſeen; but this was looked upon, by the King himſelf, and moſt others, as the compliment that was uſually paid to any of the deceaſed of his family. *Helim* had placed two of his own mules at about a mile's diſtance from the Black Temple, on the ſpot which they had agreed upon for their rendezvous. He here met them, and conducted them to one of his own houſes, which was ſituated on mount *Khacan.* The air on this mountain was ſo very healthful, that *Helim* had formerly tranſported the King thither, in order to recover him out of a long fit of ſickneſs; which ſucceeded ſo well, that the King made him a preſent of the whole mountain.

mountain, with a beautiful houſe and gardens that were on the top of it. In this retirement lived *Abdallah* and *Balſora*. They were both ſo fraught with all kinds of knowledge, and poſſeſſed with ſo conſtant and mutual a paſſion for each other, that their ſolitude never lay heavy on them. *Abdallah* applied himſelf to thoſe arts which were agreeable to his manner of living, and the ſituation of the place, inſomuch that in a few years he converted the whole mountain into a kind of garden, and covered every part of it with plantations or ſpots of flowers. *Helim* was too good a father to let him want any thing that might conduce to make his retirement pleaſant.

In about ten years after their abode in this place, the old King died, and was ſucceeded by his ſon *Ibrahim,* who, upon the ſuppoſed death of his brother, had been called to court, and entertained there as heir to the *Perſian* empire. Though he was for ſome years inconſolable for the death of his brother, *Helim* durſt not truſt him with the ſecret, which he knew would have fatal conſequences, ſhould it by any means come to the knowledge of the old King. *Ibrahim* was no ſooner mounted on the throne, but *Helim* ſought after a proper opportunity of making a diſcovery to him, which he knew would be very agreeable to ſo good natured and generous a Prince. It ſo happened, that before *Helim* found ſuch an opportunity as he deſired, the new King *Ibrahim,* having been ſeparated from his company in a chaſe, and almoſt fainting with heat and thirſt, ſaw himſelf at the foot of mount *Khacan;* he immediately aſcended the hill, and coming to *Helim*'s houſe, demanded ſome refreſhments. *Helim* was very luckily there at that time, and after having ſet before the King the choiceſt of wines and fruits, finding him wonderfully pleaſed with ſo ſeaſonable a treat, told him that the beſt part of his entertainment was to come, upon which he opened to him the whole hiſtory of what had paſt. The King was at once aſtoniſhed and tranſported at ſo ſtrange a relation, and ſeeing his brother enter the room with *Balſora* in his hand, he leaped off from the *Sofa* on which he ſat, and cried out, *It is he! it is my* Abdallah!——having ſaid this, he fell upon his neck and wept. The whole company, for ſome time, remained ſilent, and ſhedding tears of joy. The King at length, after having kindly reproached *Helim* for depriving him ſo long of ſuch a brother, embraced *Balſora* with the greateſt tenderneſs, and told her, that ſhe ſhould now be a Queen indeed, for that he would immediately make his brother King of all the conquered nations on the other ſide the *Tygris.* He eaſily diſcovered in the eyes of our two lovers, that inſtead of being tranſported with the offer, they preferred their preſent retirement to empire. At their requeſt therefore he changed his

his intentions, and made them a preſent of all the open country ſo far as they could ſee from the top of mount *Khacan*. *Abdallah* continuing to extend his former improvements, beautified this whole proſpect with groves and fountains, gardens and ſeats of pleaſure, till it became the moſt delicious ſpot of ground within the empire, and is therefore called the Garden of *Perſia*. This *Caliph, Ibrahim,* after a long and happy reign, died without children, and was ſucceeded by *Abdallah,* a ſon of *Abdallah* and *Balſora*. This was that King *Abdallah* who afterwards fixed the Imperial reſidence upon mount *Khacan,* which continues at this time to be the favorite palace of the *Perſian* empire.

The

The LOVER.

N° 10. *Thurſday, March* 18, 1714.

——— *Magis illa placent quæ pluris emuntur.*

I Have lately been very much teaſed with the thought of Mrs. *Anne Page,* and the memory of thoſe many cruelties which I ſuffered from that obdurate fair one. Mrs. *Anne* was in a particular manner very fond of *China* ware, againſt which I had unfortunately declared my averſion. I do not know but this was the firſt occaſion of her coldneſs towards me, which makes me ſick at the very ſight of a *China* diſh ever ſince. This is the beſt introduction I can make for my preſent diſcourſe, which may ſerve to fill up a gap till I am more at leiſure to reſume the thread of my amours.

There are no inclinations in women which more ſurpriſe me than their paſſions for chalk and *China.* The firſt of theſe maladies wears out in a little time; but when a woman is viſited with the ſecond, it generally takes poſſeſſion of her for life. *China* veſſels are playthings for women of all ages. An old Lady of fourſcore ſhall be as buſy in cleaning an *Indian* Mandarin, as her great grandaughter is in dreſſing her baby.

The common way of purchaſing ſuch trifles, if I may believe my female informers, is by exchanging old ſuits of clothes for this brittle ware. The potters of *China* have, it ſeems, their factors at this diſtance, who retail out their ſeveral manufactures for caſt clothes and ſuperannuated garments. I have known an old petticoat metamorphoſed into a punch bowl, and a pair of breeches into a tea-pot. For this reaſon my friend *Tradewell* in the city calls his great room, that is nobly furniſhed out with *China,* his wife's wardrobe. In yonder corner, ſays he, are above twenty ſuits of clothes, and on that ſcrutoire above an hundred yards of furbelowed ſilk. You cannot imagine how many night-gowns, ſtays and mantuas, went to the raiſing of that pyramid. The worſt of it is, ſays he, a ſuit of clothes is not ſuffered to laſt its time, that it may be the more vendible; ſo that in reality

reality this is but a more dexterous way of picking the huſband's pocket, who is often purchaſing a great vaſe of *China*, when he fancies that he is buying a fine head, or a ſilk gown for his wife. There is likewiſe another inconvenience in this female paſſion for *China*, namely, that it adminiſters to them great matter of wrath and ſorrow. How much anger and affliction are produced daily in the hearts of my dear country-women, by the breach of this frail furniture. Some of them pay half their ſervants wages in *China* fragments, which their careleſſneſs has produced. *If thou haſt a piece of earthen ware, conſider,* ſays *Epictetus, that it is a piece of earthen ware, and very eaſy and obnoxious to be broken: be not therefore ſo void of reaſon as to be angry or grieved when this comes to paſs.* In order, therefore, to exempt my fair Readers from ſuch additional and ſupernumerary calamities of life, I would adviſe them to forbear dealing in theſe periſhable commodities, till ſuch time as they are philoſophers enough to keep their temper at the fall of a tea-pot or a *China* cup. I ſhall further recommend to their ſerious conſideration theſe three particulars: Firſt, That all *China* ware is of a weak and tranſitory nature. Secondly, that the faſhion of it is changeable: and Thirdly, that it is of no uſe. And firſt of the firſt: the fragility of *China* is ſuch as a reaſonable Being ought by no means to ſet his heart upon, though at the ſame time I am afraid I may complain with *Seneca* on the like occaſion, that this very conſideration recommends them to our choice; our luxury being grown ſo wanton, that this kind of treaſure becomes the more valuable, the more eaſily we may be deprived of it, and that it receives a price from its brittleneſs. There is a kind of oſtentation in wealth, which ſets the poſſeſſors of it upon diſtinguiſhing themſelves in thoſe things where it is hard for the poor to follow them. For this reaſon I have often wondered that our Ladies have not taken pleaſure in egg-ſhells, eſpecially in thoſe which are curiouſly ſtained and ſtreaked, and which are ſo very tender, that they require the niceſt hand to hold without breaking them. But as if the brittleneſs of this ware were not ſufficient to make it coſtly, the very faſhion of it is changeable, which brings me to my ſecond particular.

It may chance that a piece of *China* may ſurvive all thoſe accidents to which it is by nature liable, and laſt for ſome years, if rightly ſituated and taken care of. To remedy, therefore, this inconvenience, it is ſoordered, that the ſhape of it ſhall grow unfaſhionable, which makes new ſupplies always neceſſary, and furniſhes employment for life to women of great and generous Souls, who cannot live out of the mode. I myſelf remember when there were few *China* veſſels to be ſeen that held more than a diſh of coffee; but their ſize is ſo gradually enlarged, that there are many at preſent, which are capable of holding half a hogſhead. The faſhion of the tea-cup

is alſo greatly altered, and has run through a wonderful variety of color, ſhape and ſize.

But, in the laſt place, *China* ware is of no uſe. Who would not laugh to ſee a ſmith's ſhop furniſhed with anvils and hammers of *China?* the furniture of a Lady's favorite room is altogether as abſurd: you ſee jars of a prodigious capacity that are to hold nothing. I have ſeen horſes and herds of cattle in this fine ſort of Porcelain, not to mention the ſeveral *Chineſe* Ladies, who, perhaps, are naturally enough repreſented in theſe frail materials.

Did our women take delight in heaping up piles of earthen platters, brown jugs, and the like uſeful products of our *Britiſh* potteries, there would be ſome ſenſe in it. They might be ranged in as fine figures, and diſpoſed of in as beautiful pieces of architecture; but there is an objection to theſe which cannot be overcome, namely, that they would be of ſome uſe, and might be taken down on all occaſions to be employed in ſervices of the family, beſides that they are intolerably cheap, and moſt ſhamefully durable and laſting.

N° 39. *Tueſday, May* 25.

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres ———— Hor.

SINCE I have given public notice of my abode, I have had many viſits from unfortunate fellow-ſufferers who have been croſſed in love as well as myſelf.

Will Wormwood, who is related to me by my mother's ſide, is one of thoſe who often repair to me for my advice. *Will* is a fellow of good ſenſe, but puts it to little other uſe than to torment himſelf. He is a man of ſo refined an underſtanding, that he can ſet a conſtruction upon every thing to his own diſadvantage, and turn even a civility into an affront. He groans under imaginary injuries, finds himſelf abuſed by his friends, and fancies the whole world in a kind of combination againſt him. In ſhort, poor *Wormwood* is devoured with the ſpleen. You may be ſure a man of this humor makes a very whimſical lover. Be that as it will, he is now over head and ears in that paſſion, and, by a very curious interpretation of his Miſtreſs's behaviour, has in leſs than three months reduced himſelf to a perfect ſkeleton. As her fortune is inferior to his, ſhe gives him all the encouragement

couragement another man could wiſh, but has the mortification to find that her lover ſtill ſours upon her hands. *Will* is diſſatisfied with her, whether ſhe ſmiles or frowns upon him; and always thinks her too reſerved, or too coming. A kind word, that would make another lover's heart dance for joy, pangs poor *Will,* and makes him lie awake all night. — As I was going on with *Will Wormwood*'s amour, I received a preſent from my Bookſeller, which I found to be *The Characters of* Theophraſtus, tranſlated from the *Greek* into *Engliſh* by Mr. *Budgell.*

It was with me, as I believe it will be with all who look into this tranſlation; when I had begun to peruſe it, I could not lay it by, until I had gone through the whole book; and was agreeably ſurpriſed to meet with a chapter in it, entitled, *A diſcontented temper,* which gives a livelier picture of my couſin *Wormwood,* than that which I was drawing for him myſelf. It is as follows.

CHAP. XVII. *A Diſcontented Temper.*

" A diſcontented temper, is *a frame of mind which ſets a man upon complaining* " *without reaſon.* When one of his neighbours who makes an entertain- " ment, ſends a ſervant to him with a plate of any thing that is nice, *What,* " ſays he, *your maſter did not think me good enough to dine with him?* He com- " plains of his Miſtreſs at the very time ſhe is careſſing him; and when " ſhe redoubles her kiſſes and endearments, *I wiſh,* ſays he, *all this came from* " *your heart.* In a dry ſeaſon he grumbles for want of rain, and when a " ſhower falls, mutters to himſelf, *Why could not this have come ſooner?* If he hap- " pens to find a purſe of money, *Had it been a pot of gold,* ſays he, *it would* " *have been worth ſtooping for.* He takes a great deal of pains to beat down the " price of a ſlave; and after he has paid his money for him, *I am ſure,* ſays " he, *thou art good for nothing, or I ſhould not have had thee ſo cheap.* When a " meſſenger comes with great joy to acquaint him that his wife is brought " to bed of a ſon, he anſwers, *That is as much as to ſay, Friend, I am poorer by* " *half to-day than I was yeſterday.* Though he has gained a cauſe with full " coſts and damages, he complains that his Council did not inſiſt upon the " moſt material points. If, after any misfortune has befallen him, his " friends raiſe a voluntary contribution for him, and deſire him to be mer- " ry, *How is that poſſible,* ſays he, *when I am to pay every one of you his money* " *again, and be obliged to you into the bargain?*

The inſtances of a diſcontented temper which *Theophraſtus* has here made uſe of, like thoſe which he ſingles out to illuſtrate the reſt of his characters,

are choſen with the greateſt nicety, and full of humor. His ſtrokes are always fine and exquiſite, and though they are not ſometimes violent enough to affect the imagination of a coarſe Reader, cannot but give the higheſt pleaſure to every man of a refined taſte, who has a thorough inſight into human nature.

As for the tranſlation, I have never ſeen any of a proſe author which has pleaſed me more. The Gentleman who has obliged the public with it, followed the rule which *Horace* has laid down for tranſlators, by preſerving every where the life and ſpirit of his author, without ſervilely copying after him word for word. This is what the *French*, who have moſt diſtinguiſhed themſelves by performances of this nature, ſo often inculcate when they adviſe a tranſlator to find out ſuch particular elegancies in his own tongue as bear ſome analogy to thoſe he ſees in the original, and to expreſs himſelf by ſuch phraſes as his author would probably have made uſe of, had he written in the language into which he is tranſlated. By this means, as well as by throwing in a lucky word, or a ſhort circumſtance, the meaning of *Theophraſtus* is all along explained, and the humor very often carried to a greater height. A tranſlator, who does not thus conſider the different genius of the two languages in which he is concerned, with ſuch parallel turns of thoughts and expreſſion as correſpond with one another in both of them, may value himſelf upon being a *faithful interpreter*; but in works of wit and humor will never do juſtice to his author, or credit to himſelf.

As this is every where a judicious and a reaſonable liberty, I ſee no chapter in *Theophraſtus* where it has been ſo much indulged, and in which it was ſo abſolutely neceſſary, as in the character of the *Sloven*. I find the tranſlator himſelf, though he has taken pains to qualify it, is ſtill apprehenſive that there may be ſomething too groſs in the deſcription. The Reader will ſee with how much *Delicacy* he has touched upon every particular, and caſt into ſhades every thing that was ſhocking in ſo nauſeous a figure.

CHAP. XIX. *A SLOVEN.*

" Slovenlineſs is *ſuch a neglect of a man's perſon, as makes him offenſive to other* " *people*. The ſloven comes into company with a dirty pair of hands, and " a ſet of long nails at the end of them, and tells you for an excuſe, that " his father and grandfather uſed to do ſo before him. However, that he " may outgo his forefathers, his fingers are covered with warts of his own " raiſing. He is as hairy as a goat, and takes care to let you ſee it. His " teeth and breath are perfectly well ſuited to one another. He lays about " him at table after a very extraordinary manner, and takes in a meal at

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" a mouthful; which he ſeldom diſpoſes of without offending the company. " In drinking he generally makes more haſte than good ſpeed. When he " goes into the bath, you may eaſily find him out by the ſcent of his oil, and " diſtinguiſh him when he is dreſſed by the ſpots in his coat. He does not " ſtand upon decency in converſation, but will talk ſmut, though a prieſt " and his mother be in the room. He commits a blunder in the moſt ſo- " lemn offices of devotion, and afterwards falls a laughing at it. At a " concert of muſic he breaks in upon the performance, hums over the tune " to himſelf, or if he thinks it long, aſks the muſicians, *Whether they will never* " *have done?* He always ſpits at random, and if he is at an entertainment, " it is ten to one but it is upon the ſervant who ſtands behind him.

The foregoing tranſlation brings to my remembrance that excellent obſervation of my Lord *Roſcommon*'s,

> *None yet have been with* Admiration *read,*
> *But who (beſide their* Learning*) were* well-bred.
>
> *Lord* Roſcommon's *Eſſay on tranſlated verſe.*

If after this the Reader can endure the filthy repreſentation of the ſame figure expoſed in its worſt light, he may ſee how it looks in the former *Engliſh* verſion, which was publiſhed ſome years ſince, and is done from the *French* of *Bruyere.*

Naſtineſs or Slovenlineſs.

" Slovenlineſs is a lazy and beaſtly negligence of a man's own perſon, " whereby he becomes ſo ſordid, as to be offenſive to thoſe about him. " You will ſee him come into company when he is covered all over with a " leproſy and ſcurf, and with very long nails, and ſays, thoſe diſtempers " were hereditary, that his father and grandfather had them before him. " He has ulcers in his thighs, and biles upon his hands, which he takes " no care to have cured, but lets them run on till they are gone beyond re- " medy. His arm-pits are all hairy, and moſt part of his body like a wild " beaſt. His teeth are black and rotten, which makes his breath ſtink ſo that " you cannot endure him to come nigh you; he will alſo ſnuff up his noſe " and ſpit it out as he eats, and uſes to ſpeak with his mouth crammed full, " and lets his victuals come out at both corners. He belches in the cup as " he is drinking, and uſes naſty ſtinking oil in the bath. He will intrude " into the beſt company in ſordid ragged cloaths. If he goes with his mother " to the ſoothſayer's, he cannot then refrain from wicked and profane ex- " preſſions. When he is making his oblations at the temple, he will let " the

" the diſh drop out of his hand, and fall a laughing, as if he had done ſome " brave exploit. At the fineſt concert of muſic he cannot forbear clap- " ping his hands, and making a rude noiſe: will pretend to ſing along with " them, and fall a railing at them to leave off. Sitting at table, he ſpits " full upon the ſervants who waited there.

I cannot cloſe this paper without obſerving, That if Gentlemen of leiſure and genius would take the ſame pains upon ſome other *Greek* or *Roman* author, that has been beſtowed upon this, we ſhould no longer be abuſed by our Bookſellers, who ſet their hackney-writers at work for ſo much a ſheet. The world would ſoon be convinced, that there is a great deal of difference between putting an author into *Engliſh*, and *Tranſlating* him.

THE

THE PRESENT

STATE OF THE WAR,

AND

The Neceſſity of an Augmentation, *conſidered.*

PREFACE.

THE Author of the following Eſſay has endeavoured to draw into one continued ſcheme, the whole ſtate of the preſent war, and the methods that appear to him the moſt proper for bringing it to a happy concluſion.

After having conſidered that the French *are the conſtant and moſt dangerous enemies to the* Britiſh *nation, and that the danger from them is now greater than ever, and will ſtill increaſe till their preſent union with* Spain *be broken, he ſets forth the ſeveral advantages which this union has already given* France, *and taken from* Great Britain, *in relation to the* Weſt-Indies, *the woollen manufacture, the trade of the* Levant, *and the naval power of the two nations.*

He ſhews how theſe advantages will ſtill riſe higher after a peace, notwithſtanding our preſent conqueſts, with new additions, ſhould be confirmed to us; as well becauſe the monarchy of Spain *would not be weakened by ſuch conceſſions, as becauſe no Guarantee could be found ſufficient to ſecure them to us. For which reaſons he lays it down as a fixed rule, that no peace is to be made without an entire diſunion of the* French *and* Spaniſh *monarchies.*

That this may be brought about, he endeavours to prove from the progreſs we have already made towards it, and the ſucceſſes we have purchaſed in the preſent war, which are very conſiderable if well purſued, but of no effect if we acquieſce in them.

In order to complete this diſunion in which we have gone ſo far, he would not have us rely upon exhauſting the French *treaſury, attempts on the* Spaniſh Indies, *deſcents on* France, *but chiefly upon out-numbering them in troops,* France *being already drained of her beſt ſupplies, and the confederates maſters of much greater forces for multitude and ſtrength, both in men and horſe, and provided with Generals of greater fame and abilities.*

He then conſiders the wrong meaſures we have hitherto taken in making too ſmall levies after a ſucceſsful campaign, in regulating their number by that of the enemies forces, and hiring them of our confederates; ſhewing at the ſame time the inconveniences we ſuffer from ſuch hired troops, and ſeveral advantages we might receive from employing thoſe of our own nation.

PREFACE.

He further recommends this augmentation of our forces, to prevent the keeping up a ſtanding body of them in times of peace, to enable us to make an impreſſion on the enemy in the preſent poſture of the war, and to ſecure ourſelves againſt a Prince, who is now at the head of a powerful army, and has not yet declared himſelf.

In the laſt place, he anſwers by ſeveral conſiderations thoſe two popular objections, That we furniſh more towards the war than the reſt of the allies, and, That we are not able to contribute more than we do already.

Theſe are the moſt material heads of the following Eſſay, in which there are many other ſubordinate reflections that naturally grow out of ſo copious a ſubject.

November, 1707.

THE

THE PRESENT STATE of the WAR, AND THE *Neceſſity of an Augmentation, conſidered.*

THE *French* are certainly the moſt implacable, and the moſt dangerous enemies of the *Britiſh* nation. Their form of government, their religion, their jealouſy of the *Britiſh* power, as well as their proſecutions of commerce, and purſuits of univerſal Monarchy, will fix them for ever in their animoſities and averſion towards us, and make them catch at all opportunities of ſubverting our conſtitution, deſtroying our religion, ruining our trade, and ſinking the figure which we make among the nations of *Europe:* not to mention the particular ties of honor that lie on their preſent King to impoſe on us a Prince, who muſt prove fatal to our country if he ever reigns over us.

As we are thus in a natural ſtate of war, if I may ſo call it, with the *French* nation; it is our misfortune, that they are not only the moſt inveterate, but moſt formidable of our enemies; and have the greateſt power, as well as the ſtrongeſt inclination, to ruin us. No other ſtate equals them in the force of their fleets and armies, in the nearneſs and convenience of their ſituation, and in the number of friends and well-wiſhers, which, it is to be feared, they have among us.

For theſe reaſons, our wars with *France* have always affected us in our moſt tender intereſts, and concerned us more than thoſe we have had with any other nation; but I may venture to ſay, this kingdom was never yet engaged in a war of ſo great conſequence, as that which now lies upon our hands. Our All is at ſtake, and irretrievably loſt, if we fail of ſucceſs. At other times, if a war ended in a diſhonorable peace, or with equal loſs, we could comfort ourſelves with the hopes of a more favorable juncture, that might ſet the balance right, or turn it to our advantage. We had ſtill the proſpect of forming the ſame alliance, or perhaps ſtrengthening it with

new confederacies, and by that means of trying our fortune a ſecond time, in caſe the injuſtice or ambition of the enemy forced us into the field. At preſent, if we make a drawn game of it, or procure but moderate advantages, we are in a condition which every *Britiſh* heart muſt tremble at the thought of. There are no ſecond trials, no wars in reſerve, no new ſchemes of alliance to which we can have recourſe. Should the *French* King be able to bear down ſuch an united force as now makes head againſt him, at a time when *Spain* affords him no greater aſſiſtance; what will he do when the trade of the *Levant* lies at his mercy; when the whole kingdom of *Spain* is ſupplied with his manufactures, and the wealth of the *Indies* flows into his coffers; and, what is yet worſe, when this additional ſtrength muſt ariſe in all its particulars from a proportionable decay in the States that now make war upon him? It is no wonder therefore that our late King of glorious memory, who, by the confeſſion of his greateſt enemies, was a Prince that perfectly underſtood the intereſts of *Europe,* ſhould in his laſt ſpeech recommend to his Parliament the declaring war againſt *France* in thoſe memorable words: *You have yet an opportunity, by God's bleſſing, to ſecure to you and your poſterity the quiet enjoyment of your religion and liberties, if you are not wanting to yourſelves, but will exert the ancient vigor of the* Engliſh *nation: but I tell you plainly, my opinion is, if you do not lay hold on this occaſion, you have no reaſon to hope for another.*

We have already a dreadful proof of the increaſe of power that accrues to *France* from its conjunction with *Spain.* So expenſive a war as that which the *French* Monarchy hath been carrying on in ſo many and ſo remote parts at once, muſt long ſince have drained and exhauſted all its ſubſtance, had there not been ſeveral ſecret ſprings, that ſwelled their treaſury from time to time, in proportion as the war has ſunk it. The King's coffers have been often reduced to the loweſt ebb, but have ſtill been ſeaſonably refreſhed by frequent and unexpected ſupplies from the *Spaniſh America.* We hear indeed of the arrival but of very few ſhips from thoſe parts; but as in every veſſel there is ſtowage for immenſe treaſures, when the cargo is pure bullion, or merchandiſe of as great a value; ſo we find by experience they have had ſuch prodigious ſums of money conveyed to them by theſe ſecret channels, that they have been enabled to pay more numerous armies, than they ever had on foot before; and that at a time when their trade fails in all its other branches, and is diſtreſſed by all the arts and contrivances of their neighbouring nations. During the laſt four years, by a modeſt computation, there have been brought into *Breſt* above ſix millions of pounds ſterling in bullion. What then ſhall we ſuppoſe would be the effect of this correſpondence with *America,* might the wealth of thoſe parts come

come to them on ſquadrons of men of war, and fleets of galeons? If theſe little by-currents, that creep into the country by ſtealth, have ſo great a force, how ſhall we ſtem the whole torrent, when it breaks in upon us with its full violence? and this certainly will be our caſe, unleſs we find a means to diſſolve the union between *France* and *Spain*. I have dwelt the longer on this conſideration, becauſe the preſent war hath already furniſhed us with the experiment, and ſenſibly convinced us of the increaſe of power, which *France* has received from its intercourſe with the *Spaniſh Weſt-Indies*.

As there are many who look upon every thing which they do not actually ſee and feel, as bare probability and ſpeculation, I ſhall only touch on thoſe other reaſons of which we have already had ſome experience, for our preventing this coalition of intereſts and deſigns in the two monarchies.

The Woollen manufacture is the *Britiſh* ſtrength, the ſtaple commodity and proper growth of our country; if this fails us, our trade and eſtates muſt ſink together, and all the caſh of the nation be conſumed on foreign merchandiſe. The *French* at preſent gain very much upon us in this great article of our trade, and ſince the acceſſion of the *Spaniſh* monarchy, ſupply with cloth, of their own making, the very beſt mart we had in *Europe*. And what a melancholy proſpect have we, if ever a peace gives them leave to enrich their manufacture with mixtures of *Spaniſh* wool, to multiply the hands employed in it, to improve themſelves in all the niceties of the art, and to vend their wares in thoſe places where was the greateſt conſumption of our woollen works, and the moſt conſiderable gain for the *Britiſh* merchant? Notwithſtanding our many ſeaſonable recruits from *Portugal*, and our plantations, we already complain of our want of bullion; and muſt at laſt be reduced to the greateſt exigencies, if this great ſource be dried up, and our traffic with *Spain* continue under its preſent diſcouragement.

The trade of the *Levant* muſt likewiſe floriſh or decay in our hands, as we are friends or enemies of the *Spaniſh* monarchy. The late conqueſt of *Naples* will very little alter the caſe, though *Sicily* ſhould follow the fate of her ſiſter kingdom. The *Strait*'s mouth is the key of the *Levant*, and will be always in the poſſeſſion of thoſe who are Kings of *Spain*. We may only add, that the ſame cauſes which ſtraiten the *Britiſh* commerce, will naturally enlarge the *French*; and that the naval force of either nation will thrive or languiſh in the ſame degree as their commerce gathers or loſes ſtrength. And if ſo powerful and populous a nation as that of *France* become ſuperior to us by ſea, our whole is loſt, and we are no more a people. The conſideration of ſo narrow a channel betwixt us, of ſuch numbers of regular troops on the enemy's ſide, of ſo ſmall a ſtanding force on our own, and that too in a country deſtitute of all ſuch forts and ſtrong places as might

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ſtop the progreſs of a victorious army, hath ſomething in it ſo terrifying, that one does not care for ſetting it in its proper light. Let it not therefore enter into the heart of any one that hath the leaſt zeal for his religion, or love of liberty, that hath any regard either to the honor or ſafety of his country, or a well-wiſher for his friends or poſterity, to think of a peace with *France*, till the *Spaniſh* monarchy be entirely torn from it, and the houſe of *Bourbon* diſabled from ever giving the law to *Europe*.

Let us ſuppoſe that the *French* King would grant us the moſt advatageous terms we can deſire; without the ſeparation of the two monarchies, they muſt infallibly end in our deſtruction. Should he ſecure to us all our preſent acquiſitions; ſhould he add two or three frontier towns to what we have already in *Flanders;* ſhould he join the kingdoms of *Sicily* and *Sardinia* to *Milan* and *Naples;* ſhould he leave King *Charles* in the peaceable poſſeſſion of *Catalonia;* ſhould he make over to *Great Britain* the town and harbor of *Cadiz*, as well as that of *Gibraltar*, and at the ſame time reſign his conqueſts in *Portugal:* it would all be of no effect towards the common ſafety of *Europe*, while the bulk of the *Spaniſh* continent and the riches of *America* remain in the poſſeſſion of the *Bourbon* family.

Boccalini when he weighs the States of *Europe* in his political balance, after having laid *France* in one ſcale, throws *Spain* into the other, which wanted but very little of being a counterpoiſe. The *Spaniards* upon this, ſays he, began to promiſe themſelves the honor of the balance; reckoning that if *Spain* of itſelf weighed ſo well, they could not fail of ſucceſs when the ſeveral parts of the monarchy were lumped in the ſame ſcale. Their ſurpriſe was very great, when, upon the throwing in of *Naples*, they ſaw the ſcale riſe, and was greater ſtill when they found that *Milan* and *Flanders* had the ſame effect. The truth of it is, theſe parts of the *Spaniſh* monarchy are rather for ornament than ſtrength. They furniſh out Vice-royalties for the Grandees, and poſts of honor for the noble families; but in a time of war are incumbrances to the main body of the kingdom, and leave it naked and expoſed by the great number of hands they draw from it to their defence. Should we therefore continue in the poſſeſſion of what we have already made ourſelves maſters, with ſuch additions as have been mentioned, we ſhould have little more than the excreſcences of the *Spaniſh* monarchy. The ſtrength of it will ſtill join itſelf to *France*, and grow the cloſer to it by its diſunion from the reſt. And in this caſe the advantages which muſt ariſe to that people from their intimate alliance with the remaining part of the *Spaniſh* dominions, would in a very few years not only repair all the damages they have ſuſtained in the preſent war, but fill the kingdom with more riches than it hath yet had in its moſt floriſhing periods.

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The *French* King hath often entered on ſeveral expenſive projects, on purpoſe to diſſipate the wealth that is continually gathering in his coffers in times of peace. He hath employed immenſe ſums on architecture, gardening, water-works, painting, ſtatuary, and the like, to diſtribute his treaſures among his people, as well as to humor his pleaſures and his ambition; but if he once engroſſes the commerce of the *Spaniſh Indies,* whatever quantities of gold and ſilver ſtagnate in his private coffers, there will be ſtill enough to carry on the circulation among his ſubjects. By this means in a ſhort ſpace of time he may heap up greater wealth than all the Princes of *Europe* joined together; and in the preſent conſtitution of the world, wealth and power are but different names for the ſame thing. Let us therefore ſuppoſe that after eight or ten years of peace, he hath a mind to infringe any of his treaties, or invade a neighbouring ſtate; to revive the pretenſions of *Spain* upon *Portugal,* or attempt the taking thoſe places which were granted us for our ſecurity; what reſiſtance, what oppoſition can we make to ſo formidable an enemy? Should the ſame alliance riſe againſt him that is now in war with him, what could we hope for from it, at a time when the ſtates engaged in it will be comparatively weakened, and the enemy, who is now able to keep them at a ſtand, will have received ſo many new acceſſions of ſtrength?

But I think it is not to be imagined, that in ſuch a conjuncture as we here ſuppoſe, the ſame confederates, or any other of equal force, could be prevailed upon to join their arms, and endeavour at the pulling down ſo exorbitant a power. Some might be brought into his intereſts by money, others drawn over by fear, and thoſe that are liable to neither of theſe impreſſions, might not think their own intereſt ſo much concerned as in the preſent war; or if any appeared in a diſpoſition to enter into ſuch a confederacy, they might be cruſhed ſeparately before they could concert meaſures for their mutual defence.

The keeping together of the preſent alliance can be aſcribed to nothing elſe but the clear and evident conviction which every member of it is under, that if it ſhould once break without having had its effect, they can never hope for another opportunity of reuniting, or of prevailing by all the joint efforts of ſuch an union. Let us therefore agree on this as a fixed rule, and an inviolable maxim, never to lay down our arms againſt *France*, till we have utterly diſjoined her from the *Spaniſh* monarchy. Let this be the firſt ſtep of a public treaty, the baſis of a general peace.

Had the preſent war indeed run againſt us, and all our attacks upon the enemy been vain, it might look like a degree of phrenſy, or a mixture of obſtinacy and deſpair, to be determined on ſo impracticable an undertaking. But on the contrary, we have already done a great part of our work, and

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are come within view of the end that we have been ſo long driving at We remain victorious in all the ſeats of war. In *Flanders* we have got into our hands ſeveral open countries, rich towns, and fortified places. We have driven the enemy out of all his alliances, diſpoſſeſſed him of his ſtrong holds, and ruined his allies in *Germany*. We have not only recovered what the beginning of the war had taken from us, but poſſeſſed ourſelves of the kingdom of *Naples*, the dutchy of *Milan*, and the avenue of *France* in *Italy*. The *Spaniſh* war hath given us a haven for our ſhips, and the moſt populous and wealthy province of that kingdom. In ſhort, we have taken all the outlying parts of the *Spaniſh* monarchy, and made impreſſions upon the very heart of it. We have beaten the *French* from all their advanced poſts in *Europe*, and driven them into their laſt intrenchments. One vigorous puſh on all ſides, one general aſſault will force the enemy to cry out for quarter, and ſurrender themſelves at diſcretion. Another *Blenheim* or *Ramillies* will make the confederates maſters of their own terms, and arbitrators of a peace.

But notwithſtanding the advantages already gained are very conſiderable if we purſue them, they will be of no effect unleſs we improve them towards the carrying of our main point. The enemy ſtaggers; if you follow your blow, he falls at your feet; but if you allow him reſpite, he will recover his ſtrength, and come upon you with greater fury. We have given him ſeveral repeated wounds that have enfeebled him, and brought him low; but they are ſuch as time will heal, unleſs you take advantage from his preſent weakneſs to redouble your attacks upon him. It was a celebrated part in *Cæſar*'s character, and what comes home to our preſent purpoſe, that he thought nothing at all was done, while any thing remained undone. In ſhort, we have been tugging a great while againſt the ſtream, and have almoſt weathered our point; a ſtretch or two more will do the work; but if inſtead of that we ſlacken our arms, and drop our oars, we ſhall be hurried back in a moment to the place from whence we firſt ſet out.

After having ſeen the neceſſity of an entire ſeparation of the kingdoms of *France* and *Spain*, our ſubject naturally leads us into the conſideration of the moſt proper means for effecting it.

We have a great while flattered ourſelves with the proſpect of reducing *France* to our own terms by the want of money among the people, and the exigencies of the public treaſury; but have been ſtill diſappointed by the great ſums imported from *America*, and the many new expedients which the court hath found out for its relief. A long conſumptive war is more likely to break the grand alliance, than diſable *France* from maintaining ſufficient armies to oppoſe it. An arbitrary government will never want money, ſo long as the people have it; and ſo active a people will always have it, whilſt they

they can ſend what merchandiſes they pleaſe to *Mexico* and *Peru*. The *French* ſince their alliance with *Spain* keep thirty ſhips in conſtant motion between the weſtern ports of *France* and the ſouth ſeas of *America*. The King himſelf is an adventurer in this traffic, and beſides the ſhare that he receives out of the gains of his ſubjects, has immenſe ſums that come directly from it into his own hands.

We may further conſider, that the *French* ſince their abandoning *Bavaria* and *Italy* have very much retrenched the expence of the war, and lay out among themſelves all the money that is conſumed in it.

Many are of opinion, that the moſt probable way of bringing *France* to reaſon would be by the making an attempt upon the *Spaniſh Weſt-Indies*, and by that means to cut off all communication with this great ſource of riches, or turn the current of it into our own country. This I muſt confeſs carries ſo promiſing an appearance, that I would by no means diſcourage the attempt: but at the ſame time I think it ſhould be a collateral project, rather than our principal deſign. Such an undertaking (if well concerted, and put into good hands) would be of infinite advantage to the common cauſe: but certainly an enterpriſe that carries in it the fate of *Europe*, ſhould not turn upon the uncertainty of winds and waves, and be liable to all the accidents that may befal a naval expedition.

Others there are that have long deceived themſelves with the hopes of an inſurrection in *France*, and are therefore for laying out all our ſtrength on a deſcent. Theſe, I think, do not enough conſider the natural love which the groſs of mankind have for the conſtitution of their fathers. A man that is not enlightened by travel or reflection, grows as fond of arbitrary power, to which he hath been uſed from his infancy, as of cold climates or barren countries, in which he hath been born and bred. Beſides, there is a kind of ſluggiſh reſignation, as well as poorneſs and degeneracy of ſpirit, in a ſtate of ſlavery, that we meet with but very few who will be at the pains or danger of recovering themſelves out of it; as we find in hiſtory inſtances of perſons who after their priſons have been flung open, and their fetters ſtruck off, have choſen rather to languiſh in their dungeons, than ſtake their miſerable lives and fortunes upon the ſucceſs of a revolution. I need not inſtance the general fate of deſcents, the difficulty of ſupplying men and proviſions by ſea againſt an enemy that hath both at hand, and without which it is impoſſible to ſecure thoſe conqueſts that are often made in the firſt onſets of an invaſion. For theſe and other reaſons, I can never approve the nurſing up commotions and inſurrections in the enemy's country, which for want of the neceſſary ſupport are likely to end in the maſſacre of our friends and the ruin of their families.

The only means therefore for bringing *France* to our conditions, and what papears to me, in all human probability, a ſure and infallible expedient, is to throw in multitudes upon them, and overpower them with numbers. Would the confederacy exert itſelf as much to annoy the enemy, as they themſelves do for their defence, we might bear them down with the weight of our armies, and in one ſummer overſet the whole power of *France*.

The *French* monarchy is already exhauſted of its beſt and braveſt Subjects. The flower of the nation is conſumed in its wars: the ſtrength of their armies conſiſts at preſent of ſuch as have ſaved themſelves by flight from ſome or other of the victorious confederates; and the only proper perſons to recruit them are but the refuſe of thoſe who have been already picked out for the ſervice. Mareſchal *de Vauban*, though infinitely partial in his calculations of the power of *France*, reckons that the number of its inhabitants was two millions leſs at the peace of *Ryſwick*, than in the beginning of the war that was there concluded: and though that war continued nine years, and this hath as yet laſted but ſix, yet conſidering that their armies are more ſtrong and numerous; that there hath been much more action in the preſent war; and that their loſſes ſuſtained in it have been very extraordinary; we may, by a moderate computation, ſuppoſe that the preſent war hath not been leſs prejudicial than the foregoing one in the ravage which it has made among the people. There is in *France* ſo great a diſproportion between the number of males and females; and among the former, between thoſe who are capable of bearing arms, and ſuch as are too young, ſickly, or decrepit for the ſervice; and at the ſame time ſuch vaſt numbers of Eccleſiaſtics, ſecular and religious, who live upon the labors of others, that when the ſeveral trades and profeſſions are ſupplied, you will find moſt of thoſe that are proper for war abſolutely neceſſary for filling up the laborious part of life, and carrying on the underwork of the nation. They have already contributed all their ſuperfluous hands, and every new levy they make muſt be at the expence of their farms and vineyards, their manufactures and commerce.

On the contrary, the grand Alliance have innumerable ſources of recruits, not only in *Britain* and *Ireland*, the *United Provinces*, and *Flanders*; but in all the populous parts of *Germany* that have little trade or manufactures, in proportion to the number of their inhabitants. We may add, that the *French* have only *Switzerland*, beſides their own country, to recruit in; and we know the difficulties they meet with in getting thence a ſingle regiment: whereas the Allies have not only the ſame reſource, but may be ſupplied for money from *Denmark* and other neutral States. In ſhort, the Confederates may bring to the field what forces they pleaſe, if they will be at the charge of them:

them: but *France,* let her wealth be what it will, muſt content herſelf with the product of her own country.

The *French* are ſtill in greater ſtreights for ſupplies of horſe than men. The breed of their country is neither ſo good nor numerous as what are to be found in moſt of the countries of the Allies. They had laſt ſummer about threeſcore thouſand in their ſeveral armies, and could not perhaps bring into the field thirty thouſand more, if they were diſpoſed to make ſuch an augmentation.

The *French* horſe are not only few, but weak in compariſon of ours. Their cavalry in the battle of *Blenheim* could not ſuſtain the ſhock of the *Britiſh* horſe. For this reaſon our late way of attacking their troops ſword in hand is very much to the advantage of our nation, as our men are more robuſt, and our horſes of a ſtronger make than the *French;* and in ſuch attacks it is the weight of the forces, ſupoſing equal courage and conduct, that will always carry it. The *Engliſh* ſtrength turned very much to account in our wars againſt the *French* of old, when we uſed to gall them with our long bows, at a greater diſtance than they could ſhoot their arrows: this advantage we loſt upon the invention of fire-arms, but by the preſent method our ſtrength as well as bravery may again be of uſe to us in the day of battle.

We have very great encouragement to ſend what numbers we are able into the field, becauſe our Generals at preſent are ſuch as are likely to make the beſt uſe of them, without throwing them away on any freſh attempts or ill-concerted projects. The Confederate armies have the happineſs of being commanded by perſons who are eſteemed the greateſt leaders of the preſent age, and are perhaps equal to any that have preceded them. There is a ſort of reſemblance in their characters; a particular ſedateneſs in their converſation and behaviour, that qualifies them for council, with a great intrepidity and reſolution that fits them for action. They are all of them men of concealed fire, that doth not break out with noiſe and heat in the ordinary circumſtances of life; but ſhews itſelf ſufficiently in all great enterpriſes that require it. It is true, the General upon the *Rhine* hath not had the ſame occaſions as the others to ſignaliſe himſelf; but if we conſider the great vigilance, activity and courage, with the conſummate prudence, and the nice ſenſe of honor which appears in that Prince's character, we have great reaſon to hope, that as he purchaſed the firſt ſucceſs in the preſent war, by forcing into the ſervice of the Confederates an army that was raiſed againſt them in the very heart of the Empire, he will give one of the finiſhing ſtrokes to it, and help to conclude the great work which he ſo happily begun. The ſudden check that he gave to the *French* army the laſt campaign, and the good order he eſtabliſhed in that of the *Germans*, look like the happy pre-

ſages of what we may expect from his conduct. I ſhall not pretend to give any character of the Generals on the enemies ſide; but I think we may ſay this, that in the eyes of their own nation they are inferior to ſeveral that have formerly commanded the *French* armies. If then we have greater numbers than the *French*, and at the ſame time better Generals, it muſt be our own fault if we will not reap the fruit of ſuch advantages.

It would be loſs of time to explain any further our ſuperiority to the enemy in numbers of men and horſe. We ſee plainly that we have the means in our hands, and that nothing but the application of them is wanting. Let us only conſider what uſe the enemy would make of the advantage we have mentioned, if it fell on their ſide; and is it not very ſtrange that we ſhould not be as active and induſtrious for our ſecurity, as they would certainly be for our deſtruction? But before we conſider more diſtinctly the method we ought to take in the proſecution of the war, under this particular view, let us reflect a little upon thoſe we have already taken in the courſe of it for theſe ſix years paſt.

The Allies after a ſucceſsful ſummer are too apt, upon the ſtrength of it, to neglect their preparations for the enſuing campaign, while the *French* leave no art nor ſtratagem untried to fill up the empty ſpaces of their armies, and ſwell them to an equal bulk with thoſe of the Confederates. By this means our advantage is loſt, and the fate of *Europe* brought to a ſecond deciſion. It is now become an obſervation, that we are to expect a very indifferent year after a very ſucceſsful one. *Blenheim* was followed by a ſummer that makes no noiſe in the war. *Ramillies*, *Turin*, and *Barcelona*, were the parents of our laſt campaign. So many dreadful blows alarmed the enemy, and raiſed their whole country up in arms. Had we on our ſide made proportionable preparations, the war by this time had been brought to a happy iſſue. If after having gained the great victories of *Blenheim* and *Ramillies*, we had made the ſame efforts as we ſhould have done had we loſt them, the power of *France* could not have withſtood us.

In the beginning of the winter we uſually get what intelligence we can of the force which the enemy intends to employ in the campaigns of the ſucceeding year, and immediately caſt about for a ſufficient number of troops to face them in the field of battle. This, I muſt confeſs, would be a good method if we were engaged in a defenſive war. We might maintain our ground with an equal number of forces; but our buſineſs is not only to ſecure what we are already in poſſeſſion of; we are to wreſt the whole *Spaniſh* Monarchy out of the hands of the enemy; and in order to it, to work our way into the heart of his country by dint of arms. We ſhould therefore put forth all our ſtrength, and without having an eye to his preparations, make the

the greateſt puſh that we are able on our own ſide. We are told that the enemy at preſent thinks of raiſing threeſcore thouſand men for the next ſummer: if we regulate our levies in that view, we do nothing; let us perform our utmoſt, as they do, and we ſhall overwhelm them with our multitudes. We have it in our power to be at leaſt four times as ſtrong as the *French;* but if ten men are in war with forty, and the latter detach only an equal number to the engagement, what benefit do they receive from their ſuperiority?

It ſeems therefore to be the buſineſs of the Confederates to turn to their advantage their apparent odds in men and horſe; and by that means to outnumber the enemy in all rencounters and engagements. For the ſame reaſon it muſt be for the intereſt of the Allies to ſeek all opportunities of battle, becauſe all loſſes on the oppoſite ſide are made up with infinitely more difficulty than on ours; beſides that the *French* do their buſineſs by lying ſtill, and have no other concern in the war than to hold faſt what they have already got into their hands.

The miſcarriage of the nobleſt project that ever was formed in *Europe*, can be aſcribed to nothing elſe but our want of numbers in the ſeveral quarters of the war. If our armies on all ſides had begun to buſy and inſult the enemy, at the ſame time that the forces marched out of *Piemont*, *Toulon* had been at preſent in the hands of the Duke of *Savoy*. But could that Prince ever have imagined that the *French* would have been at liberty to detach whole armies againſt him? or will it appear credible to poſterity, that in a war carried on by the joint force of ſo many populous and powerful nations, *France* could ſend ſo great a part of its troops to one ſeat of the war, without ſuffering in any of the reſt? Whereas it is well known, that if the Duke of *Savoy* had continued before *Toulon* eight days longer, he had been attacked by an army of ſixty thouſand men, which was more than double the number of his own; and yet the enemy was ſtrong enough every where elſe to prevent the Confederates from making any impreſſion upon them. However, let us fall into the right meaſures, and we may hope that the ſtroke is only deferred. The Duke of *Savoy* hath ſecured a paſſage into *Dauphiny*, and if the Allies make ſuch efforts in all parts, as we may reaſonably expect from them, that Prince may ſtill make himſelf Maſter of the *French* dominions on the other ſide of the *Rhone*.

There is another part of our conduct which may perhaps deſerve to be conſidered. As ſoon as we have agreed with the States-General upon any augmentation of our forces, we immediately negotiate with ſome or other of the *German* Princes, who are in the ſame confederacy, to furniſh out our quota in Mercenaries. This may be doubly prejudicial to the alliance: Firſt, as it may have an ill influence on the reſolutions of thoſe Princes in the

the Diet of the Empire, who may be willing to ſettle as ſmall a quota as they can for themſelves, that they may have more troops to hire out; and in the next place, as it may hinder them from contributing the whole quota which they have ſettled. This actually happened in the laſt campaign, when we are told the *Germans* excuſed themſelves for their want of troops upon the *Rhine*, as having already put moſt of their forces into the *Britiſh* and *Dutch* ſervice. Such an excuſe, indeed, is very unjuſt, but it would be better to give them no occaſion of making it; and on ſuch occaſions to conſider what men are apt to do, as well as what they may do with reaſon.

It might therefore be for our advantage that all the foreign troops in the *Britiſh* pay ſhould be raiſed in neutral countries. *Switzerland* in particular, if timely applied to, might be of great uſe to us; not only in reſpect of the reinforcements, which we might draw from thence, but becauſe ſuch a draught of forces would leſſon the number of thoſe that might otherwiſe be employed in the *French* ſervice. The bulk of our levies ſhould nevertheleſs be raiſed in our own country, it being impoſſible for neutral States to furniſh both the *Britiſh* and *Dutch* with a ſufficient number of effective men; beſides that the *Britiſh* ſoldiers will be more at the diſpoſal of their General, and act with greater vigor under the conduct of one for whom they have ſo juſt a value, and whom they do not conſider only as their leader, but as their country-man. We may likewiſe ſuppoſe that the ſoldiers of a neutral ſtate, who are not animated by any national intereſt, cannot fight for pay with the ſame ardor and alacrity, as men that fight for their Prince and country, their wives and children.

It may likewiſe be worth while to conſider whether the military Genius of the *Engliſh* nation may not fall by degrees, and become inferior to that of our neighbouring ſtates, if it hath no occaſion to exert itſelf. Minds that are altogether ſet on trade and profit, often contract a certain narrowneſs of temper, and at length become uncapable of great and generous reſolutions. Should the *French* ever make an unexpected deſcent upon us, we might want ſoldiers of our own growth to riſe up in our defence; and might not have time to draw a ſufficient number of troops to our relief from the remote corners of *Germany*. It is generally ſaid, that if King *Charles* II. had made war upon *France* in the beginning of his reign, he might have conquered it by the many veterans which were ſcattered up and down this kingdom, and had been inured to ſervice in the civil wars. It is to be hoped we ſhall never have ſuch another nurſery of ſoldiers; but if the preſent war gives a more military turn to all other nations of *Europe*, than to our own, it is to be feared we may loſe in ſtrength, what we gain in number. We may apply the ſame conſideration nearer home. If all our levies are made in *Scotland* or *Ireland*, may not thoſe two parts of the *Britiſh* monarchy, after the diſbanding

diſbanding of the preſent army, be too powerful for the reſt, in caſe of a revolt? though, God be thanked, we are not in any danger of one at preſent. However, as theſe conſiderations do not concern the more eſſential part of our deſign, it is ſufficient to have mentioned them.

The ſparing of ourſelves in ſo important a conjuncture, when we have but this ſingle opportunity left for the preſerving every thing that is precious amongſt us, is the worſt ſort of management that we can poſſibly fall into. The good huſbandry of one age may intail an endleſs expence upon all poſterity. We muſt venture the ſacrificing a part of our lives and fortunes at preſent, if we will effectually ſecure both for the future. The *Britiſh* kingdom is ſo well ſtocked with people, and ſo much abounds in horſe, that we have power enough in our own hands, did we make our utmoſt uſe of it, to humble *France*, and in a campaign or two to put an end to the war.

There is not a more diſagreeable thought to the people of *Great Britain* than that of a ſtanding army. But if a peace be made before the diſunion of *France* and *Spain*, there are few, perhaps, that will not think the maintaining a ſettled body of numerous forces indiſpenſable for the ſafety of our country. We have it therefore in our choice to raiſe ſuch a ſtrong reinforcement of troops as at preſent may be ſufficient, in conjunction with thoſe of the allies, for breaking the ſtrength of the enemy; or when the peace is concluded, to keep on foot ſuch an army as will be neceſſary for preventing his attempts upon us.

It is to be hoped that thoſe who would be the moſt zealous againſt keeping up a conſtant body of regular troops after a general peace, will the moſt diſtinguiſh themſelves for the promoting an augmentation of thoſe which are now on foot; and by that means take care that we ſhall not ſtand in need of ſuch an expedient.

We are indeed obliged by the preſent ſituation of our affairs to bring more troops into the field than we have yet done. As the *French* are retired within their lines, and have collected all their ſtrength into a narrow compaſs, we muſt have greater numbers to charge them in their entrenchments, and force them to a battle. We ſaw the laſt campaign, that an army of fourſcore thouſand of the beſt troops in *Europe*, with the Duke of *Marlborough* at the head of them, could do nothing againſt an enemy that were too numerous to be aſſaulted in their camps, or attacked in their ſtrong holds.

There is another conſideration which deſerves our utmoſt attention. We know very well, that there is a Prince at the head of a powerful army, who may give a turn to the war, in which we are engaged, if he thinks fit to ſide with either party. I cannot preſume to gueſs how far our miniſters may be informed of his deſigns: but unleſs they have very ſtrong aſſurances

of

of his falling in with the grand alliance, or not oppoſing it; they cannot be too circumſpect and ſpeedy in taking their precautions againſt any contrary reſolution. We ſhall be unpardonable, if after ſuch an expence of blood and treaſure, we leave it in the power of any ſingle Prince to command a peace, and make us accept what conditions he thinks fit. It is certain, according to the poſture of our affairs in the laſt campaign, this Prince could have turned the balance on either ſide; but it is to be hoped the liberties of *Europe* will not depend any more on the determination of one man's will. I do not ſpeak this becauſe I think there is any appearance of that Prince's uniting himſelf to *France*. On the contrary, as he hath an extraordinary zeal for the reformed religion, and great ſentiments of honor, I think it is not improbable we ſhould draw him over to the confederacy, if we preſs him to it by proper motives. His love for religion, and his ſenſe of glory, will both have their effect on a Prince who hath already diſtinguiſhed himſelf by being a patron of proteſtants, and guarantee of the *Weſtphalian* treaty. And if his intereſt hath any part in his actions, the allies may make him greater offers than the *French* King can do in the preſent conjuncture. There are large extents of dominion in the forfeited principalities of the Empire; doubtful ſucceſſions, to which the King of *Sweden* ſeems to have very juſt pretenſions; and at the ſame time a great title not yet diſpoſed of, and a ſeat of war on the *Moſelle*, where none of our generals have ſignaliſed themſelves. It would be preſumption to be particular in any propoſals on ſuch an occaſion; it is enough to have ſhewn in general, that there are fair opportunities, of which the wiſdom of the confederates may make uſe.

Common ſenſe will direct us, when we ſee ſo warlike a Prince at the head of ſo great an army hovering on the borders of our confederates, either to obtain his friendſhip, or ſecure ourſelves againſt the force of his arms. We are ſure, whatever numbers of troops we raiſe, we ſhall have no hands but what will turn to account. Nay, we are certain, that extraordinary funds and augmentations for one or two campaigns may ſpare us the expence of many years, and put an end to taxes and levies for a whole age; whereas a long parſimonious war will drain us of more men and money, and in the end may prove ineffectual.

There is ſtill a great popular objection, which will be made to every thing that can be urged on this ſubject. And indeed it is ſuch an one as falls ſo much in with the prejudices and little paſſions of the multitude, that when it is turned and ſet off to advantage by ill-deſigning men, it throws a damp on the public ſpirit of the nation, and gives a check to all generous reſolutions

for

for its honor and ſafety. In ſhort, we are to be told, that *England* contributes much more than any other of the Allies, and that therefore it is not reaſonable ſhe ſhould make any addition to her preſent efforts. If this were true in fact, I do not ſee any tolerable color for ſuch a concluſion. Suppoſing among a multitude embarked in the ſame veſſel, there are ſeveral that in the fury of a tempeſt will rather periſh than work for their preſervation; would it not be madneſs in the reſt to ſtand idle, and rather chooſe to ſink together than do more than comes to their ſhare? Since we are engaged in a work ſo abſolutely neceſſary for our welfare, the remiſſneſs of our Allies ſhould be an argument for us to redouble our endeavours rather than ſlacken them. If we muſt govern ourſelves by example, let us rather imitate the vigilance and activity of the common enemy, than the ſupineneſs and negligence of our friends.

We have indeed a much greater ſhare in the war than any other part of the confederacy. The *French* King makes at us directly, keeps a King by him to ſet over us, and hath very lately augmented the ſalary of his court, to let us ſee how much he hath that deſign at his heart. Few of the nations in war with him, ſhould they ever fall into his hands, would loſe their religion or form of government, or interfere at preſent with him in matters of commerce. The *Dutch*, who are likely to be the greateſt loſers after the *Britons,* have but little trade to the *Levant* in compariſon with ours, have no conſiderable plantations or commerce in the *Weſt-Indies*, or any woollen-manufactures for *Spain;* not to mention the ſtrong barrier they have already purchaſed between *France* and their own country.

But after all, every nation in the confederacy makes the ſame complaint, and fancies itſelf the greateſt ſufferer by the war. Indeed in ſo common a preſſure, let the weight be never ſo equally diſtributed, every one will be moſt ſenſible of that part which lies on his own ſhoulders. We furniſh, without diſpute, more than any other branch of the alliance: but the queſtion is, whether others do not exert themſelves in proportion according to their reſpective ſtrength. The Emperor, the King of *Pruſſia*, the Elector of *Hanover,* as well as the States of *Holland* and the Duke of *Savoy,* ſeem at leaſt to come up to us. The greateſt powers in *Germany* are borrowing money where they can get it, in order to maintain their ſtated Quota's, and go through their part of the expence; and if any of the Circles have been negligent, they have paid for it much more in their late contributions, than what would have furniſhed out their ſhares in the common charges of the war.

There are others who will object the poverty of the nation, and the difficulties it would find in furniſhing greater ſupplies to the war than it doth

at preſent. To this we might anſwer, that if the nation were really as poor as this objection makes it, it ſhould be an argument for enforcing rather than diminiſhing our preſent efforts againſt *France*. The ſinking our taxes for a few years would be only a temporary relief, and in a little time occaſion far greater impoſitions, than thoſe which are now laid upon us. Whereas the ſeaſonable expence of part of our riches, will not only preſerve the reſt; but by the right uſe of them procure vaſt additions to our preſent ſtock. It may be neceſſary for a perſon languiſhing under an ill habit of body to loſe ſeveral ounces of blood, notwithſtanding it will weaken him for a time, in order to put a new ferment into the remaining maſs, and draw up into it freſh ſupplies.

But we can by no means make this conceſſion, to thoſe who ſo induſtriouſly publiſh the nation's poverty. Our country is not only rich, but abounds in wealth much more than any other of the ſame extent in *Europe*. *France*, notwithſtanding the goodneſs of its climate, the fertility of its ſoil, the multitude of its inhabitants, its convenient harbors both for the *Ocean* and *Mediterranean*, and its preſent correſpondence with the *Weſt-Indies*, is not to compare with *Great Britain* in this particular. I ſhall tranſcribe word for word the paſſage of a late celebrated *French* Author, which will lay this matter in its full light; and leave the Reader to make the counter-part of the parallel between the two nations.

" According to all the inquiries that I have been able to make during ſe-
" veral years, in which I have applied myſelf to this ſort of remarks, I have
" obſerved, that about a tenth part of the people of this kingdom are redu-
" ced to beggary, and are actual beggars. That among the nine other parts,
" five are not in a condition to give alms or relief to thoſe aforemen-
" tioned, being very near reduced themſelves to the ſame miſerable condi-
" tion. Of the four other remaining parts, three are very uneaſy in their cir-
" cumſtances, and embarraſſed with debts and law-ſuits. In the tenth part,
" I reckon the Soldiers, Lawyers, Eccleſiaſtics, Merchants and ſubſtantial
" Citizens, which cannot make up more than a hundred thouſand families.
" And I believe I ſhould not be miſtaken, if I ſhould ſay, that there are
" not above ten thouſand of theſe families, who are very much at their
" eaſe: and if out of theſe ten thouſand we ſhould take the men that are
" employed in public buſineſs, with their dependents and adherents, as
" alſo thoſe whom the King ſupports by his bounty, with a few Merchants,
" the number of thoſe who remain will be ſurpriſingly little. *Dixme Royale.*

What a dreadful account is this of nineteen millions of people; for ſo many the Author reckons in that kingdom. How can we ſee ſuch a multitude of ſouls caſt under ſo many ſubdiviſions of miſery, without reflecting on

on the abſurdity of a form of government that ſacrifices the eaſe and happineſs of ſo many reaſonable Beings to the glory of one of their fellow-creatures? But this is not our affair at preſent.

If we run over the other nations of *Europe* that have any part in the preſent war, we ſhall only paſs through ſo many different ſcenes of poverty. *Spain, Portugal,* and *Savoy* are reduced to great extremities. *Germany* is exhauſted to the laſt degree in many parts of it, and in others plundered of all ſhe had left. *Holland* indeed floriſhes above the reſt in wealth and plenty: but if we conſider the infinite induſtry and penuriouſneſs of that people, the coarſeneſs of their food and raiment, their little indulgences of pleaſure and exceſs, it is no wonder that notwithſtanding they furniſh as great taxes as their neighbours, they make a better figure under them. In a commonwealth there are not ſo many over-grown eſtates as in monarchies; the wealth of the country is ſo equally diſtributed, that moſt of the community are at their eaſe, though few are placed in extraordinary points of ſplendor and magnificence. But notwithſtanding theſe circumſtances may very much contribute to the ſeeming proſperity of the *United Provinces*, we know they are indebted many millions more than their whole republic is worth, and if we conſider the variety of taxes and impoſitions they groan under at a time when their private diſſenſions run high, and ſome of the wealthieſt parts of the government refuſe to bear their ſhare in the public expence, we ſhall not think the condition of that people ſo much to be envied as ſome amongſt us would willingly repreſent it.

Nor is *Great Britain* only rich as ſhe ſtands in compariſon with other States, but is really ſo in her own intrinſic wealth. She had never more ſhips at ſea, greater quantities of merchandiſe in her warehouſes, larger receipts of cuſtoms, or more numerous commodities riſing out of her manufactures, than ſhe has at preſent. In ſhort, ſhe ſits in the midſt of a mighty affluence of all the neceſſaries and conveniences of life. If our ſilver and gold diminiſhes, our public credit continues unimpaired, and if we are in want of bullion, it lies in our own power to ſupply ourſelves. The old *Roman* General, when he heard his army complain of thirſt, ſhewed them the ſprings and rivers that lay behind the enemy's camp. It is our own caſe: the rout of a *Spaniſh* army would make us maſters of the *Indies*.

If Prince *Eugene* takes upon him the command of the confederate forces in *Catalonia*, and meets with that ſupport from the alliance which they are capable of giving him, we have a fair proſpect of reducing *Spain* to the entire obedience of the houſe of *Auſtria*. The *Sileſian* fund (to the immortal reputation of thoſe generous patriots who were concerned in it) enabled that

Prince to make a conqueſt of *Italy*, at a time when our affairs were more deſperate there, than they are at preſent in the kingdom of *Spain*.

When our Parliament has done their utmoſt, another public-ſpirited project of the ſame nature, which the common enemy could not foreſee nor prepare againſt, might in all probality ſet King *Charles* upon the throne for which he hath ſo long contended. One pitched battle would determine the fate of the *Spaniſh* continent.

Let us therefore exert the united ſtrength of our whole Iſland, and by that means put a new life and ſpirit into the confederates, who have their eyes fixed upon us, and will abate or increaſe their preparations according to the example that is ſet them. We ſee the neceſſity of an augmentation if we intend to bring the enemy to reaſon, or reſcue our country from the miſeries that may befal it; and we find ourſelves in a condition of making ſuch an augmentation as, by the bleſſing of God, cannot but prove effectual. If we carry it on vigorouſly, we ſhall gain for ourſelves and our poſterity a long, a glorious, and a laſting peace; but if we neglect ſo fair an opportunity, we may be willing to employ all our hands, and all our treaſures, when it will be too late; and ſhall be tormented with one of the moſt melancholy reflections of an afflicted heart, That it was once in our power to have made ourſelves and our children happy.

THE

THE LATE

TRIAL *and* CONVICTION

OF

COUNT *TARIFF.*

THE LATE

TRIAL *and* CONVICTION *of Count TARIFF.*

THE whole Nation is at preſent very inquiſitive after the proceedings in the cauſe of Goodman *Fact*, Plaintiff, and Count *Tariff*, Defendant; as it was tried on the 18th of *June*, in the thirteenth year of her Majeſty's reign, and in the year of the Lord 1713. I ſhall therefore give my countrymen a ſhort and faithful account of that whole matter. And in order to it, muſt in the firſt place premiſe ſome particulars relating to the perſon and character of the ſaid Plaintiff Goodman *Fact*.

Goodman *Fact* is allowed by every body to be a plain-ſpoken perſon, and a man of very few words. Tropes and figures are his averſion. He affirms every thing roundly, without any art, rhetoric, or circumlocution. He is a declared enemy to all kinds of ceremony and complaiſance. He flatters no body. Yet ſo great is his natural eloquence, that he cuts down the fineſt orator, and deſtroys the beſt-contrived argument, as ſoon as ever he gets himſelf to be heard. He never applies to the paſſions or prejudices of his audience; when they liſten with attention and honeſt minds, he never fails of carrying his point. He appeared in a ſuit of *Engliſh* broad-cloth, very plain, but rich. Every thing he wore was ſubſtantial, honeſt, home-ſpun ware. His cane indeed came from the *Eaſt-Indies*, and two or three little ſuperfluities from *Turkey*, and other parts. It is ſaid that he encouraged himſelf with a bottle of neat *Port*, before he appeared at the trial. He was huzzaed into the Court by ſeveral thouſands of *Weavers, Clothiers, Fullers, Dyers, Packers, Calenders, Setters, Silk-men, Spinners, Dreſſers, Whitſters, Winders, Mercers, Throwſters, Sugar-bakers, Diſtillers, Drapers, Hoſiers, Planters, Merchants*, and *Fiſhermen;* who all unanimouſly declared that they could not live above two months longer, if their friend *Fact* did not gain his cauſe.

Every body was overjoyed to hear that the good man was come to town. He no ſooner made his appearance in Court, but ſeveral of his friends fell a weeping at the ſight of him: for indeed he had not been ſeen there three years before.

The

The charge he exhibited againſt Count *Tariff* was drawn up in the following articles.

I. That the ſaid Count had given in falſe and fraudulent reports in the name of the Plaintiff.

II. That the ſaid Count had tampered with the ſaid Plaintiff, and made uſe of many indirect methods to bring him over to his party.

III. That the ſaid Count had wilfully and knowingly traduced the ſaid Plaintiff, having miſrepreſented him in many cunningly-deviſed ſpeeches, as a perſon in the *French* intereſt.

IV. That the ſaid Count had averred in the preſence of above five hundred perſons, that he had heard the Plaintiff ſpeak in derogation of the *Portugueſe, Spaniards, Italians, Hollanders,* and others, who were the perſons whom the ſaid Plaintiff had always favored in his diſcourſe, and whom he ſhould always continue to favor.

V. That the ſaid Count had given a very diſadvantageous relation of the three great farms, which had long floriſhed under the care and ſuperintendency of the Plaintiff.

VI. That he would have obliged the owners of the ſaid farms to buy up many commodities which grew upon their own lands. That he would have taken away the labor from the tenants, and put it into the hands of ſtrangers. That he would have leſſened and deſtroyed the produce of the ſaid farms.

That by theſe and many other wicked devices he would have ſtarved many honeſt day-labourers: have impoveriſhed the owner, and have filled his farm with beggars, *&c.*

VII. That the ſaid Count had either ſunk or miſlaid ſeveral books, papers, and receipts, by which the Plaintiff might ſooner have found means to vindicate himſelf from ſuch calumnies, aſperſions, and miſrepreſentations.

In all theſe particulars Goodman *Fact* was very ſhort, but pithy: for, as I ſaid before, he was a plain home-ſpun man. His yea was yea, and his nay, nay. He had farther ſo much of the Quaker in him, that he never ſwore, but his affirmation was as valid as another's oath.

It was obſerved, that Count *Tariff* endeavoured to brow-beat the Plaintiff all the while he was ſpeaking: but though he was not ſo impudent as the Count, he was every whit as ſturdy; and when it came to the Count's turn to ſpeak, old *Fact* ſo ſtared him in the face, after his plain, downright way, that the Count was very often ſtruck dumb, and forced to hold his tongue in the middle of his diſcourſe.

More witneſſes appeared on this occaſion to atteſt Goodman *Fact*'s veracity, than ever were ſeen in a court of juſtice. His cauſe was pleaded by the ableſt

ableſt men in the kingdom: among whom was a Gentleman of *Suffolk*, who did him ſignal ſervice.

Count *Tariff* appeared juſt the reverſe of Goodman *Fact*. He was dreſſed in a fine brocade waiſtcoat, curiouſly embroidered with Flower-de-luces. He wore alſo a broad-brimmed hat, a ſhoulder-knot, and a pair of ſilver-clocked ſtockings. His ſpeeches were accompanied with much geſture and grimace. He abounded in empty phraſes, ſuperficial floriſhes, violent aſſertions, and feeble proofs. To be brief, he had all the *French* aſſurance, cunning, and volubility of tongue; and would moſt certainly have carried his cauſe, had he dealt with any one antagoniſt in the world beſides Goodman *Fact*.

The Count being called upon to anſwer to the charge which had been made againſt him, did it after a manner peculiar to the family of the *Tariffs*, viz. by railing and calling names.

He in the firſt place accuſed his adverſary of *Scandalum magnatum*, and of ſpeaking againſt his ſuperiors with ſaucineſs and contempt. As the plain good man was not of a make to have any friends at Court, he was a little ſtartled at this accuſation, till at length he made it appear, that it was impoſſible for any of his family to be either ſaucy or cringing; for that their character was, above all others in the world, to do what was required of them by the Court, that is, *To ſpeak the Truth and nothing but the Truth*.

The Count in the next place aſſured the Court, that his antagoniſt had taken upon him a wrong name, having curtailed it of two or three letters; for that in reality his name was not *Fact*, but *Faction*. The Count was ſo pleaſed with this conceit, that for an hour together he repeated it in every ſentence; calling his antagoniſt's aſſertions, the reports of faction; his friends, the ſons of faction; the teſtimonies of his witneſſes, the dictates of faction: nay, with ſuch a degree of impudence did he puſh this matter, that when he heard the cries of above a million of people begging for their bread, he termed the prayers and importunities of ſuch a ſtarving multitude, the *Clamors of Faction*.

As ſoon as the Count was driven out of this device, he affirmed roundly in the Court that *Fact* was not an *Engliſhman* by birth, but that he was of *Dutch* extraction, and born in *Holland*. In conſequence of this aſſertion he began to rally the poor Plaintiff, under the title of *Mynheer Van Fact;* which took pretty well with the ſimpletons of his party, but the men of ſenſe did not think the jeſt worth all their lands and tenements.

When the Count had finiſhed his ſpeech, he deſired leave to call in his witneſſes, which was granted; when immediately there came to the bar a man with a hat drawn over his eyes in ſuch a manner that it was impoſſible

to ſee his face. He ſpoke in the ſpirit, nay in the very language of the Count, repeated his arguments, and confirmed his aſſertions. Being aſked his name; he ſaid the world called him *Mercator:* but as for his true name, his age, his lineage, his religion, his place of abode, they were particulars, which for certain reaſons he was obliged to conceal. The Court found him ſuch a falſe, ſhuffling, prevaricating raſcal, that they ſet him aſide as a perſon unqualified to give his teſtimony in a Court of Juſtice; adviſing him at the ſame time, as he tendered his ears, to forbear uttering ſuch notorious falſehoods as he had then publiſhed. The witneſs however perſiſted in his contumacy, telling them he was very ſorry to find, that notwithſtanding what he had ſaid, they were reſolved to be as arrant fools as all their forefathers had been for a hundred years before them.

There came up another witneſs, who ſpoke much to the reputation of Count *Tariff.* This was a tall, black, bluſtering perſon, dreſſed in a *Spaniſh* habit, with a plume of feathers on his head, a *Golillio* about his neck, and a long *Toledo* ſticking out by his ſide: his garments were ſo covered with tinſel and ſpangles, that at a diſtance he ſeemed to be made up of ſilver and gold. He called himſelf *Don Aſſiento*, and mentioned ſeveral nations that had ſought his friendſhip; but declared that he had been gained over by the Count; and that he was come into theſe parts to enrich every one that heard him. The Court was at firſt very well pleaſed with his figure, and the promiſes he made them; but upon examination found him a true *Spaniard:* nothing but ſhew and beggary. For it was fully proved, that notwithſtanding the boaſts and appearance which he made, he was not worth a groat: nay, that upon caſting up his annual expences, with the debts and incumbrances which lay upon his eſtate, he was worſe than nothing.

There appeared another witneſs in favor of the Count, who ſpoke with ſo much violence and warmth, that the Court began to liſten to him very attentively; till upon hearing his name they found he was a notorious Knight of the poſt, being kept in pay, to give his teſtimony on all occaſions where it was wanted. This was the *Examiner;* a perſon who had abuſed almoſt every man in *England*, that deſerved well of his country. He called Goodman *Fact* a liar, a ſeditious perſon, a traitor, and a rebel; and ſo much incenſed the honeſt man, that he would certainly have knocked him down if he could have come at him. It was allowed by every body, that ſo foul-mouthed a witneſs never appeared in any cauſe. Seeing ſeveral perſons of great eminence, who had maintained the cauſe of Goodman *Fact*, he called them ideots, blockheads, villains, knaves, infidels, atheiſts, apoſtates, fiends, and devils: never did man ſhew ſo much eloquence in ribaldry. The Court was at length ſo juſtly provoked with this fellow's behaviour, who ſpared

no

no age, nor ſex, nor profeſſion, which had ſhewn any friendſhip or inclination for the Plaintiff, that ſeveral began to whiſper to one another, it was high time to bring him to puniſhment. But the witneſs over-hearing the word *Pillory* repeated twice or thrice, ſlunk away privately, and hid himſelf among the people.

After a full hearing on both ſides, Count *Tariff* was caſt, and Goodman *Fact* got his cauſe; but the Court ſitting late, did not think it fit at that time to give him coſts, or indeed to enter into that matter. The honeſt man immediately retired, after having aſſured his friends, that at any time when the Count ſhould appear on the like occaſion, he would undertake their defence, and come to their aſſiſtance, if they would be at the pains to find him out.

It is incredible, how general a joy Goodman *Fact*'s ſucceſs created in the city of *London;* there was nothing to be ſeen or heard the next day, but ſhaking of hands, congratulations, reflections on the danger they had eſcaped; and gratitude to thoſe who had delivered them from it.

The night concluded with balls, bonfires, ringing of bells, and the like public demonſtrations of joy.

THE

WHIG-EXAMINER.

The WHIG-EXAMINER.

N° 1. *Thurſday, September* 14, 1710.

Neſcia mens hominum fati ſortiſque futuræ,
Et ſervare modum, rebus ſublata ſecundis!
Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta, et cum ſpolia iſta diemque
Oderit ———

THE deſign of this work is to cenſure the writings of others, and to give all perſons a rehearing, who have ſuffered under any unjuſt ſentence of the *Examiner.* As that Author has hitherto proceeded, his paper would have been more properly entitled the *Executioner:* at leaſt his examination is like that which is made by the rack and wheel. I have always admired a Critic that has diſcovered the beauties of an author, and never knew one who made it his buſineſs to laſh the faults of other writers, that was not guilty of greater himſelf; as the hangman is generally a worſe malefactor, than the criminal that ſuffers by his hand. To prove what I ſay, there needs no more than to read the annotations which this Author has made upon Dr. *Garth*'s Poem, with the preface in the front, and a riddle at the end of them. To begin with the firſt: Did ever an advocate for a party open with ſuch an unfortunate aſſertion? *The collective body of the Whigs have already engroſſed our riches:* That is, in plain Engliſh, the Whigs are poſſeſſed of all the riches in the nation. Is not this giving up all he has been contending for theſe ſix weeks? Is there any thing more reaſonable, than that thoſe who have all the riches of the nation in their poſſeſſion, or if he likes his own phraſe better, as indeed I think it is ſtronger, that thoſe who have already *engroſſed* our riches, ſhould have the management of our public treaſure, and the direction of our fleets and armies? But let us proceed: *Their repreſentative the Kit-Cat have pretended to make a Monopoly of our ſenſe.*

Well,

Well, but what does all this end in? If the author means any thing, it is this, That to prevent ſuch a Monopoly of ſenſe, he is reſolved to deal in it himſelf by retail, and ſell a pennyworth of it every week. In what follows, there is ſuch a ſhocking familiarity both in his ralleries and civilities, that one cannot long be in doubt who is the Author. The remaining part of the preface has ſo much of the pedant, and ſo little of the converſation of men in it, that I ſhall paſs it over, and haſten to the riddles, which are as follows.

The RIDDLE.

SPHINX *was a monſter that would eat*
Whatever ſtranger ſhe could get;
Unleſs his ready Wit diſclos'd
The ſubtle riddle ſhe propos'd.
Oedipus *was reſolv'd to go,*
And try what ſtrength of parts could do:
Says Sphinx, *On this depends your fate;*
Tell me what animal is that,
Which has four feet at morning bright?
Has two at noon, and three at night?
'Tis man, ſaid he, who, weak by nature,
At firſt creeps, like his fellow-creature,
Upon all four: as years accrue,
With ſturdy ſteps he walks on two:
In age, at length, grown weak and ſick,
For his third leg adopts the ſtick.
Now in your turn, 'tis juſt, methinks,
You ſhould reſolve me, Madam Sphinx,
What ſtranger creature yet is he,
Who has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loſes one, then gets two more,
And runs away at laſt on four.

The firſt part of this little myſtical Poem is an old riddle, which we could have told the meaning of, had not the Author given himſelf the trouble of explaining it; but as for the expoſition of the ſecond, he leaves us altogether in the dark. The riddle runs thus: What creature is it that walks upon four legs in the morning, two legs at noon, and three legs at night? This he ſolves, as our forefathers have done for theſe two thouſand years; and not

not according to *Rabelais,* who gives another reaſon why a man is ſaid to be a creature with three legs at night. Then follows the ſecond riddle: What creature, ſays he, is it that firſt uſes four legs, then two legs, then three legs; then loſes one leg, then gets two legs, and at laſt runs away upon four legs? Were I diſpoſed to be ſplenetic, I ſhould aſk if there was any thing in the new garland of riddles *ſo wild, ſo childiſh, or ſo flat:* But though I dare not go ſo far as that, I ſhall take upon me to ſay, that the Author has ſtolen his hint out of the garland, from a riddle which I was better acquainted with than the *Nile* when I was but twelve years old. It runs thus, Riddle my riddle my ree, what is this? Two legs ſat upon three legs, and held one leg in her hand; in came four legs, and ſnatched away one leg; up ſtarted two legs, and flung three legs at four legs, and brought one leg back again. This Enigma, joined with the foregoing two, rings all the changes that can be made upon four legs. That I may deal more ingenuouſly with my Reader than the above-mentioned Enigmatiſt has done, I ſhall preſent him with a key to my riddle; which upon application he will find exactly fitted to all the words of it; one leg is a leg of mutton, two legs is a ſervant maid, three legs is a joint ſtool, which in the Sphinx's country was called a tripod; as four legs is a dog, who in all nations and ages has been reckoned a quadruped. We have now the expoſition of our firſt and third riddles upon legs; let us here, if you pleaſe, endeavour to find out the meaning of our ſecond, which is thus in the Author's words:

What ſtranger creature yet is he,
That has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loſes one, then gets two more,
And runs away at laſt on four?

This riddle, as the Poet tells us, was propoſed by *Oedipus* to the Sphinx, after he had given his ſolution to that which the Sphinx had propoſed to him. This *Oedipus,* you muſt underſtand, though the people did not believe it, was ſon to a King of *Thebes,* and bore a particular grudge to the Tre——r of that Kingdom, which made him ſo bitter upon *H. L.* in this Enigma.

What ſtranger creature yet is he,
That has four legs, then two, then three?

By which he intimates, that this great man at *Thebes* being *weak by nature,* as he admirably expreſſes it, could not walk as ſoon as he was born, but, like other children, fell upon all four when he attempted it; that he afterwards went upon two legs, like other men; and that in his more advanced age, he got a white ſtaff in Quen *Jocaſta*'s court, which the Author calls

his third leg. Now it ſo happened that the Treaſurer fell, and by that means broke his third leg, which is intimated by the next words, *Then loſes one*——Thus far I think we have travelled through the riddle with good ſucceſs.

What ſtranger creature yet is he,
That has four legs, then two, then three?
Then loſes one——

But now comes the difficulty that has puzzled the whole town, and which I muſt confeſs has kept me awake for theſe three nights;

——*Then gets two more,*
And runs away at laſt on four.

I at laſt thought the treaſurer of *Thebes* might have walked upon crutches, and ſo ran away on four legs, *viz.* two natural and two artificial. But this I have no authority for; and therefore upon mature conſideration do find that the words *(Then gets two more)* are only Greek expletives, introduced to make up the verſe, and to ſignify nothing; and that *runs,* in the next line, ſhould be *rides.* I ſhall therefore reſtore the true ancient reading of this riddle, after which it will be able to explain itſelf.

Oedipus ſpeaks:
Now in your turn, 'tis juſt methinks,
You ſhould reſolve me, Madam Sphinx,
What ſtranger creature yet is he,
Who has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loſes one, then gains two more,
And rides away at laſt on four?

I muſt now inform the Reader, that *Thebes* was on the continent, ſo that it was eaſy for a man to ride out of his dominions on horſeback, an advantage that a *Britiſh* Stateſman would be deprived of. If he would run away, he muſt do it *in an open boat;* for to ſay of an *Engliſhman* in this ſenſe, that he runs away on all four, would be as abſurd as to ſay, he clapped ſpurs to his horſe at St. *James*'s gate, and galloped away to the *Hague.*

Before I take my farewel of this ſubject, I ſhall adviſe the Author for the future to ſpeak his meaning more plainly. I allow he has a happy talent at doggrel, when he writes upon a known ſubject: where he tells us in plain intelligible language, how *Syriſca*'s ladle was loſt in one hole, and *Hans Carvel*'s finger in another, he is very jocular and diverting; but when he wraps a lampoon in a riddle, he muſt conſider that his jeſt is loſt to every one,

one, but the few merry wags that are in the ſecret. This is making darker ſatires than ever *Perſius* did. After this curſory view of the *Examiner*'s performance, let us conſider his remarks upon the Doctor's. That general piece of rallery which he paſſes upon the Doctor's conſidering the Treaſurer in ſeveral different views, is that which might fall upon any Poem in *Waller*, or any other writer who has diverſity of thoughts and alluſions: and tho' it may appear a pleaſant ridicule to an ignorant Reader, is wholly groundleſs and unjuſt. I do likewiſe diſſent with the *Examiner*, upon the phraſes of *paſſions being poiſed*, and of the *retrieving merit from dependence*, which are very beautiful and poetical. It is the ſame caviling ſpirit that finds fault with that expreſſion of the *pomp of peace among the woes of war*, as well as of *offering unaſked*. As for the *Nile*, how *Icarus* and *Phaeton* came to be joined with it, I cannot conceive. I muſt confeſs they have been formerly uſed to repreſent the fate of raſh ambitious men; and I cannot imagine why the Author ſhould deprive us of thoſe particular Similes for the future. The next Criticiſm upon the ſtars, ſeems introduced for no other reaſon but to mention Mr. *Bickerſtaffe*, whom the Author every where endeavours to imitate and abuſe. But I ſhall refer the *Examiner* to the frog's advice to her little one, that was blowing itſelf up to the ſize of an Ox:

——*Non ſi te ruperis, inquit,*
Par eris————

The alluſion to the victim may be a Gallimatia in French politics, but is an apt and noble alluſion to a true *Engliſh* ſpirit. And as for the *Examiner*'s remarks on the word *bleed* (though a man would laugh to ſee impotent malice ſo little able to contain itſelf) one cannot but obſerve in them the temper of the Banditti whom he mentions in the ſame paper, who always murder where they rob. The laſt obſervation is upon this line, *Ingratitude's a weed of every clime*. Here he is very much out of humor with the Doctor, for having called that the *weed*, which *Dryden* only terms the *growth*, of every Clime. But, for God's ſake, why ſo much tenderneſs for ingratitude?

But I ſhall ſay no more. We are now in an age wherein impudent aſſertions muſt paſs for arguments: and I do not queſtion but the ſame, who has endeavoured here to prove that he who wrote the *Diſpenſary* was no Poet, will very ſuddenly undertake to ſhew, that he who gained the battle of *Blenheim* is no General.

N° 2. *Thurſday, September* 21.

——*Arcades ambo,*
Et cantare pares——

I Never yet knew an Author that had not his admirers. *Bunyan* and *Quarles* have paſſed through ſeveral editions, and pleaſe as many Readers, as *Dryden* and *Tillotſon:* The *Examiner* had not written two half ſheets of paper, before he met with one that was aſtoniſhed at *the force he was maſter of,* and approaches him with awe, when he mentions State-ſubjects, as *encroaching on the province that belonged to him,* and treating of things *that deſerved to paſs under his Pen.* The ſame humble Author tells us, that the *Examiner* can furniſh mankind with an *Antidote to the poiſon that is ſcattered through the nation.* This crying up of the *Examiner*'s Antidote, puts me in mind of the firſt appearance that a celebrated *French* quack made in the ſtreets of *Paris.* A little boy walked before him, publiſhing with a ſhrill voice, *Mon pere guerit toutes ſortes de maladies, My father cures all ſorts of diſtempers:* To which the Doctor, who walked behind him, added in a grave and compoſed manner, *L'enfant dit vrai, The child ſays true.*

That the Reader may ſee what party the Author of this Letter is of, I ſhall ſhew how he ſpeaks of the *French* King and the Duke of *Anjou*, and how of our greateſt Allies, the Emperor of *Germany* and the States-General. *In the mean while the* French *King has withdrawn his troops from* Spain, *and has put it out of his power to reſtore that monarchy to us, was he reduced low enough really to deſire to do it. The Duke of* Anjou *has had leiſure to take off thoſe whom he ſuſpected, to confirm his friends, to regulate his revenues, to increaſe and form his troops, and above all, to rouſe that ſpirit in the* Spaniſh *nation, which a ſucceſſion of lazy and indolent Princes had lulled aſleep. From hence it appears probable enough, that if the war continue much longer on the preſent foot, inſtead of regaining* Spain, *we ſhall find the Duke of* Anjou *in a condition to pay the debt of gratitude, and ſupport the grandfather in his declining years; by whoſe arms, in the days of his infancy, he was upheld.* What expreſſions of tenderneſs, duty, and ſubmiſſion! the Panegyric on the Duke of *Anjou,* is by much the beſt written part of this whole Letter; the Apology for the *French* King is indeed the ſame which the *Poſt-boy* has often made, but worded with greater deference and

and reſpect to that great Prince. There are many ſtrokes of the Author's good-will to our confederates, the *Dutch* and the Emperor, in ſeveral parts of this notable Epiſtle; I ſhall only quote one of them, alluding to the concern which the Bank, the States-General, and the Emperor, expreſſed for the Miniſtry, by their humble applications to Her Majeſty, in theſe words.

Not daunted yet, they reſolve to try a new expedient, and the intereſt of Europe *is to be repreſented as inſeparable from that of the Miniſters.*

Haud dubitant equidem implorare quod uſquam eſt;
Flectere ſi nequeunt Superos, Acheronta movebunt.

The members of the Bank, the Dutch, *and the Court of* Vienna, *are called in as confederates to the Miniſtry.* This, in the mildeſt *Engliſh* it will bear, runs thus. *They are reſolved to look for help where-ever they can find it; if they cannot have it from heaven, they will go to hell for it;* that is, to the members of the Bank, the *Dutch,* and the Court of *Vienna.* The *French* King, the Pope, and the Devil, have been often joined together by a well-meaning *Engliſhman;* but I am very much ſurpriſed to ſee the Bank, the *Dutch,* and the Court of *Vienna,* in ſuch company. We may ſtill ſee this Gentleman's principles in the accounts which he gives of his own country: ſpeaking of *the G——l, the quondam T——r, and the J——to,* which every one knows comprehends the *Whigs,* in their utmoſt extent; he adds, in oppoſition to them, *For the Queen and the whole body of the* Britiſh *nation,* ——

Nos numerus ſumus.

In Engliſh,

We are cyphers.

How properly the tories may be called the whole body of the *Britiſh* nation, I leave to any one's judging: and wonder how an Author can be ſo diſreſpectful to her Majeſty, as to ſeparate Her in ſo ſaucy a manner from that part of her people, who, according to the *Examiner* himſelf, *have engroſſed the riches of the nation;* and all this to join her, with ſo much impudence, under the common denomination of *We;* that is, *WE Queen and Tories* are cyphers. *Nos numerus ſumus,* is a ſcrap of *Latin* more impudent than Cardinal *Woolſey*'s *Ego et Rex meus.* We find the ſame particle WE, uſed with great emphaſis and ſignificancy in the eighth page of this Letter: *But nothing deciſive, nothing which had the appearance of earneſt, has been ſo much as attempted, except that wiſe expedition to* Toulon, *which WE ſuffered to be defeated before it began.* Whoever did, God forgive them: there were indeed ſeveral

ral ſtories of diſcoveries made, by letters and meſſengers that were ſent to *France*.

Having done with the Author's party and principles, we ſhall now conſider his performance, under the three heads of Wit, Language, and Argument. The firſt laſh of his Satire falls upon the *Cenſor* of *Great Britain*, who, ſays he, reſembles the famous *Cenſor* of *Rome*, in nothing but eſpouſing the *cauſe of the vanquiſhed*. Our Letter-writer here alludes to that known verſe in *Lucan*,

Victrix cauſa Diis placuit, ſed victa Catoni.

The Gods eſpouſed the cauſe of the conquerors, but Cato *eſpouſed the cauſe of the vanquiſhed*. The misfortune is, that this verſe was not written of *Cato* the *Cenſor*, but of *Cato* of *Utica*. How Mr. *Bickerſtaffe*, who has written in favor of a party that is not vanquiſhed, reſembles the younger *Cato*, who was not a *Roman Cenſor*, I do not well conceive, unleſs it be in ſtruggling for the liberty of his country. To ſay therefore, that the *Cenſor* of *Great Britain* reſembles that famous *Cenſor* of *Rome in nothing but eſpouſing the cauſe of the vanquiſhed;* is juſt the ſame as if one ſhould ſay, in regard to the many obſcure truths and ſecret hiſtories that are brought to light in this Letter, that the Author of theſe new Revelations, reſembles the ancient Author of the Revelations *in nothing but venturing his head*. Beſides that there would be no ground for ſuch a reſemblance, would not a man be laughed at by every common Reader, ſhould he thus miſtake one St. *John* for another, and apply that to St. *John* the Evangeliſt, which relates to St. *John* the Baptiſt, who died many years before him.

Another ſmart touch of the Author we meet with in the fifth page, where, without any preparation, he breaks out all on a ſudden into a vein of poetry; and inſtead of writing a letter to the *Examiner*, gives advice to a painter in theſe ſtrong lines: *Paint, Sir, with that force which you are maſter of, the preſent ſtate of the war abroad; and expoſe to the public view thoſe principles upon which, of late, it has been carried on, ſo different from thoſe upon which it was originally entered into. Collect ſome few of the indignities which have been this year offered to her Majeſty, and of thoſe unnatural ſtruggles which have betrayed the weakneſs of a ſhattered conſtitution.* By the way, a man may be ſaid to paint a battle, or if you pleaſe, a war; but I do not ſee how it is poſſible to paint the preſent ſtate of a war. So a man may be ſaid to deſcribe or to collect accounts of indignities and unnatural ſtruggles; but to collect the things themſelves is a figure which this Gentleman has introduced into our *Engliſh* proſe. Well, but what will be the uſe of this picture of a ſtate of the war? and this collection of indignities and ſtruggles? It ſeems the chief deſign

deſign of them is to make a dead man bluſh, as we may ſee in thoſe inimitable lines which immediately follow: *And when this is done,* D——n *ſhall bluſh in his grave among the dead,* W——le *among the living, and even* Vol——e *ſhall feel ſome remorſe.* Was there ever any thing, I will not ſay ſo ſtiff and ſo unnatural, but ſo brutal and ſo ſilly! this is downright hacking and hewing in Satire. But we ſee a maſter-piece of this kind of writing in the twelfth page; where, without any reſpect to a Dutcheſs of *Great Britain,* a Princeſs of the Empire, and one who was a boſom friend of her Royal Miſtreſs, he calls a great Lady *an inſolent woman, the worſt of her ſex, a fury, an executioner of divine vengeance, a plague;* and applies to her a line which *Virgil* writ originally upon *Alecto.* One would think this foul-mouthed writer muſt have received ſome particular injuries, either from this great Lady or from her huſband; and theſe the world ſhall be ſoon acquainted with, by a book which is now in the preſs, entitled, *An eſſay towards proving that gratitude is no virtue.* This Author is ſo full of Satire, and is ſo angry with every one that is pleaſed with the Duke of *Marlborough*'s victories, that he goes out of his way to abuſe one of the Queen's ſinging men, who it ſeems did his beſt to celebrate a thankſgiving day in an Anthem; as you may ſee in that paſſage: *Towns have been taken, and battles have been won; the mob has huzzaed round bonfires, the Stentor of the chapel has ſtrained his throat in the gallery, and the Stentor of* S——m *has deafened his audience from the pulpit.* Thus you ſee how like a true ſon of the High-Church he falls upon a learned and reverend Prelate, and for no other crime, but for preaching with an audible voice. If a man lifts up his voice like a trumpet to preach ſedition, he is received by ſome men as a Confeſſor; but if he cries aloud, and ſpares not, to animate people with devotion and gratitude, for the greateſt public bleſſings that ever were beſtowed on a ſinful nation, he is reviled as a *Stentor.*

I promiſed in the next place to conſider the Language of this excellent Author, who I find takes himſelf for an Orator. In the firſt page he cenſures ſeveral for the poiſon which they *profuſely ſcatter* through the nation; that is, in plain *Engliſh, for ſquandering away their poiſon.* In the ſecond he talks of *carrying probability through the thread of a fable;* and in the third, *of laying an odium at a man's door.* In the fourth he riſes in his expreſſions; where he ſpeaks of thoſe who would perſuade the people, that *the G——l, the quondam T——r, and the J—to, are the only objects of the confidence of the Allies, and of the fears of the enemies.* I would adviſe this Author to try the beauty of this expreſſion. Suppoſe a foreign Miniſter ſhould addreſs her Majeſty in the following manner, (for certainly it is her Majeſty only to whom the ſenſe of the compliment ought to be paid) Madam, you are *the*

object

object of the confidence of the Allies; or, Madam, your Majeſty is *the only object of the fears of the enemies.* Would a man think that he had learned *Engliſh?* I would have the Author try, by the ſame rule, ſome of the other phraſes, as *Page* 7, where he tells us, *That the balance of power in* Europe *would be ſtill precarious.* What would a tradeſman think, if one ſhould tell him in a paſſion, that his *ſcales were precarious;* and mean by it, that they were *not fixed?* In the thirteenth page he ſpeaks of certain *profligate wretches, who having uſurped the Royal Seat, reſolved to venture overturning the chariot of government, rather than to loſe their place in it.* A plain-ſpoken man would have left the *Chariot* out of the ſentence, and ſo have made it good *Engliſh.* As it is there, it is not only an impropriety of ſpeech, but of metaphor; it being impoſſible for a man to have a place in the Chariot which he drives. I would therefore adviſe this Gentleman, in the next edition of his Letter, to change the *Chariot* of government into the *Chaiſe* of government, which will ſound as well, and ſerve his turn much better. I could be longer on the *errata* of this very ſmall work, but will conclude this head with taking notice of a certain figure which was unknown to the ancients, and in which this Letter-writer very much excels. This is called by ſome an *Anti-Climax,* an inſtance of which we have in the tenth page; where he tells us, that *Britain* may expect to have this only glory left her, *That ſhe has proved a farm to the Bank, a province to* Holland, *and a jeſt to the whole world.* I never met with ſo ſudden a downfal in ſo promiſing a ſentence; *a jeſt to the whole world,* gives ſuch an unexpected turn to this happy period, that I was heartily troubled and ſurpriſed to meet with it. I do not remember in all my reading, to have obſerved more than two couplets of verſes that have been written in this figure; the firſt are thus quoted by Mr. *Dryden.*

Not only London *echoes with thy fame,*
But alſo Iſlington *has heard the* ſame.

The other are in *French.*

Allez vous, luy dit il, ſans bruit chez vos parens,
Ou vous avez laiſſé votre honneur et vos gans.

But we need not go further than the Letter before us for examples of this nature, as we may find in page the eleventh. *Mankind remains convinced, that a Queen poſſeſſed of all the virtues requiſite to bleſs a nation, or make a private family happy, ſits on the throne.* Is this Panegyric or Burleſque? To ſee ſo glorious a Queen celebrated in ſuch a manner, gives every good ſubject a ſecret indignation; and looks like *Scarron*'s character of the great Queen *Semiramis,*

miramis, who, ſays that Author, "was the Founder of *Babylon,* Conqueror of "the *Eaſt,* and an excellent Houſewife.

The third ſubject being the argumentative part of this Letter, I ſhall leave till another occaſion.

N° 3. *Thurſday, September* 28.

——— *Non defenſoribus iſtis*
Tempus eget. ——— Virg.

I Was once talking with an old humdrum fellow, and before I had heard his ſtory out, was called away by buſineſs. About three years after I met him again; when he immediately re-aſſumed the thread of his ſtory, and began his ſalutation with, *but, Sir, as I was telling you.* The ſame method has been made uſe of by very polite writers; as, in particular, the Author of *Don Quixote,* who inſerts ſeveral novels in his works, and after a parentheſis of about a dozen leaves, returns again to his ſtory. *Hudibras* has broke off the *Adventure of the Bear and Fiddle.* The *Tatler* has frequently interrupted the courſe of a Lucubration, and taken it up again after a fortnight's reſpite; as the *Examiner,* who is capable of imitating him in this particular, has likewiſe done.

This may ſerve as an apology for my poſtponing the examination of the argumentative part of *the Letter to the Examiner* to a further day, though I muſt confeſs, this was occaſioned by a Letter which I received laſt poſt. Upon opening it, I found it to contain a very curious piece of antiquity; which without preface or application, was introduced as follows.

"*Alcibiades* was a man of wit and pleaſure, bred up in the ſchool of *Socra-*
"*tes;* and one of the beſt Orators of his age, notwithſtanding he lived at a
"time when learning was at its higheſt pitch: he was likewiſe very famous
"for his military exploits, having gained great conqueſts over the *Lacedæmo-*
"*nians,* who had formerly been the confederates of his countrymen againſt
"the great King of *Perſia,* but were at that time in alliance with the *Perſians.*
"He had been once ſo far miſrepreſented and traduced by the malice
"of his enemies, that the Prieſts curſed him. But after the great ſer-

" vices which he had done for his country, they publicly repealed their " curſes, and changed them into applauſes and benedictions.

" *Plutarch* tells us, in *the life of* Alcibiades, that one *Taureas*, an obſcure " man, contended with him for a certain prize, which was to be conferred " by vote; at which time each of the competitors recommended himſelf to " the *Athenians* by an oration. The ſpeech which *Alcibiades* made on that " occaſion, has been lately diſcovered among the Manuſcripts of *King*'s " *College* in *Cambridge;* and communicated to me by my learned friend " Dr. *B——ley;* who tells me, that by a marginal note, it appears, that this " *Taureas*, or as the Doctor rather chuſes to call him, *Toryas,* was an *Athe-* " *nian* Brewer. This ſpeech I have tranſlated literally, changing very little " in it, except where it was abſolutely neceſſary to make it underſtood by " an *Engliſh* Reader. It is as follows.

" IS it then poſſible, O ye *Athenians,* that I who hitherto have had none " but Generals to oppoſe me, muſt now have an artiſan for my antago- " niſt? That I who have overthrown the Princes of *Lacedæmon,* muſt now ſee " myſelf in danger of being defeated by a Brewer? What will the world " ſay of the Goddeſs that preſides over you, ſhould they ſuppoſe you fol- " low her dictates? would they think ſhe acted like herſelf, like the great " *Minerva?* would they now ſay, ſhe inſpires her ſons with wiſdom? or " would they not rather ſay, ſhe has a ſecond time choſen owls for her fa- " vorites? But O ye men of *Athens,* what has this man done to deſerve " your voices? You ſay he is honeſt; I believe it, and therefore he ſhall " brew for me. You ſay he is aſſiduous in his calling: and is he not grown " rich by it? let him have your cuſtom, but not your votes: you are now " to caſt your eyes on thoſe who can detect the artifices of the common " enemy, that can diſappoint your ſecret foes in Council, and your open " ones in the field. Let it not avail my competitor, that he has been tap- " ping his liquors, while I have been ſpilling my blood; that he has been " gathering hops for you, while I have been reaping laurels. Have I " not born the duſt and heat of the day, while he has been ſweating at the " furnace? behold theſe ſcars, behold this wound which ſtill bleeds in your " ſervice; what can *Taureas* ſhew you of this nature? What are his marks " of honor? Has he any other wound about him, except the accidental " ſcaldings of his wort, or bruiſes from the tub or barrel? Let it not, O " *Athenians,* let it not be ſaid, that your Generals have conquered them- " ſelves into your diſpleaſure, and loſt your favor by gaining you victo- " ries. Shall thoſe atchievements that have redeemed the preſent age from " ſlavery, be undervalued by thoſe who feel the benefits of them? Shall

" thoſe

" thoſe names that have made your city the glory of the whole earth, be " mentioned in it with obloquy and detraction? Will not your poſterity " bluſh at their forefathers, when they ſhall read in the annals of their " country, that *Alcibiades* in the 90th Olympiad, after having conquered " the *Lacedæmonians,* and recovered *Byzantium,* contended for a prize againſt " *Taureas* the Brewer? The competition is diſhonorable, the defeat would " be ſhameful. I ſhall not however ſlacken my endeavours for the ſecurity " of my country. If ſhe is ungrateful, ſhe is ſtill *Athens.* On the contrary, " as ſhe will ſtand more in need of defence, when ſhe has ſo degenerate a " people; I will purſue my victories, till ſuch time as it ſhall be out of your " power to hurt yourſelves, and that you may be in ſafety even under your " preſent leaders. But oh! thou genius of *Athens,* whither art thou fled? " Where is now the race of thoſe glorious ſpirits that periſhed at the battle " of *Thermopylæ,* and fought upon the plains of *Marathon?* Are you weary of " conquering, or have you forgotten the oath which you took at *Agraulos,* " *That you would look upon the bounds of* Attica *to be thoſe ſoils only which are inca-* " *pable of bearing wheat and barley, vines and olives?* Conſider your enemies the " *Lacedæmonians*; did you ever hear that they preferred a Coffee-man to *A-* " *geſilaus?* No; though their Generals have been unfortunate, though they " have loſt ſeveral battles, though they have not been able to cope with the " troops of *Athens,* which I have conducted; they are comforted and condo- " led, nay celebrated and extolled, by their fellow-citizens. Their Gene- " rals have been received with honor after their defeat, yours with ignomi- " ny after conqueſt. Are there not men of *Taureas*'s temper and character, " who tremble in their hearts at the name of the great King of *Perſia?* who " have been *againſt* entering into a war with him, or *for* making a peace " upon baſe conditions? that have grudged thoſe contributions which have " ſet our country at the head of all the governments of *Greece?* that would " diſhonor thoſe who have raiſed her to ſuch a pitch of glory? that would " betray thoſe liberties which your fathers in all ages have purchaſed or re- " covered with their blood? and would proſecute your fellow-citizens with " as much rigor and fury, as of late years we have attacked the common e- " nemy? I ſhall trouble you no more, O ye men of *Athens;* you know my " actions, let my antagoniſt relate what he has done for you. Let him pro- " duce his vatts and tubs, in oppoſition to the heaps of arms and ſtandards " which were employed againſt you, and which I have wreſted out of the " hands of your enemies. And when this is done, let him be brought into " the field of election upon his dray-cart; and if I can finiſh my conqueſt " ſooner, I will not fail to meet him there in a triumphant chariot. But, O " ye Gods! let not the King of *Perſia* laugh at the fall of *Alcibiades!* Let him

" not ſay, *the* Athenians *have avenged me upon their own Generals;* or let me be " rather ſtruck dead by the hand of a *Lacedæmonian,* than diſgraced by the " voices of my fellow-citizens.

N° 4. *Thurſday, October* 5.

Satis eloquentiæ, ſapientiæ parum. Sal.

HUDIBRAS has defined nonſenſe (as *Cowley* does wit) by negatives. Nonſenſe (ſays he) is that which is neither true nor falſe. Theſe two great properties of nonſenſe, which are always eſſential to it, give it ſuch a peculiar advantage over all other writings, that it is incapable of being either anſwered or contradicted. It ſtands upon its own baſis like a rock of adamant, ſecured by its natural ſituation againſt all conqueſts or attacks. There is no one place about it weaker than another, to favor an enemy in his approaches. The major and the minor are of equal ſtrength. Its queſtions admit of no reply, and its aſſertions are not to be invalidated. A man may as well hope to diſtinguiſh colors in the midſt of darkneſs, as to find out what to approve and diſapprove in nonſenſe: you may as well aſſault an army that is buried in intrenchments. If it affirms any thing, you cannot lay hold of it; or if it denies, you cannot confute it. In a word, there are greater depths and obſcurities, greater intricacies and perplexities, in an elaborate and well-written piece of nonſenſe, than in the moſt abſtruſe and profound tract of ſchool-divinity.

After this ſhort panegyric upon nonſenſe, which may appear as extravagant to an ordinary Reader, as *Eraſmus*'s *Encomium of folly:* I muſt here ſolemnly proteſt, that I have not done it to curry favor with my antagoniſt, or to reflect any praiſe in an oblique manner upon the *Letter to the Examiner:* I have no private conſiderations to warp me in this controverſy, ſince my firſt entering upon it. But before I proceed any further, becauſe it may be of great uſe to me in this diſpute, to ſtate the whole nature of nonſenſe; and becauſe 'tis a ſubject entirely new, I muſt take notice that there are two kinds of it, *viz.* high nonſenſe and low nonſenſe.

Low nonſenſe is the talent of a cold phlegmatic temper, that in a poor diſpirited ſtile creeps along ſervilely through darkneſs and confuſion. A writer

writer of this complexion gropes his way ſoftly amongſt ſelf-contradictions, and grovels in abſurdities.

Videri vult pauper, et eſt pauper.

He has neither wit nor ſenſe, and pretends to none.

On the contrary, your high nonſenſe bluſters and makes a noiſe, it ſtalks upon hard words, and rattles through polyſyllables. It is loud and ſonorous, ſmooth and periodical. It has ſomething in it like manlineſs and force, and makes one think of the name of Sir *Hercules Nonſenſe* in the play called *The neſt of fools.* In a word, your high nonſenſe has a majeſtic appearance, and wears a moſt tremendous garb, like *Eſop*'s aſs cloathed in a lion's ſkin.

When *Ariſtotle* lay upon his death-bed, and was aſked whom he would appoint for his ſucceſſor in his ſchool, two of his ſcholars being Candidates for it; he called for two different ſorts of wine, and by the character which he gave of them, denoted the different qualities and perfections that ſhewed themſelves in the ſtile and writing of each of the competitors. As rational writings have been repreſented by *wine;* I ſhall repreſent thoſe kinds of writings we are now ſpeaking of, by *ſmall beer.*

Low nonſenſe is like that in the barrel, which is altogether flat, taſteleſs, and inſipid. High nonſenſe is like that in the bottle, which has in reality no more ſtrength and ſpirit than the other, but frets, and flies, and bounces, and by the help of a little wind that is got into it, imitates the paſſions of a much nobler liquor.

We meet with a low groveling nonſenſe in every *Grub-ſtreet* production; but I think there are none of our preſent writers who have hit the ſublime in nonſenſe, beſides Dr. *S——l* in divinity, and the Author of this letter in politics; between whoſe characters in their reſpective profeſſions, there ſeems to be a very nice reſemblance.

There is ſtill another qualification in nonſenſe which I muſt not paſs over, being that which gives it the laſt finiſhing and perfection, and eminently diſcovers itſelf in the letter to the Examiner.——This is when an Author without any meaning, ſeems to have it; and ſo impoſes upon us by the ſound and ranging of his words, that one is apt to fancy they ſignify ſomething. Any one who reads this letter, as he goes through it, will lie under the ſame deluſion; but after having read it, let him conſider what he has learnt from it, and he will immediately diſcover the deceit. I did not indeed at firſt imagine there was in it ſuch a jargon of ideas, ſuch an inconſiſtency of notions, ſuch a confuſion of particles, that rather puzzle than connect the ſenſe, which in ſome places he ſeems to have aimed at, as I found

found upon my nearer perusal of it: nevertheless, as nobody writes a book without meaning something, though he may not have the faculty of writing consequentially, and expressing his meaning; I think I have with a great deal of attention and difficulty found out what this Gentleman would say, had he the gift of utterance. The System of his politics, when disembroiled and cleared of all those incoherences and independent matters that are woven into this motley piece, will be as follows. The conduct of the late Ministry is considered first of all in respect to foreign affairs, and secondly to domestic: As to the first, he tells us, that *the motives which engaged* Britain *in the present war, were both wise and generous;* so that the Ministry is cleared as to that particular. These motives he tells us, *were to restore the* Spanish *monarchy to the house of* Austria, *and to regain a barrier for* Holland. *The last of these two motives*, he says, *was effectually answered by the reduction of the* Netherlands *in the year* 1706, *or might have been so by the concessions which it is notorious that the enemy offered.* So that the Ministry are here blamed for not contenting themselves with the barrier they had gained in the year 1706, nor with the concessions which the enemy then offered. The other motive of our entering into the war, *viz. The restoring the* Spanish *monarchy to the house of* Austria, he tells us, *remained still in its full force; and we were told*, says he, *that though the barrier of* Holland *was secured, the trade of* Britain *and the balance of power in* Europe *would be still precarious:* Spain *therefore must be conquered.* He then loses himself in matter foreign to his purpose: but what he endeavours in the sequel of his discourse, is to shew, that we have not taken the proper method to recover the *Spanish* monarchy; *that the whole stress of the war has been wantonly laid where* France *is best able to keep us at bay;* that the *French* King has made it impossible for himself to give up *Spain*, and that the Duke of *Anjou* has made it as impossible for us to conquer it: Nay, *that instead of regaining* Spain, *we shall find the Duke of* Anjou *in a condition to pay the debt of gratitude, and support the Grand-father in his declining years, by whose arms in the days of his infancy he was upheld.* He then intimates to us, that the *Dutch* and the Emperor will be so very well satisfied with what they have already conquered, that they may probably leave the house of *Bourbon* in the quiet possession of the *Spanish* Monarchy.

This strange huddle of politics has been so fully answered by General *Stanhope*, that if the Author had delayed the publishing of his letter but a fortnight, the world would have been deprived of that elaborate production. Notwithstanding all that the *French* King or the Duke of *Anjou* have been able to do, notwithstanding the feeble efforts we have made in *Spain*, notwithstanding *the little care the Emperor takes to support King* Charles, notwithstanding the *Dutch* might have been contented *with a larger and better country than their own already conquered for them*, that victorious General at the head of *English*

Engliſh and *Dutch* forces, in conjunction with thoſe of the Emperor, has wreſted *Spain* out of the hands of the houſe of *Bourbon;* and added the conqueſt of *Navarre, Arragon,* and *Caſtile,* to thoſe of *Catalonia, Bavaria, Flanders, Mantua, Milan, Naples, Sicily, Majorca, Minorca,* and *Sardinia.* Such a wonderful ſeries of victories, and thoſe aſtoniſhing returns of ingratitude, which they have met with, appear both of them rather like dreams than realities: they puzzle and confound the preſent age, and it is to be hoped they will not be believed by poſterity. Will the trifling Author of this letter ſay, that the Miniſtry did not apply themſelves to the reduction of *Spain,* when the whole Kingdom was twice conquered in their adminiſtration? The Letter-writer ſays, *that the* Dutch *had gained a good barrier after the battle of* Ramillies *in the year* 1706. But I would fain aſk him, whether he thinks *Antwerp* and *Bruſſels, Ghent* and *Bruges,* could be thought a ſtrong barrier, or that thoſe important conqueſts did not want ſeveral towns and forts to cover them? But it ſeems our great General on that ſide has done more for us than we expected of him, and made the barrier too impregnable. *But,* ſays the Letter-writer, *the ſtreſs of the war was laid in the wrong place:* but if the laying the ſtreſs of the war in the *Low-Countries* drew thither the whole ſtrength of *France;* if it weakened *Spain,* and left it expoſed to an equal force; if *France,* without being preſſed on this ſide, could have aſſiſted the Duke of *Anjou* with a numerous army; and if by the advantage of the ſituation, it could have ſent and maintained in *Spain* ten regiments with as little trouble and expence as *England* could two regiments; every impartial Judge would think that the ſtreſs of the war has been laid in the right place.

The Author of this confuſed diſſertation on foreign affairs, would fain make us believe, that *England* has gained nothing by theſe conqueſts, and put us out of humor with our chief Allies, the Emperor and the *Dutch.* He tells us, *they hoped* England *would have been taken care of, after having ſecured a barrier for* Holland: As if *England* were not taken care of by this very ſecuring a barrier for *Holland;* which has always been looked upon as our Bulwark, or as Mr. *Waller* expreſſes it, our *outguard on the continent;* and which if it had fallen into the hands of the *French,* would have made *France* more ſtrong by ſea than all *Europe* beſides. Has not *England* been taken care of by gaining a new mart in *Flanders,* by opening our trade into the *Levant,* by ſecuring ports for us in *Gibraltar, Minorca* and *Naples,* and by that happy proſpect we have of renewing that great branch of our commerce into *Spain,* which will be of more advantage to *England* than any conqueſt we can make of towns and provinces? Not to mention the demoliſhing of *Dunkirk,* which we were in a fair way of obtaining during the laſt Parliament,

and

and which we never ſo much as propoſed to ourſelves at our firſt engaging in this war.

As for this Author's aſperſions of the *Dutch* and *Germans*, I have ſometimes wondered that he has not been complained of for it to the Secretary of State. Had not he been looked upon as an inſignificant ſcribler, he muſt have occaſioned remonſtrances and memorials: ſuch national injuries are not to be put up, but when the offender is below reſentment. This puts me in mind of an honeſt *Scotchman*, who as he was walking along the ſtreets of *London*, heard one calling out after him, *Scot, Scot*, and caſting forth in a clamorous manner a great deal of opprobrious language againſt that ancient nation: *Sawny* turned about in a great paſſion, and found, to his ſurpriſe, that the perſon who abuſed him was a ſaucy parrot that hung up not far from him in a cage; upon which he clapped his hand to his ſword, and told him, were he a man as he was a green-gooſe, he would have run him through the wemb.

The next head our Politician goes upon, relates to our domeſtic affairs; where I am extremely at a loſs to know what he would be at: all that I can gather from him is, that *the Queen had grieved her Subjects* in making choice of ſuch men for her Miniſters, as raiſed the nation to a greater pitch of glory than ever it was in the days of our forefathers, or than any other nation in theſe our days.

N° 5. *Thurſday, October* 12.

Parere jam non ſcelus eſt. Martial.

WE live in a nation where at preſent there is ſcarce a ſingle head that does not teem with politics. The whole Iſland is peopled with Stateſmen, and not unlike *Trinculo*'s Kingdom of Vice-roys. Every man has contrived a ſcheme of government for the benefit of his fellow-ſubjects, which they may follow and be ſafe.

After this ſhort preface, by which, as an Engliſhman, I lay in my claim to be a Politician; I ſhall enter on my diſcourſe.

The chief point that has puzzled the freeholders of *Great-Britain*, as well as all thoſe that pay ſcot and lot, for about theſe ſix months laſt paſt, is this, Whether they would rather be governed by a Prince that is obliged by laws

laws to be good and gracious, juſt and upright, a friend, father, and a defender of his people; or by one who, if he pleaſes, may drive away or plunder, impriſon or kill, without oppoſition or reſiſtance. This is the true ſtate of the controverſy relating to *paſſive-obedience* and *non-reſiſtance*. For I muſt obſerve, that the Advocates for this doctrine have ſtated the caſe in the ſofteſt and moſt palatable terms that it will bear: and we very well know, that there is great art in moulding a queſtion; and that many a motion will paſs with a *nemine contradicente* in ſome words that would have been as unanimouſly rejected in others. *Paſſive-obedience* and *non-reſiſtance* are of a mild, gentle, and meek-ſpirited ſound: they have reſpect but to one ſide of the relation between the Sovereign and the ſubject, and are apt to fill the mind with no other ideas but thoſe of peace, tranquility, and reſignation. To ſhew this doctrine in thoſe black and odious colors that are natural to it, we ſhould conſider it with regard to the Prince as well as to the People: the queſtion will then take another turn, and it will not be debated whether reſiſtance may be lawful, or whether we may take up arms againſt our Prince; but whether the Engliſh form of government be a tyranny or a limited monarchy? Whether our Prince be obliged by our conſtitution to act according to law, or whether he be arbitrary and deſpotical.

It is impoſſible to ſtate the meaſures of *Obedience*, without ſettling the extent of *Power;* or to deſcribe the *Subject*, without defining the *King*. An arbitrary Prince is in juſtice and equity the maſter of a non-reſiſting people; for where the power is uncircumſcribed, the obedience ought to be unlimited. *Paſſive-obedience* and *non-reſiſtance* are the duties of *Turks* and *Indians*, who have no laws above the will of a *Grand Signior* or a *Mogul*. The ſame power which thoſe Princes enjoy in their reſpective governments, belongs to the legiſlative body in our conſtitution; and that for the ſame reaſon; becauſe no body of men is ſubject to laws, or can be controled by them, who have the authority of making, altering, or repealing whatever laws they ſhall think fit. Were our legiſlature veſted in the perſon of our Prince, he might doubtleſs wind and turn our conſtitution at his pleaſure; he might ſhape our government to his fancy. In a word, he might oppreſs, perſecute, or deſtroy, and no man ſay to him, What doſt thou?

If therefore we would rightly conſider our form of government, we ſhould diſcover the proper meaſures of our duty and obedience; which can never riſe too high to our Sovereign, whilſt he maintains us in thoſe rights and liberties we were born to. But to ſay that we have rights which we ought not to vindicate and aſſert; that Liberty and Property are the birth-right of the *Engliſh* nation, but that if a Prince invades them by violent and illegal methods, we muſt upon no pretence reſiſt, but remain altogether paſſive;

nay, that in ſuch a caſe we muſt all loſe our lives unjuſtly rather than defend them: this, I ſay, is to confound governments, and to join things together that are wholly repugnant in their natures; ſince it is plain, that ſuch a paſſive ſubjection, ſuch an unconditional obedience, can be only due to an arbitrary Prince or to a legiſlative body.

Were theſe ſmooth enſnaring terms rightly explained to the people, and the controverſy of Non-reſiſtance ſet in its juſt light, we ſhould have wanted many thouſands of hands to ſome late Addreſſes. I would fain know what Free-holder in *England* would have ſubſcribed the following addreſs, had it been offered to him; or whether Her Majeſty, who values the rights of her ſubjects as much as her own prerogative, would not have been very much offended at it? and yet I will appeal to the Reader, if this has not been the ſenſe of many Addreſſes, when taken out of ſeveral artificial qualifying expreſſions, and expoſed in their true and genuine light.

Madam,

" IT is with unſpeakable grief of heart, that we hear a ſet of men daily " preaching up among us, that pernicious and damnable doctrine of " ſelf-preſervation; and boldly affirming, as well in their public writings, " as their private diſcourſes, that it is lawful to reſiſt a tyrant, and take up " arms in defence of their lives and liberties. We have the utmoſt horror " and deteſtation of theſe diabolical principles, that may induce your peo- " ple to riſe up in vindication of their rights and freedoms, whenever a " wicked Prince ſhall make uſe of his Royal authority to ſubvert them. We " are aſtoniſhed at the bold and impious attempts of thoſe men, who un- " der the reign of the beſt of Sovereigns, would avow ſuch dangerous te- " nets as may ſecure them under the worſt. We are reſolved to beat down " and diſcountenance theſe ſeditious notions, as being altogether republi- " can, jeſuitical, and conformable to the practice of our rebellious forefa- " thers; who in all ages, at an infinite expence of blood and treaſure, aſ- " ſerted their rights and properties, and conſulted the good of their poſte- " rity by reſiſtance, arms, and pitched battles, to the great trouble and diſ- " quiet of their lawful Prince. We do therefore in the moſt humble and " dutiful manner ſolemnly proteſt and declare, that we will never reſiſt a " Sovereign that ſhall think fit to deſtroy our *Magna Charta*, or invade thoſe " rights and liberties which thoſe traitors procured for us; but will ven- " ture our lives and fortunes againſt ſuch of our fellow-ſubjects who think " they may ſtand up in defence of them.

It happens very unluckily that there is ſomething ſo ſupple and inſinuating in this abſurd unnatural doctrine, as makes it extremely agreeable to a Prince's ear: for which reaſon the publiſhers of it have always been the favorites of weak

weak Kings. Even thoſe who have *no inclination* to do hurt to others, ſays the famous ſatiriſt, would have *the power* of doing it if they pleaſed. Honeſt men who tell their Sovereigns what they expect from them, and what obedience they ſhall be always ready to pay them, are not upon an equal foot with ſuch baſe and abject flatterers; and are therefore always in danger of being the laſt in the Royal favor. Nor indeed would that be unreaſonable, if the profeſſors of Non-reſiſtance and Paſſive-obedience would ſtand to their principle: but inſtead of that we ſee they never fail to exert themſelves againſt an arbitrary power, and to caſt off the oppreſſion when they feel the weight of it. Did they not in the late Revolution riſe up unanimouſly with thoſe who always declared their ſubjection to be conditional, and their obedience limited? And very lately, when their Queen had offended them in nothing but by the promotion of a few great men to poſts of truſt and honor, who had diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their moderation and humanity to all their fellow ſubjects, what was the behaviour of theſe men of meek and reſigned principles? Did not the *Church-Memorial,* which they all applauded and cried up as the language and ſentiments of their party, tell H. M. that it would not be ſafe for her to rely upon their doctrines of Paſſive-obedience and Non-reſiſtance, for that *nature might rebel againſt principles?* Is not this, in plain terms, that they will only practiſe Non-reſiſtance to a Prince that pleaſes them, and Paſſive-obedience when they ſuffer nothing? I remember one of the rabble in *Oedipus*, when he is upbraided with his rebellion, and aſked by the Prophet if he had not taken an oath to be loyal, falls a ſcratching his head, and tells him, Why yes, truly, he had taken ſuch an oath, *but it was a hard thing that an oath ſhould be a man's maſter.* This is in effect the language of the Church in the above mentioned memorial. Men of theſe ſoft peaceable diſpoſitions in times of proſperity, put me in mind of *Kirke's Lambs;* for that was the name he uſed to give his dragoons that had ſignaliſed themſelves above the reſt of the army by many military atchievements among their own countrymen.

There are two or three fatal conſequences of this doctrine, which I cannot forbear pointing out. The firſt of which is, That it has a natural tendency to make a good King a very bad one. When a man is told he may do what he pleaſes with impunity, he will be leſs careful and cautious of doing what he ſhould do, than a man who is influenced by fear as well as by other motives to virtue. It was a ſaying of *Thales* the wiſe *Mileſian*, *That of all wild beaſts a tyrant is the worſt, and of all tame beaſts a flatterer.* They do indeed naturally beget one another, and always exiſt together. Perſuade a Prince that he is irreſiſtible, and he will take care not to let ſo glorious an attribute lie dead

and uſeleſs by him. An arbitrary power has ſomething ſo great in it, that he muſt be more than man who is endowed with it, but never exerts it.

This conſequence of the doctrine I have been ſpeaking of, is very often a fatal one to the people; there is another which is no leſs deſtructive to the Prince. A late unfortunate King very viſibly owed his ruin to it. He relied upon the aſſurances of his people, that they would never reſiſt him upon any pretence whatſoever, and accordingly began to act like a King who was not under the reſtraint of laws, by diſpenſing with them, and taking on him that power which was veſted in the whole legiſlative body. And what was the dreadful end of ſuch a proceeding? It is too freſh in every body's memory. Thus is a Prince corrupted by the profeſſors of this doctrine, and afterwards betrayed by them. The ſame perſons are the Actors, both in the temptation and the puniſhment. They aſſure him they will never reſiſt, but retain their obedience under the utmoſt ſufferings: he tries them in a few inſtances, and is depoſed by them for his credulity.

I remember at the beginning of King *James*'s reign the Quakers preſented an addreſs, which gave great offence to the High Church-men of thoſe times. But notwithſtanding the uncourtlineſs of their phraſes, the ſenſe was very honeſt. The addreſs was as follows, to the beſt of my memory, for I then took great notice of it; and may ſerve as a counterpart to the foregoing one.

" THESE are to teſtify to thee our ſorrow for our friend *Charles*, whom " we hope thou wilt follow in every thing that is good.

" We hear that thou art not of the religion of the land any more than we, " and therefore may reaſonably expect that thou wilt give us the ſame li- " berty that thou takeſt thyſelf.

" We hope that in this and all things elſe thou wilt promote the good " of thy people, which will oblige us to pray that thy reign over us may be " long and proſperous.

Had all King *James*'s ſubjects addreſſed him with the ſame integrity; he had, in all probability, ſat upon his throne till death had removed him from it.

THE

THE

FREE-HOLDER.

The FREE-HOLDER.

N° 1. *Friday, December* 23, 1715.

Rara temporum felicitas, ubi ſentire quæ velis, et quæ ſentias dicere licet.
Tacit.

THE arguments of an Author loſe a great deal of their weight, when we are perſuaded that he only writes for argument's ſake, and has no real concern in the cauſe which he eſpouſes. This is the caſe of one, who draws his pen in the defence of property, without having any; except, perhaps, in the copy of a libel, or a ballad. One is apt to ſuſpect, that the paſſion for liberty, which appears in a grub-ſtreet patriot, ariſes only from his apprehenſions of a goal; and that, whatever he may pretend, he does not write to ſecure, but to get ſomething of his own. Should the Government be overturned, he has nothing to loſe but an old ſtandiſh.

I queſtion not but the Reader will conceive a reſpect for the Author of this paper, from the title of it; ſince, he may be ſure, I am ſo conſiderable a man, that I cannot have leſs than forty ſhillings a year.

I have rather choſen this title than any other, becauſe it is what I moſt glory in, and what moſt effectually calls to my mind the happineſs of that Government under which I live. As a *Britiſh* Free-holder, I ſhould not ſcruple taking place of a *French* Marquis; and when I ſee one of my countrymen amuſing himſelf in his little cabbage-garden, I naturally look upon him as a greater perſon than the owner of the richeſt vineyard in *Champagne.*

The Houſe of Commons is the repreſentative of men in my condition. I conſider myſelf as one who give my conſent to every law which paſſes: a Free-holder in our Government being of the nature of a Citizen of *Rome* in that

that famous common-wealth; who, by the election of a Tribune, had a kind of remote voice in every law that was enacted. So that a Free-holder is but one remove from a Legiſlator, and for that reaſon ought to ſtand up in the defence of thoſe laws, which are in ſome degree of his own making. For ſuch is the nature of our happy conſtitution, that the bulk of the people virtually give their approbation to every thing they are bound to obey, and preſcribe to themſelves thoſe rules by which they are to walk.

At the ſame time that I declare I am a Free-holder, I do not exclude myſelf from any other title. A Free-holder may be either a Voter, or a Knight of the ſhire; a Wit, or a Fox-hunter; a Scholar, or a Soldier; an Alderman, or a Courtier; a Patriot, or a Stock-jobber. But I chooſe to be diſtinguiſhed by this denomination, as the Free-holder is the baſis of all other titles. Dignities may be grafted upon it; but this is the ſubſtantial ſtock, that conveys to them their life, taſte, and beauty; and without which they are no more than bloſſoms, that would fall away with every ſhake of wind.

And here I cannot but take occaſion to congratulate my country upon the increaſe of this happy tribe of men, ſince, by the wiſdom of the preſent Parliament, I find the race of Free-holders ſpreading into the remoteſt corners of the Iſland. I mean that act which paſſed in the late Seſſion for the encouragement of loyalty in *Scotland:* by which it is provided, *That all and every Vaſſal and Vaſſals in* Scotland, *who ſhall continue peaceable, and in dutiful allegiance to his Majeſty, his Heirs and Succeſſors, holding lands or tenements of any offender* (guilty of High-Treaſon) *who holds ſuch lands or tenements immediately of the Crown, ſhall be veſted and ſeiſed, and are hereby enacted and ordained to hold the ſaid lands or tenements of his Majeſty, his Heirs and Succeſſors, in fee and heritage for ever, by ſuch manner of holding, as any ſuch offender held ſuch lands or tenements of the Crown*, &c.

By this means it will be in the power of a Highlander to be at all times a good tenant, without being a rebel; and to deſerve the character of a faithful ſervant, without thinking himſelf obliged to follow his Maſter to the gallows.

How can we ſufficiently extol the goodneſs of his preſent Majeſty, who is not willing to have a ſingle ſlave in his dominions! or enough rejoice in the exerciſe of that loyalty, which, inſtead of betraying a man into the moſt ignominious ſervitude, (as it does in ſome of our neighbouring kingdoms) entitles him to the higheſt privileges of freedom and property! It is now to be hoped, that we ſhall have few Vaſſals, but to the laws of our country.

When theſe men have a taſte of property, they will naturally love that conſtitution from which they derive ſo great a bleſſing. There is an unſpeakable pleaſure in calling any thing one's own. A Free-hold, though it be

be but in ice and ſnow, will make the owner pleaſed in the poſſeſſion, and ſtout in the defence of it; and is a very proper reward for our allegiance to our preſent King, who (by an unparalleled inſtance of goodneſs in a Sovereign, and infatuation in ſubjects) contends for the freedom of his people againſt themſelves; and will not ſuffer many of them to fall into a ſtate of ſlavery, which they are bent upon with ſo much eagerneſs and obſtinacy.

A Free-holder of *Great Britain* is bred with an averſion to every thing that tends to bring him under a ſubjection to the arbitrary will of another. Of this we find frequent inſtances in all our hiſtories; where the perſons, whoſe characters are the moſt amiable, and ſtrike us with the higheſt veneration, are thoſe who ſtood up manfully againſt the invaſions of civil liberty, and the complicated tyranny which Popery impoſes upon our bodies, our fortunes, and our minds. What a deſpicable figure then muſt the preſent mock-patriots make in the eyes of poſterity, who venture to be hanged, drawn and quartered, for the ruin of thoſe civil rights, which their anceſtors, rather than part with, choſe to be cut to pieces in the field of battle? And what an opinion will after-ages entertain of their religion, who bid fair for a gibbet, by endeavouring to bring in a ſuperſtition, which their forefathers periſhed in flames to keep out?

But how inſtructive ſoever the folly of theſe men may prove to future times, it will be my buſineſs more immediately to conſult the happineſs of the age in which I live. And ſince ſo many profligate writers have endeavoured to varniſh over a bad cauſe, I ſhall do all in my power to recommend a good one, which indeed requires no more than barely to explain what it is. While many of my gallant countrymen are employed in purſuing rebels half diſcomfited through the conſciouſneſs of their guilt, I ſhall labor to improve thoſe victories to the good of my fellow-ſubjects; by carrying on our ſucceſſes over the minds of men, and by reconciling them to the cauſe of their King, their Country, and their Religion.

To this end, I ſhall in the courſe of this paper (to be publiſhed every *Monday* and *Friday)* endeavour to open the eyes of my countrymen to their own intereſt, to ſhew them the privileges of an *Engliſh* Free-holder, which they enjoy in common with myſelf, and to make them ſenſible how theſe bleſſings are ſecured to us by his Majeſty's title, his adminiſtration, and his perſonal character.

I have only one requeſt to make to my Readers, that they will peruſe theſe papers with the ſame candor and impartiality in which they are written; and ſhall hope for no other prepoſſeſſion in favor of them, than what one would think ſhould be natural to every man, a deſire to be happy, and a good will towards thoſe, who are the inſtruments of making them ſo.

N° 2. *Monday, December* 26.

Non de domino, ſed de parente loquimur. Intelligamus ergo bona noſtra, dignoſque nos illius uſu probemus; atque identidem cogitemus, ſi majus principibus præſtemus obſequium, qui ſervitute civium, quam qui libertate lætantur.

Plin.

HAVING in my firſt paper ſet forth the happineſs of my ſtation as a Free-holder of *Great Britain,* and the nature of that property which is ſecured to me by the laws of my country; I cannot forbear conſidering, in the next place, that perſon who is entruſted with the guardianſhip and execution of thoſe laws. I have lived in one reign, when the Prince, inſtead of invigorating the laws of our country, or giving them their proper courſe, aſſumed a power of diſpenſing with them: and in another, when the Sovereign was flattered by a ſet of men into a perſuaſion, that the regal Authority was unlimited and uncircumſcribed. In either of theſe caſes, good laws are at beſt but a dead letter; and by ſhewing the people how happy they ought to be, only ſerve to aggravate the ſenſe of their oppreſſions.

We have the pleaſure at this time to ſee a King upon the throne, who hath too much goodneſs to wiſh for any power, that does not enable him to promote the welfare of his ſubjects; and too much wiſdom to look upon thoſe as his friends, who would make their court to him by the profeſſion of an obedience, which they never practiſed, and which has always proved fatal to thoſe Princes, who have put it to the trial. His Majeſty gave a proof of his ſovereign virtues, before he came to the exerciſe of them in this kingdom. His inclination to juſtice led him to rule his *German* ſubjects in the ſame manner, that our conſtitution directs him to govern the *Engliſh.* He regarded thoſe which are our civil liberties, as the natural rights of mankind; and therefore indulged them to a people, who pleaded no other claim to them than from his known goodneſs and humanity. This experience of a good Prince, before we had the happineſs to enjoy him, muſt give great ſatisfaction to every thinking man, who conſiders how apt Sovereignty is to deprave human nature; and how many of our own Princes made very ill figures upon the Throne, who, before they aſcended it, were the favorites of the people.

What

What gives us the greateſt ſecurity in the conduct of ſo excellent a Prince, is, That conſiſtency of behaviour, whereby he inflexibly purſues thoſe meaſures which appear the moſt juſt and equitable. As he hath the character of being the moſt prudent in laying proper ſchemes; he is no leſs remarkable for being ſteady in accompliſhing what he has once concerted. Indeed, if we look into the hiſtory of his preſent Majeſty, and reflect upon that wonderful ſeries of ſucceſſes which have attended him, I think they cannot be aſcribed to any thing ſo much as to his uniformity and firmneſs of mind, which has always diſcovered itſelf in his proceedings. It was by this that he ſurmounted thoſe many difficulties which lay in the way to his ſucceſſion; and by which, we have reaſon to hope, he will daily make all oppoſition fall before him. The fickle and unſteady politics of our late *Britiſh* Monarchs, have been the perpetual ſource of thoſe diſſenſions and animoſities which have made the nation unhappy: whereas the conſtant and unſhaken temper of his preſent Majeſty, muſt have a natural tendency to the peace of his government, and the unanimity of his people.

Whilſt I am enumerating the public virtues of our Sovereign, which are ſo conducive to the advantage of thoſe who are to obey him, I cannot but take notice, that his Majeſty was bred up from his infancy with a love to this our nation, under a Princeſs, who was the moſt accompliſhed woman of her age, and particularly famous for her affection to the *Engliſh*. Our countrymen were dear to him, before there was any proſpect of their being his ſubjects; and every one knows, that nothing recommended a man ſo much to the diſtinguiſhing civilities of his Court, as the being born in *Great Britain*.

To the fame of his Majeſty's civil virtues, we may add the reputation he has acquired by his martial atchievements. It is obſerved by Sir *William Temple*, that the *Engliſh* are particularly fond of a King who is valiant: upon which account his Majeſty has a title to all the eſteem that can be paid the moſt warlike Prince; though at the ſame time, for the good of his ſubjects, he ſtudies to decline all occaſions of military glory; and chooſes rather to be diſtinguiſhed as the Father, than as the Captain of his people. I am glad his rebellious ſubjects are too inconſiderable to put him upon exerting that courage and conduct, which raiſed him ſo great a reputation in *Hungary* and the *Morea*, when he fought againſt the enemies of Chriſtianity; and in *Germany* and *Flanders*, where he commanded againſt the great diſturber of the peace of *Europe*. One would think there was reaſon for the opinion of thoſe, who make perſonal courage to be an hereditary virtue, when we ſee ſo many inſtances of it in the line of *Brunſwic*. To go no farther back than the time of our preſent King, where can we find, among the ſovereign houſes of

Europe, any other family, that has furniſhed ſo many perſons of diſtinguiſhed fortitude? Three of his Majeſty's brothers have fallen gloriouſly in the field, fighting againſt the enemies of their native country: and the bravery of his royal highneſs the Prince of *Wales,* is ſtill freſh in our memory, who fought, with the ſpirit of his father, at the battle of *Audenarde,* when the children of *France,* and the Pretender, fled before him.

I might here take notice of his Majeſty's more private virtues, but have rather choſen to remind my countrymen of the public parts of his character, which are ſupported by ſuch inconteſtable facts as are univerſally known and acknowledged.

Having thus far conſidered our happineſs in his Majeſty's civil and military character, I cannot forbear pleaſing myſelf with regarding him in the view of one, who has been always fortunate. *Cicero* recommends *Pompey* under this particular head to the *Romans,* with whom the character of being fortunate was ſo popular, that ſeveral of their Emperors gave it a place among their titles. Good fortune is often the reward of virtue, and as often the effect of prudence. And whether it proceeds from either of theſe, or from both together, or whatever may be the cauſe of it, every one is naturally pleaſed to ſee his intereſts conducted by a perſon who is uſed to good ſucceſs. The eſtabliſhment of the Electoral dignity in his Majeſty's family, was a work reſerved for him finally to accompliſh. A large acceſſion of dominion fell to him, by his ſucceeding to the Dukedom of *Zell,* whereby he became one of the greateſt Princes of *Germany;* and one of the moſt powerful perſons, that ever ſtood next heir to the throne of *Great Britain.* The Dutchy of *Bremen,* and the Biſhopric of *Oſnaburg,* have conſiderably ſtrengthened his intereſts in the Empire, and given a great additional weight to the Proteſtant cauſe. But the moſt remarkable interpoſitions of Providence, in favor of him, have appeared in removing thoſe ſeemingly invincible obſtacles to his ſucceſſion; in taking away, at ſo critical a juncture, the perſon who might have proved a dangerous enemy; in confounding the ſecret and open attempts of his traiterous ſubjects, and in giving him the delightful proſpect of tranſmitting his power through a numerous and ſtill encreaſing progeny.

Upon the whole, it is not to be doubted but every wiſe and honeſt ſubject will concur with Providence, in promoting the glory and happineſs of his preſent Majeſty, who is endowed with all thoſe Royal virtues, that will naturally ſecure to us the national bleſſings, which ought to be dear and valuable to a free people.

Friday,

N° 3. *Friday, December* 30.

Quibus otio vel magnifice, vel molliter vivere copia erat, incerta pro certis, bellum quam pacem, malebant. Sal.

EVERY one knows that it is uſual for a *French* officer, who can write and read, to ſet down all the occurrences of a campaign, in which he pretends to have been perſonally concerned; and to publiſh them under the title of his *Memoirs,* when moſt of his fellow-ſoldiers are dead that might have contradicted any of his matters of fact. Many a gallant young fellow has been killed in battle before he came to the third page of his ſecret hiſtory; when ſeveral, who have taken more care of their perſons, have lived to fill a whole volume with their military performances, and to aſtoniſh the world with ſuch inſtances of their bravery, as had eſcaped the notice of every body elſe. One of our late *Preſton* heroes had, it ſeems, reſolved upon this method of doing himſelf juſtice: and, had he not been nipped in the bud, might have made a very formidable figure in his own works, among poſterity. A friend of mine, who had the pillage of his pockets, has made me a preſent of the following Memoirs, which he deſires me to accept as a part of the ſpoils of the Rebels. I have omitted the introduction, as more proper for the inſpection of a Secretary of State; and ſhall only ſet down ſo much of the Memoirs as ſeems to be a faithful narrative of that wonderful expedition, which drew upon it the eyes of all *Europe.*

" HAVING thus concerted meaſures for a riſing, we had a general meeting over a bowl of punch. It was here propoſed by one of the " wiſeſt among us, to draw up a Manifeſto, ſetting forth the grounds and motives of our taking arms; for, as he obſerved, there had never yet been an " inſurrection in *England,* where the Leaders had not thought themſelves " obliged to give ſome reaſons for it. To this end we laid our heads together to conſider what grievances the nation had ſuffered under the reign " of King *George.* After having ſpent ſome hours upon this ſubject, without " being able to diſcover any, we unanimouſly agreed to rebel firſt, and to " find out reaſons for it afterwards. It was indeed eaſy to gueſs at ſeveral " grievances of a private nature, which influenced particular perſons. One

" of

" of us had ſpent his fortune: another was a younger brother: a third had " the incumbrance of a father upon his eſtate. But that which principally " diſpoſed us in favor of the Chevalier was, that moſt of the company had " been obliged to take the abjuration oath againſt their will. Being at length " thoroughly inflamed with zeal and punch, we reſolved to take horſe the " next morning; which we did accordingly, having been joined by a conſi- " derable reinforcement of *Roman Catholics,* whom we could rely upon, as " knowing them to be the beſt *Tories* in the nation, and avowed enemies to " *Preſbyterianiſm.* We were likewiſe joined by a very uſeful Aſſociate, who " was a fidler by profeſſion, and brought in with him a body of luſty young " fellows, whom he had tweedled into the ſervice. About the third day of " our march I was made a colonel; though I muſt needs ſay, I gained my " commiſſion by my horſe's virtues, not my own; having leaped over a ſix- " bar gate at the head of the cavalry. My General, who is a diſcerning man, " hereupon gave me a Regiment; telling me, *He did not queſtion but I would* " *do the like when I came to the enemies paliſadoes.* We purſued our march with " much intrepidity through two or three open towns, to the great terror of " the market-people, and the miſcarriage of half a dozen big-bellied wo- " men. Notwithſtanding the Magiſtracy was generally againſt us, we could " diſcover many friends among our ſpectators; particularly in two or three " balconies, which were filled with ſeveral tawdry females, who are known " by the ancient name of *Harlots.* This ſort of Ladies received us every " where with great demonſtrations of joy, and promiſed to aſſiſt us with " their prayers. After theſe ſignal ſucceſſes in the North of *England,* it was " thought adviſable by our General to proceed towards our *Scotch* confede- " rates. During our firſt days march I amuſed myſelf with conſidering what " poſt I ſhould accept of under *James* the third, when we had put him in " poſſeſſion of the *Britiſh* dominions. Being a great lover of country ſports, " I abſolutely determined not to be a Miniſter of State, nor to be fobbed " off with a garter; until at length paſſing by a noble country-ſeat which " belongs to a *Whig,* I reſolved to beg it; and pleaſed myſelf the remainder " of the day with ſeveral alterations I intended to make in it: for though " the ſituation was very delightful, I neither liked the front of the houſe, " nor the avenues that led to it. We were indeed ſo confident of ſucceſs, " that I found moſt of my fellow-ſoldiers were taken up with imagina- " tions of the ſame nature. There had like to have been a duel between " two of our ſubalterns, upon a diſpute which of them ſhould be Gover- " nor of *Portſmouth.* A *Popiſh* prieſt about the ſame time gave great offence " to a *Northumberland* Squire, whom he threatened to excommunicate, if " he did not give up to him the Church-lands, which his family had

" uſurped

" uſurped ever ſince the Reformation. In ſhort, every man had cut out " a place for himſelf in his own thoughts; ſo that I could reckon up in our " little army, two or three Lord-treaſurers, half a dozen Secretaries of State, " and at leaſt a ſcore of Lords-juſtices in Eyre for each ſide of *Trent*. We " purſued our march through ſeveral villages, which we drank dry, making " proclamation at our entrance, in the name of *James* the third, againſt all " concealments of ale or brandy. Being very much fatigued with the action " of a whole week, it was agreed to reſt on *Sunday*, when we heard a moſt " excellent ſermon. Our Chaplain inſiſted principally upon two heads. " Under the firſt he proved to us, that the breach of public oaths is no per- " jury; and under the ſecond expounded to us the nature of Non-reſiſtance; " which might be interpreted from the *Hebrew*, to ſignify either loyalty or " rebellion, according as the Sovereign beſtowed his favors and prefer- " ments. He concluded with exhorting us, in a moſt pathetic manner, to " purge the land by wholeſome ſeverities, and to propagate ſound princi- " ples by fire and ſword. We ſet forward the next day towards our friends " at *Kelſo;* but by the way had like to have loſt our General, and ſome of " our moſt active officers: for a Fox unluckily croſſing the road, drew off " a conſiderable detachment, who clapped ſpurs to their horſes, and pur- " ſued him with whoops and hollows till we had loſt ſight of them. A co- " vey of partridges ſpringing in our front, put our infantry into diſorder " on the ſame day. It was not long after this that we were joined by our " friends from the other ſide of the *Frith*. Upon the junction of the two " corps our ſpies brought us word, that they diſcovered a great cloud of " duſt at ſome diſtance; upon which we ſent out a party to reconnoitre. " They returned to us with intelligence, that the duſt was raiſed by a great " drove of black cattle. This news was not a little welcome to us, the army " of both nations being very hungry. We quickly formed ourſelves, and " received orders for the attack, with poſitive inſtructions to give no quar- " ter. Every thing was executed with ſo much good order, that we made " a very plentiful ſupper. We had, three days after, the ſame ſucceſs " againſt a flock of ſheep, which we were forced to eat with great precipi- " tation, having received advice of General *Carpenter*'s march as we were at " dinner. Upon this alarm we made incredible ſtretches towards the South, " with a deſign to gain the Faſtneſſes of *Preſton*. We did little remarkable " in our way, except ſetting fire to a few houſes, and frighting an old wo- " man into fits. We had now got a long day's march of the enemy; and " meeting with a conſiderable refreſhment of *October*, all the Officers aſſem- " bled over it, among whom were ſeveral *Popiſh* Lords and Gentlemen, who " toaſted many loyal healths and confuſions, and wept very plentifully for

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" the danger of the Church. We ſat till midnight, and at our parting re-
" ſolved to give the enemy battle; but the next morning changed our re-
" ſolutions, and proſecuted our march with indefatigable ſpeed. We were
" no ſooner arrived upon the frontiers of *Cumberland,* but we ſaw a great
" body of militia drawn up in array againſt us. Orders were given to halt;
" and a council of war was immediately called, wherein we agreed, with
" that great unanimity which was ſo remarkable among us on theſe occa-
" ſions, to make a retreat. But before we could give the word, the train-
" bands, taking advantage of our delay, fled firſt. We arrived at *Preſton*
" without any memorable adventure; where, after having formed many
" barricades, and prepared for a vigorous reſiſtance, upon the approach of
" the King's troops under General *Wills,* who was uſed to the outlandiſh
" way of making war, we thought it high time to put in practice that paſ-
" ſive-obedience, in which our party ſo much glories, and which I would
" adviſe them to ſtick to for the future.

Such was the end of this rebellion; which, in all probability, will not only tend to the ſafety of our conſtitution, but the preſervation of the game.

N° 4. *Monday, January* 2, 1716.

Ne ſe mulier extra virtutum cogitationes, extraque bellorum caſus putet, ipſis incipientis matrimonii auſpiciis admonetur, venire ſe laborum periculorumque ſociam, idem in pace, idem in prælio paſſuram auſuramque. Sic vivendum, ſic pereundum.
Tacit.

IT is with great ſatisfaction I obſerve, that the women of our Iſland, who are the moſt eminent for virtue and good ſenſe, are in the intereſt of the preſent government. As the fair ſex very much recommend the cauſe they are engaged in, it would be no ſmall misfortune to a Sovereign, though he had all the male part of the nation on his ſide, if he did not find himſelf King of the moſt beautiful half of his ſubjects. Ladies are always of great uſe to the party they eſpouſe, and never fail to win over numbers to it. Lovers, according to Sir *William Petty*'s computation, make at leaſt the third part of the ſenſible men of the *Britiſh* nation; and it has been an uncontroverted maxim in all ages, that though a huſband is ſometimes a ſtubborn ſort of a creature, a lover is always at the devotion of his Miſtreſs. By this means

means it lies in the power of every fine woman, to ſecure at leaſt half a dozen able-bodied men to his Majeſty's ſervice. The female world are likewiſe indiſpenſably neceſſary in the beſt cauſes to manage the controverſial part of them, in which no man of tolerable breeding is ever able to refute them. Arguments out of a pretty mouth are unanſwerable.

It is indeed remarkable that the inferior tribe of common women, who are a diſhonor to their ſex, have, in moſt reigns, been the profeſſed ſticklers for ſuch as have acted in oppoſition to the true intereſt of the nation. The moſt numerous converts in King *James*'s reign, were particularly noted to be of this kind. I can give no other reaſon for ſuch a behaviour, unleſs it be, that it is not for the advantage of theſe female adventurers the laws of the land ſhould take place, and that they know *Bridewell* is a part of our conſtitution.

There are many reaſons why the women of *Great Britain* ſhould be on the ſide of the Free-holder, and enemies to the perſon who would bring in arbitrary government and Popery. As there are ſeveral of our Ladies who amuſe themſelves in the reading of Travels, they cannot but take notice what uncomfortable lives thoſe of their own ſex lead, where Paſſive-obedience is profeſſed and practiſed in its utmoſt perfection. In thoſe countries the men have no property but in their wives, who are the ſlaves to ſlaves: every married woman being ſubject to a domeſtic tyrant, that requires from her the ſame vaſſalage which he pays to his Sultan. If the Ladies would ſeriouſly conſider the evil conſequences of arbitrary power, they would find, that it ſpoils the ſhape of the foot in *China,* where the barbarous politics of the men ſo diminiſh the baſis of the female figure, as to unqualify a woman for an evening walk or country dance. In the *Eaſt-Indies*, a widow, who has any regard to her character, throws herſelf into the flames of her huſband's funeral pile, to ſhew, forſooth, that ſhe is faithful and loyal to the memory of her deceaſed Lord. In *Perſia*, the daughters of *Eve*, as they call them, are reckoned in the inventory of their goods and chattels: and it is a uſual thing when a man ſells a bale of ſilk, or a drove of camels, to toſs half a dozen women into the bargain. Through all the dominions of the Great *Turk*, a woman thinks herſelf happy if ſhe can get but the twelfth ſhare of a huſband, and is thought of no manner of uſe in the creation, but to keep up a proper number of ſlaves for the commander of the faithful. I need not ſet forth the ill uſage which the fair ones meet with in thoſe deſpotic governments that lie nearer us. Every one hath heard of the ſeveral ways of locking up women in *Spain* and *Italy;* where, if there is any power lodged in any of the ſex, it is not among the young and the beautiful, whom nature ſeems to have formed for it, but among the old and withered matrons,

trons, known by the frightful name of *Gouvernantes* and *Duennas*. If any ſhould alledge the freedoms indulged to the *French* Ladies, he muſt own that theſe are owing to the natural gallantry of the people, not to their form of government, which excludes by its very conſtitution every female from power, as naturally unfit to hold the ſceptre of that kingdom.

Women ought in reaſon to be no leſs averſe to popery than to arbitrary power. Some merry Authors have pretended to demonſtrate, that the *Roman Catholic* religion could never ſpread in a nation, where women would have more modeſty than to expoſe their innocent liberties to a Confeſſor. Others of the ſame turn, have aſſured us, that the fine *Britiſh* complexion, which is ſo peculiar to our Ladies, would ſuffer very much from a fiſh diet: and that a whole *Lent* would give ſuch a ſallowneſs to the celebrated beauties of this Iſland, as would ſcarce make them diſtinguiſhable from thoſe of *France*. I ſhall only leave to the ſerious conſideration of my country-women the danger any of them might have been in, (had popery been our national religion) of being forced by their Relations to a ſtate of perpetual virginity. The moſt blooming Toaſt in the Iſland might have been a Nun; and many a Lady, who is now a mother of fine children, condemned to a condition of life, diſagreeable to herſelf, and unprofitable to the world. To this I might add the melancholy objects, they would be daily entertained with, of ſeveral ſightly men delivered over to an inviolable celibacy. Let a young Lady imagine to herſelf the briſk embroidered Officer, who now makes love to her with ſo agreeable an air, converted into a Monk; or the Beau, who now addreſſes himſelf to her in a full-bottomed wig, diſtinguiſhed by a little bald pate covered with a black leather ſkull-cap. I forbear to mention many other objections, which the Ladies, who are no ſtrangers to the doctrines of Popery, will eaſily recollect: though I do not in the leaſt doubt, but thoſe I have already ſuggeſted, will be ſufficient to perſuade my fair Readers to be zealous in the Proteſtant cauſe.

The freedom and happineſs of our *Britiſh* Ladies is ſo ſingular, that it is a common ſaying in foreign countries, *If a bridge were built croſs the ſeas, all the women in* Europe *would flock into* England. It has been obſerved, that the laws relating to them are ſo favorable, that one would think they themſelves had given votes in enacting them. All the honors and indulgencies of ſociety are due to them by our cuſtoms; and, by our conſtitution, they have all the privileges of *Engliſh* born ſubjects, without the burdens. I need not acquaint my fair Fellow-free-holders, that every man, who is anxious for our ſacred and civil rights, is a champion in their cauſe; ſince we enjoy in common a religion agreeable to that reaſonable nature, of which we equally partake; and ſince, in point of property, our law makes no diſtinction of ſexes.

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We may therefore juſtly expect from them, that they will act in concert with us for the preſervation of our laws and religion, which cannot ſubſiſt, but under the government of his preſent Majeſty; and would neceſſarily be ſubverted, under that of a perſon bred up in the moſt violent principles of popery and arbitrary power. Thus may the fair ſex contribute to fix the peace of a brave and generous people, who for many ages have diſdained to bear any tyranny but theirs; and be as famous in hiſtory, as thoſe illuſtrious matrons, who in the infancy of *Rome,* reconciled the *Romans* and *Sabines,* and united the two contending parties under their new King.

N° 5. *Friday, January* 6.

Omnium Societatum nulla eſt gravior, nulla carior, quam ea quæ cum republica eſt unicuique noſtrum: Cari ſunt parentes, cari liberi, propinqui, familiares: ſed omnes omnium caritates patria una complexa eſt: Pro qua quis bonus dubitet mortem oppetere, ſi ei ſit profuturus? Cic.

THERE is no greater ſign of a general decay of virtue in a nation, than a want of zeal in its inhabitants for the good of their country. This generous and public-ſpirited paſſion has been obſerved of late years to languiſh and grow cold in this our Iſland; where a party of men have made it their buſineſs to repreſent it as chimerical and romantic, to deſtroy in the minds of the people the ſenſe of national glory, and to turn into ridicule our natural and ancient Allies, who are united to us by the common intereſts both of religion and policy. It may not therefore be unſeaſonable to recommend to this preſent generation the practice of that virtue, for which their anceſtors were particularly famous, and which is called *The love of one's country.* This love to our country, as a moral virtue, is a fixed diſpoſition of mind to promote the ſafety, welfare, and reputation of the community in which we are born, and of the conſtitution under which we are protected. Our obligation to this great duty, may appear to us from ſeveral conſiderations.

In the firſt place we may obſerve, that we are directed to it by one of thoſe ſecret ſuggeſtions of nature, which go under the name of *Inſtinct*, and which are never given in vain. As ſelf-love is an inſtinct planted in us for the good and ſafety of each particular perſon, the love of our country is im-

preſſed on our minds for the happineſs and preſervation of the community. This inſtinct is ſo remarkable, that we find examples of it in thoſe who are born in the moſt uncomfortable climates, or the worſt of governments. We read of an inhabitant of *Nova Zembla*, who, after having lived ſome time in *Denmark*, where he was clothed and treated with the utmoſt indulgence, took the firſt opportunity of making his eſcape, though with the hazard of his life, into his native regions of cold, poverty and nakedneſs. We have an inſtance of the ſame nature among the very *Hottentots*. One of theſe ſavages was brought into *England*, taught our language, and in a great meaſure poliſhed out of his natural barbarity: but upon being carried back to the Cape of *Good Hope* (where it was thought he might have been of advantage to our *Engliſh* traders) he mixed in a kind of tranſport with his countrymen, brutaliſed with them in their habit and manners, and would never again return to his foreign acquaintance. I need not mention the common opinion of the *Negroes* in our plantations, who have no other notion of a future ſtate of happineſs, than that, after death, they ſhall be conveyed back to their native country. The *Swiſs* are ſo remarkable for this paſſion, that it often turns to a diſeaſe among them; for which there is a particular name in the *German* language, and which the *French* call *The diſtemper of the country:* for nothing is more uſual than for ſeveral of their common ſoldiers, who are liſted into a foreign ſervice, to have ſuch violent hankerings after their home, as to pine away even to death, unleſs they have a permiſſion to return; which, on ſuch an occaſion, is generally granted them. I ſhall only add under this head, that ſince the love of one's country is natural to every man, any particular nation, who, by falſe politics, ſhall endeavour to ſtifle or reſtrain it, will not be upon a level with others.

As this love of our country is natural to every man, ſo it is likewiſe very *reaſonable;* and that, in the firſt place, becauſe it inclines us to be beneficial to thoſe, who are and ought to be dearer to us than any others. It takes in our families, relations, friends and acquaintance, and, in ſhort, all whoſe welfare and ſecurity we are obliged to conſult, more than that of thoſe who are ſtrangers to us. For this reaſon it is the moſt ſublime and extenſive of all ſocial virtues: eſpecially if we conſider that it does not only promote the well-being of thoſe who are our contemporaries, but likewiſe of their children and their poſterity. Hence it is that all caſuiſts are unanimous in determining, that when the good of the country interferes even with the life of the moſt beloved relation, deareſt friend, or greateſt benefactor, it is to be preferred without exception.

Farther, though there is a benevolence due to all mankind, none can queſtion but a ſuperior degree of it is to be paid to a father, a wife, or a child.

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In the ſame manner, though our love ſhould reach to the whole ſpecies, a greater proportion of it ſhould exert itſelf towards that community in which providence has placed us. This is our proper ſphere of action, the province allotted to us for the exerciſe of all our civil virtues, and in which alone we have opportunities of expreſſing our good-will to mankind. I could not but be pleaſed, in the accounts of the late *Perſian* embaſſy into *France*, with a particular ceremony of the Embaſſador; who every morning, before he went abroad, religiouſly ſaluted a turf of earth dug out of his own native ſoil, to remind him, that in all the tranſactions of the day he was to think of his country, and purſue its advantages. If, in the ſeveral diſtricts and diviſions of the world, men would thus ſtudy the welfare of thoſe reſpective communities, to which their power of doing good is limited, the whole race of reaſonable creatures would be happy, as far as the benefits of ſociety can make them ſo. At leaſt, we find ſo many bleſſings naturally flowing from this noble principle, that, in proportion as it prevails, every nation becomes a proſperous and floriſhing people.

It may be yet a farther recommendation of this particular virtue, if we conſider, that no nation was ever famous for its morals, which was not at the ſame time remarkable for its public ſpirit. Patriots naturally riſe out of a *Spartan* or *Roman* virtue: and there is no remark more common among the ancient hiſtorians, than that when the State was corrupted with avarice and luxury, it was in danger of being betrayed, or ſold.

To the foregoing reaſons for the love which every good man owes to his country, we may add, that the actions, which are moſt celebrated in hiſtory, and which are read with the greateſt admiration, are ſuch as proceed from this principle. The eſtabliſhing of good laws, the detecting of conſpiracies, the cruſhing of ſeditions and rebellions, the falling in battle, or the devoting of a man's ſelf to certain death for the ſafety of fellow-citizens, are actions that always warm the Reader, and endear to him perſons of the remoteſt ages, and the moſt diſtant countries.

And as actions, that proceed from the love of one's country, are more illuſtrious than any others in the records of time; ſo we find that thoſe perſons who have been eminent in other virtues, have been particulary diſtinguiſhed by this. It would be endleſs to produce examples of this kind, out of *Greek* and *Roman* Authors. To confine myſelf therefore in ſo wide and beaten a field, I ſhall chooſe ſome inſtances from Holy Writ, which abounds in accounts of this nature, as much as any other hiſtory whatſoever. And this I do the more willingly, becauſe in ſome books lately written, I find it objected againſt revealed religion, that it does not inſpire the love of one's country. Here I muſt premiſe, that as the ſacred Author

of

of our religion chiefly inculcated to the *Jews* thoſe parts of their duty wherein they were moſt defective, ſo there was no need of inſiſting upon this: the *Jews* being remarkable for an attachment to their own country, even to the excluſion of all common humanity to ſtrangers. We ſee in the behaviour of this divine perſon, the practice of this virtue in conjunction with all others. He deferred working a miracle in the behalf of a *Syro-Phœnician* woman, until he had declared his ſuperior good-will to his own nation; and was prevailed upon to heal the daughter of a *Roman* Centurion, by hearing from the *Jews,* that he was one who loved their nation, and had built them a Synagogue. But, to look out for no other inſtance, what was ever more moving, than his lamentation over *Jeruſalem*, at his firſt approach to it, notwithſtanding he had foretold the cruel and unjuſt treatment he was to meet with in that city! for he foreſaw the deſtruction which in a few years was to fall upon that people; a deſtruction not to be paralleled in any nation from the beginning of the world to this day; and in the view of it melted into tears. His followers have in many places expreſſed the like ſentiments of affection for their countrymen, among which none is more extraordinary than that of the great Convert, who wiſhed he himſelf might be made a curſe, provided it might turn to the happineſs of his nation; or as he words it, *of his brethren and kinſmen, who are* Iſraelites. This inſtance naturally brings to mind the ſame heroic temper of ſoul in the great *Jewiſh* Lawgiver, who would have devoted himſelf in the ſame manner rather than ſee his people periſh. It would indeed be difficult to find out any man of extraordinary piety in the ſacred writings, in whom this virtue is not highly conſpicuous. The Reader however will excuſe me, if I take notice of one paſſage, becauſe it is a very fine one, and wants only a place in ſome polite Author of *Greece* or *Rome,* to have been admired and celebrated. The King of *Syria* lying ſick upon his bed, ſent *Haſael* one of his great officers to the Prophet *Eliſha,* to enquire of him whether he ſhould recover. The Prophet looked ſo attentively on this meſſenger, that it put him into ſome confuſion; or to quote this beautiful circumſtance, and the whole narrative, in the pathetic language of Scripture, *Eliſha ſettled his countenance ſtedfaſtly upon him, until he was aſhamed: and* Haſael *ſaid, Why weepeth my Lord? And he ſaid, Becauſe I know the evil that thou wilt do unto the children of* Iſrael: *their ſtrong holds wilt thou ſet on fire, and their men wilt thou ſlay with the ſword, and wilt daſh their children, and rip up their women with child. And* Haſael *ſaid, But what, is thy ſervant a dog, that he ſhould do this great thing? And* Eliſha *anſwered, The Lord hath ſhewed me, that thou ſhalt be King over* Syria.

I might enforce theſe reaſons for the love of our country, by conſiderations adapted to my Readers as they are *Engliſhmen*, and as by that means they

they enjoy a purer religion, and a more excellent form of government, than any other nation under Heaven. But being perſuaded that every one muſt look upon himſelf as indiſpenſably obliged to the practice of a duty, which is recommended to him by ſo many arguments and examples, I ſhall only deſire the honeſt, well-meaning Reader, when he turns his thoughts towards the public, rather to conſider what opportunities he has of doing good to his native country, than to throw away his time in deciding the rights of Princes, or the like ſpeculations, which are ſo far beyond his reach. Let us leave theſe great points to the wiſdom of our Legiſlature, and to the determination of thoſe, who are the proper judges of our Conſtitution. We ſhall otherwiſe be liable to the juſt reproach, which is caſt upon ſuch chriſtians, as waſte their lives in the ſubtle and intricate diſputes of religion, when they ſhould be practiſing the doctrine which it teaches. If there be any right upon earth, any relying on the judgment of our moſt eminent Lawyers and Divines, or indeed any certainty in human reaſon, our preſent Sovereign has an undoubted title to our duty and obedience. But ſuppoſing for argument's ſake, that this right were doubtful, and that an *Engliſhman* could be divided in his opinion, as to the perſon to whom he ſhould pay his allegiance: in this caſe, there is no queſtion, but the love of his country ought to caſt the balance, and to determine him on that ſide, which is moſt conducive to the welfare of his community. To bring this to our preſent caſe. A man muſt be deſtitute of common ſenſe, who is capable of imagining that the Proteſtant religion could floriſh under the government of a bigoted *Roman Catholic,* or that our civil rights could be protected by one who has been trained up in the politics of the moſt arbitrary Prince in *Europe,* and who could not acknowledge his gratitude to his benefactor, by any remarkable inſtance, which would not be detrimental to the *Britiſh* nation. And are theſe ſuch deſirable bleſſings, that an honeſt man would endeavour to arrive at them, through the confuſions of a civil war, and the blood of many thouſands of his fellow-ſubjects? On the contrary, the arguments for our ſteady, loyal, and affectionate adherence to King *George,* are ſo evident from this ſingle topic, that if every *Briton,* inſtead of aſpiring after private wealth or power, would ſincerely deſire to make his country happy, his preſent Majeſty would not have a ſingle Malecontent in his whole dominions.

N° 6. *Monday, January* 9.

Fraus enim aſtringit, non diſſolvit perjurium. Cic.

AT a time when ſo many of the King's ſubjects preſent themſelves before their reſpective Magiſtrates to take the oaths required by law, it may not be improper to awaken in the minds of my Readers a due ſenſe of the engagement under which they lay themſelves. It is a melancholy conſideration, that there ſhould be ſeveral among us ſo hardened and deluded, as to think an oath a proper ſubject for a jeſt; and to make this, which is one of the moſt ſolemn acts of religion, an occaſion of mirth. Yet ſuch is the depravation of our manners at preſent, that nothing is more frequent than to hear profligate men ridiculing, to the beſt of their abilities, theſe ſacred pledges of their duty and allegiance; and endeavouring to be witty upon themſelves, for daring to prevaricate with God and man. A poor conceit of their own, or a quotation out of *Hudibras,* ſhall make them treat with levity an obligation wherein their ſafety and welfare are concerned both as to this world and the next. Rallery of this nature, is enough to make the hearer tremble. As theſe miſcreants ſeem to glory in the profeſſion of their impiety, there is no man who has any regard to his duty, or even to his reputation, that can appear in their defence. But if there are others of a more ſerious turn, who join with us deliberately in theſe religious profeſſions of loyalty to our Sovereign, with any private ſalvos or evaſions, they would do well to conſider thoſe maxims, in which all caſuiſts are agreed, who have gained any eſteem for their learning, judgment, or morality. Theſe have unanimouſly determined that an oath is always to be taken in the ſenſe of that authority which impoſes it: and that thoſe, whoſe hearts do not concur with their lips in the form of theſe public proteſtations; or who have any mental reſerves, or who take an oath againſt their conſciences, upon any motive whatſoever; or with a deſign to break it, or repent of it, are guilty of perjury. Any of theſe, or the like circumſtances, inſtead of alleviating the crime, make it more heinous, as they are premeditated frauds (which it is the chief deſign of an oath to prevent) and the moſt flagrant inſtances of inſincerity to men, and irreverence to their Maker. For this reaſon, the perjury of a man, who takes an oath, with an intention to keep it, and is afterwards

afterwards ſeduced to the violation of it, (though a crime not to be thought of, without the greateſt horror) is yet, in ſome reſpects, not quite ſo black as the perjury above-mentioned. It is indeed a very unhappy token of the great corruption of our manners, that there ſhould be any ſo inconſiderate among us, as to ſacrifice the ſtanding and eſſential duties of morality, to the views of politics; and that, as in my laſt paper, it was not unſeaſonable to prove the love of our country to be a virtue, ſo in this there ſhould be any occaſion to ſhew that perjury is a ſin. But it is our misfortune to live in an age when ſuch wild and unnatural doctrines have prevailed among ſome of our fellow-ſubjects, that if one looks into their ſchemes of government, they ſeem according as they are in the humor, to believe that a Sovereign is not to be reſtrained by his coronation oath, or his people by their oaths of allegiance: or to repreſent them in a plainer light, in ſome reigns they are for a power and an obedience that is unlimited, and in others are for retrenching within the narroweſt bounds, both the authority of the Prince, and the allegiance of the ſubject.

Now the guilt of perjury is ſo ſelf-evident, that it was always reckoned among the greateſt crimes, by thoſe who were only governed by the light of reaſon: the inviolable obſerving of an oath, like the other practical duties of chriſtianity, is a part of natural religion. As reaſon is common to all mankind, the dictates of it are the ſame through the whole ſpecies: and ſince every man's own heart will tell him, that there can be no greater affront to the Deity, whom he worſhips, than to appeal to him with an intention to deceive; nor a greater injuſtice to men, than to betray them by falſe aſſurances; it is no wonder that pagans and chriſtians, infidels and believers, ſhould concur in a point wherein the honor of the ſupreme Being, and the welfare of ſociety, are ſo highly concerned. For this reaſon, *Pythagoras* to his firſt precept of honoring the immortal Gods, immediately ſubjoins that of paying veneration to an oath. We may ſee the reverence which the heathens ſhewed to theſe ſacred and ſolemn engagements from the inconveniences which they often ſuffered, rather than break through them. We have frequent inſtances of this kind in the *Roman* commonwealth; which, as it has been obſerved by ſeveral *Pagan* writers, very much excelled all other *Pagan* governments in the practice of virtue. How far they exceeded, in this particular, thoſe great corrupters of Chriſtianity, and indeed of natural religion, the Jeſuits, may appear from their abhorrence of every thing that looked like a fraudulent or mental evaſion. Of this I ſhall only produce the following inſtance. Several *Romans* who had been taken priſoners by *Hannibal*, were releaſed, upon obliging themſelves by an oath to return again to his camp. Among theſe there was one, who

thinking to elude the oath, went the ſame day back to the camp on pretence of having forgot ſomething. But this prevarication was ſo ſhocking to the *Roman* Senate, that they ordered him to be apprehended, and delivered up to *Hannibal*.

We may farther ſee the juſt ſenſe the heathens had of the crime of perjury, from the penalties which they inflicted on the perſons guilty of it. Perjury among the *Scythians* was a capital crime; and among the *Egyptians* alſo was puniſhed with death, as *Diodorus Siculus* relates, who obſerves that an offender of this kind is guilty of thoſe two crimes (wherein the malignity of perjury truly conſiſts) a failing in his reſpect to the Divinity, and in his faith towards men. 'Tis unneceſſary to multiply inſtances of this nature, which may be found in almoſt every author who has written on this ſubject.

If men, who had no other guide but their reaſon, conſidered an oath to be of ſuch a tremendous nature, and the violation of it to be ſo great a crime; it ought to make a much deeper impreſſion upon minds enlightened by revealed religion, as they have more exalted notions of the Divinity. A ſuppoſed heathen Deity might be ſo poor in his attributes, ſo ſtinted in his knowledge, goodneſs, or power, that a pagan might hope to conceal his perjury from his notice, or not to provoke him, ſhould he be diſcovered; or ſhould he provoke him, not to be puniſhed by him. Nay, he might have produced examples of falſehood and perjury in the Gods themſelves, to whom he appealed. But as revealed religion has given us a more juſt and clear idea of the Divine nature, He, whom we appeal to, is Truth itſelf, the great ſearcher of hearts, who will not let fraud and falſehood go unpuniſhed, or *hold him guiltleſs, that taketh his name in vain*. And as with regard to the Deity, ſo likewiſe with regard to man, the obligation of an oath is ſtronger upon Chriſtians than upon any other part of mankind; and that becauſe charity, truth, mutual confidence, and all other ſocial duties are carried to greater heights, and enforced with ſtronger motives, by the principles of our religion.

Perjury, with relation to the oaths which are at preſent required by us, has in it all the aggravating circumſtances, which can attend that crime. We take them before the Magiſtrates of public juſtice; are reminded by the ceremony, that it is a part of that obedience which we learn from the goſpel; expreſly diſavow all evaſions and mental reſervations whatſoever; appeal to Almighty God for the integrity of our hearts, and only deſire him to be our helper, as we fulfil the oath we there take in his preſence. I mention theſe circumſtances, to which ſeveral other might be added, becauſe it is a received doctrine among thoſe, who have treated of the nature of an oath, that the greater the ſolemnities are which attend it, the more they aggravate

vate the violation of it. And here what muſt be the ſucceſs that a man can hope for who turns a Rebel, after having diſclaimed the divine aſſiſtance, but upon condition of being a faithful and loyal ſubject? He firſt of all deſires that God may help him, as he ſhall keep his oath, and afterwards hopes to proſper in an enterpriſe which is the direct breach of it.

Since therefore perjury, by the common ſenſe of mankind, the reaſon of the thing, and from the whole tenor of Chriſtianity, is a crime of ſo flagitious a nature, we cannot be too careful in avoiding every approach towards it.

The virtue of the ancient *Athenians* is very remarkable, in the caſe of *Euripides*. This great tragic poet, tho' famous for the morality of his plays, had introduced a perſon, who, being reminded of an oath he had taken, replied, *I ſwore with my mouth, but not with my heart.* The impiety of this ſentiment ſet the audience in an uproar; made *Socrates* (though an intimate friend of the poet) go out of the theatre with indignation; and gave ſo great offence, that he was publicly accuſed, and brought upon his trial, as one who had ſuggeſted an evaſion of what they thought the moſt holy and indiſſoluble bond of human ſociety. So jealous were theſe virtuous Heathens of any the ſmalleſt hint, that might open a way to perjury.

And here it highly imports us to conſider, that we do not only break our oath of allegiance by actual rebellion, but by all thoſe other methods which have a natural and manifeſt tendency to it. The guilt may lie upon a man, where the penalty cannot take hold of him. Thoſe who ſpeak irreverently of the perſon to whom they have ſworn allegiance; who endeavour to alienate from him the hearts of his ſubjects; or to inſpire the people with diſaffection to his government, cannot be thought to be true to the oath they have taken. And as for thoſe, who by concerted falſehoods and defamations endeavour to blemiſh his character, or weaken his authority; they incur the complicated guilt both of ſlander and perjury. The moral crime is completed in ſuch offenders, and there are only accidental circumſtances wanting, to work it up for the cognizance of the law.

Nor is it ſufficient for a man, who has given theſe ſolemn aſſurances to his Prince, to forbear the doing him any evil, unleſs at the ſame time he do him all the good he can in his proper ſtation of life.

Loyalty is of an active nature, and ought to diſcover itſelf in all the inſtances of zeal and affection to our Sovereign: and if we carefully examine the duty of that allegiance which we pledge to his Majeſty, by the oaths that are tendered to us, we ſhall find that *We do* not only *renounce, refuſe, and abjure any allegiance or obedience to the Pretender,* but, *Swear to defend King* George *to the utmoſt of our power, againſt all traiterous conſpiracies and attempts whatſoever,*

and to diſcloſe and make known to his Majeſty, all treaſons and traiterous conſpiracies, which we ſhall know to be againſt him.

To conclude, as among thoſe who have bound themſelves by theſe ſacred obligations, the actual traitor or rebel is guilty of perjury in the eye of the law; the ſecret promoter, or well-wiſher of the cauſe, is ſo before the tribunal of conſcience. And though I ſhould be unwilling to pronounce the man who is indolent, or indifferent in the cauſe of his Prince, to be abſolutely perjured; I may venture to affirm, that he falls very ſhort of that allegiance to which he is obliged by oath. Upon the whole we may be aſſured, that in a nation which is tied down by ſuch religious and ſolemn engagements, the people's loyalty will keep pace with their morality; and that in proportion as they are ſincere chriſtians, they will be faithful ſubjects.

N° 7. *Friday, January* 13.

Veritas pluribus modis infracta: Primum inſcitiâ reipublicæ, ut alienæ; mox libidine aſſentandi, aut rurſus odio adverſus dominantes. Obtrectatio et livor pronis auribus accipiuntur: quippe adulationi fœdum crimen ſervitutis, malignitati falſa ſpecies libertatis ineſt. Tacit.

THERE is no greater ſign of a bad cauſe, than when the patrons of it are reduced to the neceſſity of making uſe of the moſt wicked artifices to ſupport it. Of this kind are the falſehoods and calumnies which are invented and ſpread abroad by the enemies to our King and country. This ſpirit of malice and ſlander does not diſcover itſelf in any inſtances ſo ridiculous, as in thoſe, by which ſeditious men endeavour to depreciate his Majeſty's perſon and family, without conſidering, that his court at *Hanover* was always allowed to be one of the politeſt in *Europe*, and that, before he became our King, he was reckoned among the greateſt Princes of *Chriſtendom*.

But the moſt glorious of his Majeſty's predeceſſors was treated after the ſame manner. Upon that Prince's firſt arrival, the inconſiderable party, who then labored to make him odious to the people, gave out, That he brought with him twenty thouſand *Laplanders*, clothed in the ſkins of bears, all of their own killing; and that they mutinied becauſe they had not been regaled

led with a bloody battle within two days after their landing. He was no ſooner on the throne, than thoſe, who had contributed to place him there, finding that he had made ſome changes at court which were not to their humor, endeavoured to render him unpopular by miſrepreſentations of his perſon, his character, and his actions. They found that his noſe had a reſemblance to that of *Oliver Cromwell,* and clapped him on a huge pair of Muſtachoes to frighten his people with: his mercy was fear; his juſtice was cruelty; his temperance, œconomy, prudent behaviour, and application to buſineſs, were *Dutch* virtues, and ſuch as we had not been uſed to in our *Engliſh* Kings. He did not fight a battle, in which the *Tories* did not ſlay double the number of what he had loſt in the field; nor ever raiſed a ſiege or gained a victory, which did not coſt more than it was worth. In ſhort, he was contriving the ruin of his kingdom; and in order to it advanced Dr. *Tillotſon* to the higheſt ſtation of the Church, my Lord *Somers* of the Law, Mr. *Mountague* of the Treaſury, and the Admiral at *la Hogue* of the Fleet. Such were the calumnies of the party in thoſe times, which we ſee ſo faithfully copied out by men of the ſame principles under the reign of his preſent Majeſty.

As the ſchemes of theſe Gentlemen are the moſt abſurd and contradictory to common ſenſe, the means by which they are promoted muſt be of the ſame nature. Nothing but weakneſs and folly can diſpoſe *Engliſhmen* and *Proteſtants* to the intereſts of a *Popiſh Pretender:* and the ſame abilities of mind will naturally qualify his adherents to ſwallow the moſt palpable and notorious falſehoods. Their ſelf-intereſted and deſigning leaders cannot deſire a more ductile and eaſy people to work upon. How long was it before many of this ſimple deluded tribe were brought to believe that the *Highlanders* were a generation of men that could be conquered! The rabble of the party were inſtructed to look upon them as ſo many *Giants* and *Saracens;* and were very much ſurpriſed to find, that every one of them had not with his broad ſword mowed down at leaſt a ſquadron of the King's forces. There were not only public rejoicings in the camp at *Perth,* but likewiſe many private congratulations nearer us, among theſe well-wiſhers to their country, upon the victories of their friends at *Preſton;* which continued till the Rebels made their ſolemn cavalcade from *Highgate.* Nay there were then ſome of theſe wiſe partiſans, who concluded, the government had hired two or three hundred hale men, who looked like Fox-hunters, to be bound and pinioned, if not to be executed, as repreſentatives of the pretended captives. Their victories in *Scotland* have been innumerable; and no longer ago than laſt week, they gained a very remarkable one, in which the *Highlanders* cut off all the *Dutch* forces to a man; and afterwards diſguiſing themſelves in their habits, came

up

up as friends to the King's troops, and put them all to the ſword. This ſtory had a great run for a day or two; and I believe one might ſtill find out a whiſper among their ſecret intelligence, that the Duke of *Mar* is actually upon the road to *London,* if not within two days march of the town. I need not take notice, that their ſucceſſes in the battle of *Dumblain* are magnified among ſome of them to this day; though a *Tory* may very well ſay with King *Phyrrhus, That ſuch another victory would undo them.*

But the moſt fruitful ſource of falſehood and calumny, is that which, one would think, ſhould be the leaſt apt to produce them; I mean a pretended concern for the ſafety of our eſtabliſhed religion. Were theſe people as anxious for the doctrines, which are eſſential to the Church of *England,* as they are for the nominal diſtinction of adhering to its intereſts, they would know, that the ſincere obſervation of public oaths, allegiance to their King, ſubmiſſion to their Biſhops, zeal againſt Popery, and abhorrence of Rebellion, are the great points that adorn the character of the Church of *England,* and in which the authors of the reformed religion in this nation have always gloried. We juſtly reproach the *Jeſuits,* who have adapted all chriſtianity to temporal and political views, for maintaining a poſition ſo repugnant to the laws of nature, morality and religion, That an evil may be committed, for the ſake of good, which may ariſe from it. But we cannot ſuppoſe even this principle, (as bad a one as it is) ſhould influence thoſe perſons, who, by ſo many abſurd and monſtrous falſehoods, endeavour to delude men into a belief of the danger of the Church. If there be any relying on the ſolemn declarations of a Prince, famed for keeping his word, conſtant in the public exerciſes of our religion, and determined in the maintenance of our laws, we have all the aſſurances that can be given us, for the ſecurity of the eſtabliſhed Church under his government. When a leading man therefore begins to grow apprehenſive for the Church, you may be ſure, that he is either in danger of loſing a place, or in deſpair of getting one. It is pleaſant on theſe occaſions, to ſee a notorious profligate ſeized with a concern for his religion, and converting his ſpleen into zeal. Theſe narrow and ſelfiſh views have ſo great an influence in this city, that, among thoſe who call themſelves the landed intereſt, there are ſeveral of my fellow Free-holders, who always fancy the Church in danger upon the riſing of Bank-ſtock. But the ſtanding abſurdities, without the belief of which no man is reckoned a ſtanch Churchman, are, That there is a Calves-head club; for which, (by the way) ſome pious *Tory* has made ſuitable hymns and devotions: that there is a confederacy among the greateſt part of the Prelates to deſtroy Epiſcopacy; and that all, who talk againſt *Popery,* are *Preſbyterians* in their hearts. The emiſſaries of the party are ſo diligent in ſpreading ridiculous

fictions

fictions of this kind, that at preſent, if we may credit common report, there are ſeveral remote parts of the nation in which it is firmly believed, that all the Churches in *London* are ſhut up; and that if any Clergyman walks the ſtreets in his habit, it is ten to one but he is knocked down by ſome ſturdy Schiſmatic.

We may obſerve upon this occaſion, that there are many particular falſehoods ſuited to the particular climates and latitudes in which they are publiſhed, according as the ſituation of the place makes them leſs liable to diſcovery: there is many a lie, that will not thrive within a hundred miles of *London:* nay, we often find a lie born in *Southwark,* that dies the ſame day on this ſide the water: and ſeveral produced in the loyal ward of *Port-ſoken* of ſo feeble a make, as not to bear carriage to the *Royal-Exchange.* However, as the mints of calumny are perpetually at work, there are a great number of curious inventions iſſued out from time to time, which grow current among the party, and circulate through the whole kingdom.

As the deſign of this paper is not to exaſperate, but to undeceive my countrymen, let me deſire them to conſider the many inconveniences they bring upon themſelves by theſe mutual intercourſes of credulity and falſehood. I ſhall only remind the credulous of the ſtrong deluſion they have by this means been led into the greateſt part of their lives. Their hopes have been kept up by a ſucceſſion of lies for near thirty years. How many perſons have ſtarved in expectation of thoſe profitable employments, which were promiſed them by the authors of theſe forgeries! how many of them have died with great regret, when they thought they were within a month of enjoying the ineſtimable bleſſings of a popiſh and arbitrary reign!

I would therefore adviſe this blinded ſet of men, not to give credit to thoſe perſons, by whom they have been ſo often fooled and impoſed upon; but on the contrary, to think it an affront to their parts, when they hear from any of them ſuch accounts, as they would not dare to tell them, but upon the preſumption that they are ideots. Or if their zeal for the cauſe ſhall diſpoſe them to be credulous in any points that are favorable to it, I would beg of them not to venture wagers upon the truth of them: and in this preſent conjuncture, by no means to ſell out of the ſtocks upon any news they ſhall hear from their good friends at *Perth.* As theſe party fictions are the proper ſubjects of mirth and laughter, their deluded believers are only to be treated with pity or contempt. But as for thoſe incendiaries of figure and diſtinction, who are the inventors and publiſhers of ſuch groſs falſehoods and calumnies, they cannot be regarded by others, but with the utmoſt deteſtation and abhorrence; nor, one would think, by themſelves, without the greateſt remorſe and compunction of heart; when they conſider, that

that in order to give a ſpirit to a deſperate cauſe, they have, by their falſe and treacherous inſinuations and reports, betrayed ſo many of their friends into their deſtruction.

N° 8. *Monday, January* 16.

Adveniet qui veſtra dies muliebribus armis
Verba redarguerit. Virg.

I Have heard that ſeveral Ladies of diſtinction, upon the reading of my fourth paper, are ſtudying methods how to make themſelves uſeful to the public. One has a deſign of keeping an open tea-table, where every man ſhall be welcome that is a friend to King *George*. Another is for ſetting up an aſſembly for baſſet, where none ſhall be admitted to *punt*, that have not taken the oaths. A third is upon an invention of a dreſs which will put every *Tory* Lady out of countenance: I am not informed of the particulars, but am told in general, that ſhe has contrived to ſhew her principles by the ſetting of her commode; ſo that it will be impoſſible for any woman, that is *diſaffected*, to be in the faſhion. Some of them are of opinion that the Fan may be made uſe of with good ſucceſs, againſt Popery, by exhibiting the corruptions of the Church of *Rome* in various figures; and that their abhorrence of the ſuperſtitious uſe of beads, may be very aptly expreſſed in the make of a pearl Neck-lace. As for the civil part of our conſtitution, it is unanimouſly agreed among the leaders of the ſex, that there is no glory in making a man their ſlave, who has not naturally a paſſion for liberty; and to diſallow of all profeſſions of Paſſive-obedience, but from a lover to his miſtreſs.

It happens very luckily for the intereſt of the *Whigs*, that their very enemies acknowledge the fineſt women of *Great Britain* to be of that party. The *Tories* are forced to borrow their toaſts from their antagoniſts; and can ſcarce find beauties enough of their own ſide to ſupply a ſingle round of *October*. One may, indeed, ſometimes diſcover among the malignants of the ſex, a face that ſeems to have been naturally deſigned for a *Whig* Lady: but then it is ſo often fluſhed with rage, or ſoured with diſappointments, that one cannot but be troubled to ſee it thrown away upon the owner. Would the pretty malecontent be perſuaded to love her King and country, it would diffuſe a chearfulneſs through all her features, and give her quite another air. I would therefore adviſe theſe my gentle Readers, as they conſult the good

good of their faces, to forbear frowning upon loyaliſts, and pouting at the government. In the mean time, what may we not hope from a cauſe, which is recommended by all the allurement of beauty, and the force of truth! It is therefore to be hoped that every fine woman will make this laudable uſe of her charms; and that ſhe may not want to be frequently reminded of this great duty, I will only deſire her to think of her country every time ſhe looks in her glaſs. But becauſe it is impoſſible to preſcribe ſuch rules, as ſhall be ſuitable to the ſex in general, I ſhall conſider them under their ſeveral diviſions of Maids, Wives and Widows.

As for Virgins, who are unexperienced in the wiles of men, they would do well to conſider how little they are to rely on the faith of lovers, who in leſs than a year have broken their allegiance to their lawful Sovereign; and what credit is to be given to the vows and proteſtations of ſuch as ſhew themſelves ſo little afraid of perjury. Beſides, what would an innocent young Lady think, ſhould ſhe marry a man without examining his principles, and afterwards find herſelf got with child by a rebel?

In the next place, every Wife ought to anſwer for her man. If the huſband be engaged in a ſeditious club, or drinks myſterious healths, or be frugal of his candles on a rejoicing night, let her look to him, and keep him out of harms way; or the world will be apt to ſay, ſhe has a mind to be a widow before her time. She ought in ſuch caſes to exert the authority of the curtain lecture; and if ſhe finds him of a rebellious diſpoſition, to tame him, as they do birds of prey, by dinning him in the ears all night long.

Widows may be ſuppoſed women of too good ſenſe not to diſcountenance all practices, that have a tendency to the deſtruction of mankind. Beſides, they have a greater intereſt in property than either maids or wives, and do not hold their jointures by the precarious tenure of portions or pin-money. So that it is as unnatural for a Dowager, as a Free-holder, to be an enemy to our conſtitution.

As nothing is more inſtructive than examples, I would recommend to the peruſal of our *Britiſh* virgins the ſtory of *Clelia* a *Roman* ſpinſter, whoſe behaviour is repreſented by all the hiſtorians, as one of the chief motives that diſcouraged the *Tarquins* from proſecuting their attempt to regain the throne, from whence they had been expelled. Let the married women reflect upon the glory acquired by the wife of *Coriolanus*, who, when her huſband, after long exile, was returning into his country with fire and ſword, diverted him from ſo cruel and unnatural an enterpriſe. And let thoſe who have outlived their huſbands, never forget their country-woman *Boadicea*, who headed her troops in perſon againſt the invaſion of a *Roman* army, and encouraged them with this memorable ſaying, *I, who am a woman, am reſolved upon victory*

or death: but as for you who are men, you may, if you pleaſe, chooſe life and ſlavery.

But I do not propoſe to our *Britiſh* Ladies that they ſhould turn *Amazons* in the ſervice of their Sovereign, nor ſo much as let their nails grow for the defence of their country. The men will take the work of the field off their hands, and ſhew the world, that *Engliſh* valor cannot be matched, when it is animated by *Engliſh* beauty. I do not however diſapprove the project which is now on foot for a *Female Aſſociation;* and, ſince I hear the fair confederates cannot agree among themſelves upon a form, ſhall preſume to lay before them the following rough draught, to be corrected or improved as they in their wiſdom ſhall think fit.

" WE the Conſorts, Relicts, and Spinſters of the Iſle of *Great Britain,*
" whoſe names are under-written, being moſt paſſionately offended
" at the falſehood and perfidiouſneſs of certain faithleſs men, and at the
" lukewarmth and indifference of others, have entered into a voluntary
" Aſſociation for the good and ſafety of our conſtitution. And we do hereby
" engage ourſelves to raiſe and arm our vaſſals for the ſervice of his Ma-
" jeſty King *George,* and him to defend with our tongues and hearts, our eyes,
" eye-laſhes, favorites, lips, dimples, and every other feature, whether natu-
" ral or acquired. We promiſe publicly and openly to avow the loyalty
" of our principles in every word we ſhall utter, and every patch we ſhall
" ſtick on. We do farther promiſe, to annoy the enemy with all the flames,
" darts and arrows with which nature has armed us; never to correſpond
" with them by ſigh, ogle, or billet-doux; not to have any intercourſe with
" them either in ſnuff or tea; nor to accept the civility of any man's hand,
" who is not ready to uſe it in the defence of his country. We are deter-
" mined in ſo good a cauſe to endure the greateſt hardſhips and ſeverities,
" if there ſhould be occaſion; and even to wear the manufacture of our
" country, rather than appear the friends of a foreign intereſt in the richeſt
" *French* brocade. And forgetting all private feuds, jealouſies and animo-
" ſities, we do unanimouſly oblige ourſelves, by this our Aſſociation, to
" ſtand and fall by one another, as loyal and faithful ſiſters and fellow-
" ſubjects.

N. B. This Aſſociation will be lodged at Mr. *Motteux*'s, where attendance will be given to the ſubſcribers, who are to be ranged in their reſpective columns, as maids, wives, and widows.

Friday,

N° 9. *Friday, January* 20.

Conſilia qui dant prava cautis hominibus,
Et perdunt operam, et deridentur turpitur. Phædr.

THOUGH I have already ſeen, in *The Town-Talk,* a Letter from a celebrated *Engliſhman* to the Pretender, which is indeed an excellent anſwer to his Declaration, the title of this paper obliges me to publiſh the following piece, which conſiders it in different lights.

The Declaration of the Free-holders of Great Britain, *in anſwer to that of the Pretender.*

WE, by the Mercy of God, Free-holders of *Great Britain,* to the popiſh Pretender, who ſtyles himſelf King of *Scotland* and *England,* and Defender of our Faith, DEFIANCE. Having ſeen a libel, which you have lately publiſhed againſt the King and people of theſe realms, under the title of a DECLARATION, We, *in juſtice to the ſentiments of our own hearts,* have thought fit to return you the following anſwer; wherein we ſhall endeavour to reduce to method the ſeveral particulars, which you have contrived to throw together with much malice, and no leſs confuſion.

We believe you ſincere in the firſt part of your declaration, where you own it would be a great ſatisfaction to you to be placed upon the throne by our endeavours: but you diſcourage us from making uſe of them, by declaring it to be your right *both by the laws of God and man.* As for the laws of God, we ſhould think ourſelves great tranſgreſſors of them, ſhould we for your ſake rebel againſt a Prince, who, under God, is the moſt powerful defender of that religion which we think the moſt pleaſing to him; and as for the laws of man, we conceive thoſe to be of that kind, which have been enacted from time to time for near thirty years paſt, againſt you and your pretenſions, by the Legiſlature of this kingdom.

You afterwards proceed to invectives againſt the Royal Family: which we do aſſure you is a very unpopular topic, except to your few deluded friends among the rabble.

You call them *Aliens to our country,* not conſidering that King *George* has lived above a year longer in *England* than ever you did. You ſay they are

diſtant in blood, whereas no body ever doubted that King *George* is great grandſon to King *James* the Firſt, though many believe that you are not ſon to King *James* the Second. Beſides, all the world acknowledges he is the neareſt to our Crown of Proteſtant blood; of which you cannot have one drop in your veins, unleſs you derive it from ſuch parents as you do not care for owning.

Your next argument againſt the Royal Family, is, that they are *ſtrangers to our language:* but they muſt be ſtrangers to the *Britiſh* Court who told you ſo. However you muſt know, that we plain men ſhould prefer a King who was a ſtranger to our language, before one who is a ſtranger to our laws and religion; for we could never endure *French* ſentiments, though delivered in our native dialect; and ſhould abhor an arbitrary Prince, though he tyranniſed over us in the fineſt *Engliſh* that ever was ſpoken. For theſe reaſons, Sir, we cannot bear the thought of hearing a man, that has been bred up in the politics of *Lewis* the Fourteenth, talk intelligibly from the *Britiſh* throne; eſpecially when we conſider, however he may boaſt of his ſpeaking *Engliſh,* he ſays his prayers in an unknown tongue.

We come now to the grievances, for which, in your opinion, we ought to take up arms againſt our preſent Sovereign. The greateſt you ſeem to inſiſt upon, and which is moſt in the mouths of your party, is the Union of the two kingdoms; for which his Majeſty ought moſt certainly to be depoſed, becauſe it was made under the reign of her, whom you call your *Dear ſiſter of glorious memory.* Other grievances which you hint at under his Majeſty's adminiſtration, are, the Murder of King *Charles* the Firſt, who was beheaded before King *George* was born; and the Sufferings of King *Charles* the Second, which perhaps his preſent Majeſty cannot wholly clear himſelf of, becauſe he came into the world a day before his Reſtoration.

As on the one ſide you arraign his preſent Majeſty by this moſt extraordinary retroſpect, on the other hand you condemn his government by what we may call the ſpirit of Second Sight. You are not content to draw into his reign thoſe miſchiefs that were done a hundred years ago, unleſs you anticipate thoſe that may happen a hundred years hence. So that the keeneſt of your arrows either fall ſhort of him, or fly over his head. We take it for a certain ſign that you are at a loſs for preſent grievances, when you are thus forced to have recourſe to your *future proſpects, and future miſeries.* Now, Sir, you muſt know, that we Free-holders have a natural averſion to hanging, and do not know how to anſwer it to our wives and families, if we ſhould venture our necks upon the truth of your prophecies. In our ordinary way of judging, we gueſs at the King's future conduct by what we

we have ſeen already; and therefore beg you will excuſe us if for the preſent we defer entering into a rebellion, to which you ſo graciouſly invite us. When we have as bad a proſpect of our King *George*'s reign, as we ſhould have of yours, then will be your time to date another declaration from your Court at *Commerci:* which, if we may be allowed to prophecy in our turn, cannot poſſibly happen before the hundred and fiftieth year of your reign.

Having conſidered the paſt and future grievances mentioned in your declaration, we come now to the preſent; all of which are founded upon this ſuppoſition, That whatever is done by his Majeſty or his Miniſters to keep you out of the *Britiſh* throne, is a grievance. Theſe, Sir, may be grievances to you, but they are none to us. On the contrary, we look upon them as the greateſt inſtances of his Majeſty's care and tenderneſs for his people. To take them in order: the firſt relates to the Miniſtry; who are choſen, as you obſerve very rightly, out of the worſt, and not the beſt of *your* ſubjects. Now, Sir, can you in conſcience think us to be ſuch fools as to rebel againſt the King, for having employed thoſe who are his moſt eminent friends, and were the greateſt ſufferers in his cauſe before he came to the crown; and for having removed a General who is now actually in arms againſt him, and two Secretaries of State, both of whom have liſted themſelves in your ſervice; or becauſe he choſe to ſubſtitute in their places ſuch men who had diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their zeal againſt you, in the moſt famous battles, negotiations, and debates.

The ſecond grievance you mention, is, that the glory of the late Queen has ſuffered, who, you inſinuate, *had ſecured to you the enjoyment of that inheritance out of which you had been ſo long kept.* This may indeed be a reaſon why her memory ſhould be precious with you: but you may be ſure we ſhall think never the better of her, for her having your good word. For the ſame reaſon it makes us ſtare, when we hear it objected to his preſent Majeſty, *That he is not kind to Her faithful ſervants;* ſince, if we can believe what you yourſelf ſay, it is impoſſible they ſhould be *His faithful ſervants.* And by the way, many of your private friends here wiſh you would forbear babbling at that rate: for, to tell you a ſecret, we are very apt to ſuſpect that any *Engliſhman*, who deſerves your praiſe, deſerves to be hanged.

The next grievance, which you have a mighty mind to redreſs among us, is the Parliament of *Great Britain*, againſt whom you bring a ſtale accuſation which has been uſed by every minority in the memory of man; namely, that it was procured by unwarrantable influences and corruptions. We cannot indeed blame you for being angry at thoſe who have ſet ſuch a round price upon your head. Your accuſation of our High Court of Parliament

liament puts us in mind of a ſtory, often told among us *Free-holders*, concerning a rattle-brained young fellow, who being indicted for two or three pranks upon the highway, told the Judge he would ſwear the peace againſt him, for putting him in fear of his life.

The next grievance is ſuch a one, that we are amazed how it could come into your head. Your words are as follow. *Whilſt the principal powers engaged in the late wars do enjoy the bleſſings of peace, and are attentive to diſcharge their debts, and eaſe their people,* Great Britain *in the midſt of peace, feels all the load of war.* New debts *are contracted,* new armies *are raiſed at home,* Dutch *forces are brought into theſe kingdoms.* What in the name of wonder do you mean? Are you in earneſt, or do you deſign to banter us? Whom is the nation obliged to for all this load of war that it feels? Had you been wiſe enough to have ſlept at *Bar-le-duc* in a whole ſkin, we ſhould not have contracted new debts, raiſed new armies, or brought over *Dutch* forces to make an example of you.

The moſt pleaſant grievance is ſtill behind, and indeed a moſt proper one to cloſe up this article. *King* George *has taken poſſeſſion of the Dutchy of* Bremen, *whereby a door is opened to let in an inundation of foreigners from abroad, and to reduce theſe nations to the ſtate of a Province to one of the moſt inconſiderable Provinces of the Empire.* And do you then really believe the mob ſtory, that King *George* deſigns to make a bridge of boats from *Hanover* to *Wapping?* We would have you know that ſome of us read *Baker*'s Chronicle, and do not find that *William* the Conqueror ever thought of making *England* a province to his native Dutchy of *Normandy*, notwithſtanding it lay ſo much more convenient for that purpoſe: nor that King *James* the Firſt had ever any thoughts of reducing this nation to the ſtate of a province to his ancient kingdom of *Scotland*, though it lies upon the ſame continent. But pray how comes it to paſs that the Electorate of *Hanover* is become all of a ſudden one of the moſt inconſiderable provinces of the Empire? If you undervalue it upon the account of its religion, you have ſome reaſon for what you ſay; though you ſhould not think we are ſuch ſtrangers to maps, and live ſo much out of the world, as to be ignorant that it is for power and extent the ſecond Proteſtant ſtate in *Germany;* and whether you know it or no, the Proteſtant religion in the Empire, is looked upon as a ſufficient balance againſt popery. Beſides, you ſhould have conſidered that in your declaration upon the King's coming to the throne of *Great Britain*, you endeavoured to terrify us from receving him, by repreſenting him *as a powerful foreign Prince, ſupported by a numerous army of his own ſubjects.* Be that as it will; we are no more afraid of being a province to *Hanover*, than the *Hanoverians* are apprehenſive of being a province to *Bremen.*

We

We have now taken notice of thoſe great evils which you are come to reſcue us from: but as they are ſuch as we have neither felt or ſeen, we deſire you will put yourſelf to no farther trouble for our ſakes.

You afterwards begin a kind of *Te Deum*, before the time, in that remarkable ſentence, *We adore the wiſdom of the Divine Providence, which has opened a way to our Reſtoration, by the ſucceſs of thoſe very meaſures that were laid to diſappoint us for ever.* We are at a loſs to know what you mean by this devout jargon: but by what goes before and follows, we ſuppoſe it to be this: that the coming of King *George* to the Crown, has made many malecontents, and by that means opened a way to your reſtoration; whereas you ſhould conſider, that if he had not come to the Crown, the way had been open of itſelf. In the ſame pious paragraph, *You moſt earneſtly conjure us to purſue thoſe methods for your Reſtoration, which the finger of God ſeems to point out to us.* Now the only methods which we can make uſe of for that end, are civil war, rapine, bloodſhed, treaſon and perjury; methods which we Proteſtants do humbly conceive, can never be poined out to us by the finger of God.

The reſt of your declaration contains the encouragements you give us to rebel. Firſt, you promiſe to ſhare with us *all dangers and difficulties* which we ſhall meet with in this worthy enterpriſe. You are very much in the right of it: you have nothing to loſe, and hope to get a Crown: we do not hope for any new Free-holds, and only deſire to keep what we have. As therefore you are in the right to undergo dangers and difficulties to make yourſelf our maſter, we ſhall think ourſelves as much in the right to undergo dangers and difficulties to hinder you from being ſo.

Secondly, You promiſe to *refer your and our intereſt to a* Scotch *Parliament*, which you are reſolved to call immediately. We ſuppoſe you mean if the froſt holds. But, Sir, we are certainly informed there is a Parliament now ſitting at *Weſtminſter*, that are buſy at preſent in taking care both of the *Scotch* and *Engliſh* intereſt, and have actually done every thing which you would *let* be done by our Repreſentatives in the Highlands.

Thirdly, *You promiſe that if we will rebel for you againſt our preſent Sovereign, you will remit and diſcharge all crimes of high-treaſon, miſpriſion, and all other crimes and offences whatſoever, done or committed againſt you or your father.* But will you anſwer in this caſe that King *George* will forgive us? Otherwiſe we beſeech you to conſider what poor comfort it would be for a *Britiſh* Free-holder to be conveyed up *Holborn* with your pardon in his pocket. And here we cannot but remark, that the conditions of your general pardon are ſo ſtinted, as to ſhew that you are very cautious leſt your good-nature ſhould carry you too far. You exclude from the benefit of it, all thoſe who do not *from the time*

of

of your landing lay hold on mercy, and return to their duty and allegiance. By this means all neuters and lookers-on are to be executed of courſe: and by the ſtudied ambiguity in which you couch the terms of your gracious pardon, you ſtill leave room to gratify yourſelf in all the pleaſures of tyranny and revenge.

Upon the whole, we have ſo bad an opinion of rebellion, as well as of your motives to it, and rewards for it, that you may reſt ſatisfied, there are few Free-holders on this ſide the *Forth* who will engage in it: and we verily believe that you will ſuddenly take a reſolution in your cabinet of *Highlanders* to ſcamper off with your new crown, which we are told the Ladies of thoſe parts have ſo generouſly clubbed for. And you may aſſure yourſelf that it is the only one you are like to get by this notable expedition. And ſo we bid you heartily farewel.

Dated Jan. 19, *in the ſecond year of our public happineſs.*

N° 10. *Monday, January* 23.

Potior viſa eſt periculoſa libertas quieto ſervitio. Sall.

ONE may venture to affirm, that all honeſt and diſintereſted *Britons* of what party ſoever, if they underſtood one another, are of the ſame opinion in points of government: and that the groſs of the people, who are impoſed upon by terms which they do not comprehend, are *Whigs* in their hearts. They are made to believe, that paſſive-obedience and non-reſiſtance, unlimited power and indefeaſible right, have ſomething of a venerable and religious meaning in them; whereas in reality they only imply, that a King of *Great Britain* has a right to be a Tyrant, and that his ſubjects are obliged in conſcience to be ſlaves. Were the caſe truly and fairly laid before them, they would know, that when they make a profeſſion of ſuch principles, they renounce their legal claim to liberty and property, and unwarily ſubmit to what they really abhor.

It is our happineſs, under the preſent reign, to hear our King from the throne exhorting us to be *zealous aſſertors of the liberties of our country;* which exclude all pretenſions to an arbitrary, tyrannic, or deſpotic power. Thoſe, who have the misfortune to live under ſuch a power, have no other law

law but the will of their Prince, and conſequently no privileges, but what are pernicious. For though in ſome arbitrary governments there may be a body of laws obſerved in the ordinary forms of juſtice, they are not ſufficient to ſecure any rights to the people; becauſe they may be diſpenſed with, or laid aſide at the pleaſure of the Sovereign.

And here it very much imports us to conſider, that arbitrary power naturally tends to make a man a bad Sovereign, who might poſſibly have been a good one, had he been inveſted with an authority limited and circumſcribed by laws. None can doubt of this tendency in arbitrary power, who conſider, that it fills the mind of man with great and unreaſonable conceits of himſelf; raiſes him into a belief, that he is of a ſuperior ſpecies to his ſubjects; extinguiſhes in him the principle of fear, which is one of the greateſt motives to all duties; and creates an ambition of magnifying himſelf, by the exertion of ſuch a power in all its inſtances. So great is the danger, that when a Sovereign can do what he will, he will do what he can.

One of the moſt arbitrary Princes in our age was *Muley Iſhmael,* Emperor of *Morocco,* who, after a long reign, died about a twelvemonth ago. This Prince was a man of much wit and natural ſenſe, of an active temper, undaunted courage, and great application. He was a deſcendent of *Mahomet;* and ſo exemplary for his adherence to the law of his Prophet, that he abſtained all his life from the taſte of wine; began the annual faſt, or *Lent* of *Ramadan,* two months before his ſubjects; was frequent in his prayers; and that he might not want opportunities of kneeling, had fixed in all the ſpacious courts of his palace large conſecrated ſtones pointing towards the eaſt, for any occaſional exerciſe of his devotion. What might not have been hoped from a prince of theſe endowments, had they not been all rendered uſeleſs and ineffectual to the good of his people by the notion of that power which they aſcribed to him! This will appear, if we conſider how he exerciſed it towards his ſubjects in thoſe three great points which are the chief ends of government, the preſervation of their lives, the ſecurity of their fortunes, and the determinations of juſtice between man and man.

Foreign Envoys, who have given an account of their audiences, deſcribe this holy man mounted on horſeback in an open court, with ſeveral of his *Alcaids,* or governors of provinces about him, ſtanding barefoot, trembling, bowing to the earth, and at every word he ſpoke, breaking out into paſſionate exclamations of praiſe, as, *Great is the Wiſdom of our Lord the King; our Lord the King ſpeaks as an angel from Heaven.* Happy was the man among them, who was ſo much a favorite as to be ſent on an errand to the moſt remote ſtreet in his capital; which he performed with the greateſt alacrity, ran through every puddle that lay in his way, and took care to return out

of breath and covered with dirt, that he might ſhew himſelf a diligent and faithful Miniſter. His Majeſty at the ſame time, to exhibit the greatneſs of his power, and ſhew his horſemanſhip, ſeldom diſmiſſed the foreigner from his preſence, till he had entertained him with the ſlaughter of two or three of his liege ſubjects, whom he very dexterouſly put to death with the tilt of his launce. St. *Olon,* the *French* Envoy, tells us, that when he had his laſt audience of him, he received him in robes juſt ſtained with an execution; and that he was blooded up to his elbows by a couple of *Moors,* whom he had been butchering with his own imperial hands. By the calculation of that author, and many others, who have ſince given an account of his exploits, we may reckon that by his own arm he killed above forty thouſand of his people. To render himſelf the more awful, he choſe to wear a garb of a particular color when he was bent upon executions; ſo that when he appeared in yellow, his great men hid themſelves in corners, and durſt not pay their court to him, till he had ſatiated his thirſt of blood by the death of ſome of his loyal commoners, or of ſuch unwary officers of ſtate as chanced to come in his way. Upon this account we are told, that the firſt news enquired after every morning at *Mequinez,* was, Whether the Emperor was ſtirring, and in a good or bad humor? As this Prince was a great admirer of architecture, and employed many thouſands in works of that kind, if he did not approve the plan of the performance, it was uſual for him to ſhew the delicacy of his taſte by demoliſhing the building, and putting to death all that had a hand in it. I have heard but of one inſtance of his mercy; which was ſhewn to the maſter of an *Engliſh* veſſel. This our countryman preſented him with a curious hatchet, which he received very graciouſly; and aſking him whether it had a good edge, tried it upon the donor, who ſlipping aſide from the blow, eſcaped with the loſs only of his right ear; for old *Muley,* upon ſecond thoughts, conſidering that it was not one of his own ſubjects, ſtopped his hand, and would not ſend him to Paradiſe. I cannot quit this article of his tenderneſs for the lives of his people, without mentioning one of his Queens, whom he was remarkably fond of; as alſo a favorite prime Miniſter, who was very dear to him. The firſt died by a kick of her Lord the King, when ſhe was big with child, for having gathered a flower as ſhe was walking with him in his pleaſure garden. The other was baſtinadoed to death by his Majeſty; who, repenting of the drubs he had given him when it was too late, to manifeſt his eſteem for the memory of ſo worthy a man, executed the ſurgeon that could not cure him.

This abſolute Monarch was as notable a guardian of the fortunes, as of the lives of his ſubjects. When any man among his people grew rich, in order to keep him from being dangerous to the State, he uſed to ſend for all his

his goods and chattels. His governors of towns and provinces, who formed themſelves upon the example of their *Grand Monarque,* practiſed rapine, violence, extortion, and all the arts of deſpotic government in their reſpective diſtricts, that they might be the better enabled to make him their yearly preſents. For the greateſt of his Viceroys could only propoſe to himſelf a comfortable ſubſiſtence out of the plunder of his province, and was in certain danger of being recalled or hanged, if he did not remit the bulk of it to his dread Sovereign. That he might make a right uſe of theſe prodigious treaſures, which flowed in to him from all the parts of his wide Empire, he took care to bury them under ground, by the hands of his moſt truſty ſlaves, and then cut their throats, as the moſt effectual method to keep them from making diſcoveries. Theſe were his *Ways* and *Means* for raiſing money, by which he weakened the hands of the factious, and in any caſe of emergency, could employ the whole wealth of his empire, which he had thus amaſſed together in his ſubterraneous exchequer.

As there is no ſuch thing as property under an arbitrary government, you may learn what was *Muley Iſhmael*'s notion of it from the following ſtory. Being upon the road, amidſt his life-guards, a little before the time of the *Ram-feaſt,* he met one of his *Alcaids* at the head of his ſervants, who were driving a great flock of ſheep to market. The Emperor aſked whoſe they were: the *Alcaid* anſwered with profound ſubmiſſion, *They are mine, O* Iſhmael, *Son of* Elcherif, *of the line of* Haſſan. *Thine! thou ſon of a cuckold,* ſaid this *Servant of the Lord; I thought I had been the only proprietor in this country;* upon which he run him through the body with his launce, and very piouſly diſtributed the ſheep among his guards, for the celebration of the feaſt.

His determinations of juſtice between man and man, were indeed very ſummary and deciſive, and generally put an end to the vexations of a lawſuit, by the ruin both of plaintiff and defendant. Travellers have recorded ſome ſamples of this kind, which may give us an idea of the bleſſings of his Adminiſtration. One of his *Alcaids* complaining to him of a wife, whom he had received from his Majeſty's hands, and therefore could not divorce her, that ſhe uſed to pull him by the beard; the Emperor to redreſs this grievance, ordered his beard to be plucked up by the roots, that he might not be liable to any more ſuch affronts. A country farmer having accuſed ſome of his Negro guards for robbing him of a drove of oxen, the Emperor readily ſhot the offenders: but afterwards demanding reparation of the accuſer, for the loſs of ſo many brave fellows, and finding him inſolvent, compounded the matter with him by taking away his life. There are many other inſtances of the ſame kind. I muſt obſerve however under this head,

that the only good thing he is celebrated for, during his whole reign, was the clearing of the roads and highways of robbers, with which they uſed to be very much infeſted. But his method was to ſlay man, woman and child, who lived within a certain diſtance from the place where the robbery was committed. This extraordinary piece of juſtice could not but have its effect, by making every road in his empire unſafe for the profeſſion of a free-booter.

I muſt not omit this Emperor's reply to Sir *Cloudſly Shovel*, who had taken ſeveral of his ſubjects by way of repriſal for the *Engliſh* captives that were detained in his dominions. Upon the Admiral's offering to exchange them on very advantageous terms, this good Emperor ſent him word, The ſubjects he had taken were poor men, not worth the ranſoming; and that he might throw them overboard, or deſtroy them otherwiſe as he pleaſed.

Such was the government of *Muley Iſhmael, the ſervant of God, the Emperor of the faithful, who was courageous in the way of the Lord, the noble, the good.*

To conclude this account, which is extracted from the beſt authorities, I ſhall only obſerve that he was a great admirer of his late moſt Chriſtian Majeſty. In a letter to him, he compliments him with the title of *Sovereign Arbiter of the actions and wills of his people.* And in a book publiſhed by a *Frenchman*, who was ſent to him as an Ambaſſador, is the following paſſage. *He is abſolute in his States, and often compares himſelf to the Emperor of* France, *who he ſays is the only perſon that knows how to reign like himſelf, and to make his will the law.*

This was that Emperor of *France* to whom the perſon who has a great mind to be King of theſe realms owed his education, and from whom he learned his notions of government. What ſhould hinder one, whoſe mind is ſo well ſeaſoned with ſuch prepoſſeſſions, from attempting to copy after his patron, in the exerciſe of ſuch a power; eſpecially conſidering that the party who eſpouſe his intereſt, never fail to compliment a Prince that diſtributes all his places among them, with unlimited power on his part, and unconditional obedience on that of his ſubjects.

Friday,

N° 11. *Friday, January* 27.

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

BY our lateſt advices, both from town and country, it appears, that the Ladies of *Great Britain,* who are *able to bear arms*, that is, to ſmile or frown to any purpoſe, have already begun to commit hoſtilities upon the men of each oppoſite party. To this end we are aſſured, that many of them on both ſides *exerciſe* before their glaſſes every morning; that they have already caſhiered ſeveral of their followers as mutineers, who have contradicted them in ſome political converſations; and that the *Whig* Ladies in particular deſign very ſoon to have a general review of their forces, at a play beſpoken by one of their leaders. This ſet of Ladies, indeed, as they daily do duty at court, are much more expert in the uſe of their airs and graces than their female antagoniſts, who are moſt of them bred in the country: ſo that the ſiſterhood of loyaliſts, in reſpect of the fair malecontents, are like an army of regular forces, compared with a raw undiſciplined militia.

It is to this misfortune in their education that we may aſcribe the rude and opprobrious language with which the diſaffected part of the ſex treat the preſent Royal Family. A little lively ruſtic, who hath been trained up in ignorance and prejudice, will prattle treaſon a whole winter's evening, and ſtring together a parcel of ſilly ſeditious ſtories, that are equally void of decency and truth. Nay, you ſometimes meet with a zealous matron who ſets up for the pattern of a pariſh, uttering ſuch invectives as are highly miſbecoming her, both as a woman and a ſubject. In anſwer therefore to ſuch diſloyal termagants, I ſhall repeat to them a ſpeech of the honeſt and blunt Duke *du Sully* to an aſſembly of *Popiſh* Ladies, who were railing very bitterly againſt *Henry* the Fourth, at his acceſſion to the *French* throne; *Ladies,* ſaid he, *you have a very good King, if you know when you are well. However ſet your hearts at reſt, for he is not a man to be ſcolded or ſcratched out of his kingdom.*

But as I never care to ſpeak of the fair ſex, unleſs I have an occaſion to praiſe them, I ſhall take my leave of theſe ungentle damſels; and only beg of them, not to make themſelves leſs amiable than nature deſigned them, by being rebels to the beſt of their abilities, and endeavouring to bring their country

country into bloodſhed and confuſion. Let me therefore recommend to them the example of thoſe beautiful aſſociates, whom I mentioned in my eighth paper, as I have received the particulars of their behaviour from the perſon with whom I lodged their aſſociation.

This aſſociation being written at length in a large roll of the fineſt vellum, with three diſtinct columns for the maids, wives, and widows, was opened for the ſubſcribers near a fortnight ago. Never was a ſubſcription for a *Raffling* or an *Opera* more crowded. There is ſcarce a celebrated beauty about town that you may not find in one of the three liſts; inſomuch, that if a man, who did not know the deſign, ſhould read only the names of the ſubſcribers, he would fancy every column to be a catalogue of toaſts. Mr. *Motteux* has been heard to ſay more than once, that if he had the portraits of all the aſſociates, they would make a finer auction of pictures, than he or any body elſe had ever exhibited.

Several of theſe Ladies indeed criticiſed upon the form of the aſſociation. One of them, after the peruſal of it, wondered that among the features to be uſed in defence of their country, there was no mention made of *Teeth;* upon which ſhe ſmiled very charmingly and diſcovered as fine a ſet as ever eye beheld. Another, who was a tall lovely Prude, holding up her head in a moſt majeſtic manner, ſaid, with ſome diſdain, ſhe thought a *good Neck* might have done his Majeſty as much ſervice as ſmiles or dimples. A third looked upon the aſſociation as defective, becauſe ſo neceſſary a word as *Hands* was omitted; and by her manner of taking up the pen, it was eaſy to gueſs the reaſon of her objection.

Moſt of the perſons who aſſociated, have done much more than by the letter of the aſſociation they were obliged to; having not only ſet their names to it, but ſubſcribed their ſeveral aids and ſubſidies for the carrying on ſo good a cauſe. In the virgin column is one who ſubſcribes fifteen lovers, all of them good men and true. There is another who ſubſcribes five admirers, with one tall handſome black man fit to be a Colonel. In ſhort, there is ſcarce one in this liſt who does not engage herſelf to ſupply a quota of briſk young fellows, many of them already equipped with hats and feathers. Among the reſt, was a pretty ſprightly coquette, with ſparkling eyes, who ſubſcribed two quivers of arrows.

In the column of wives, the firſt that took pen in hand, writ her own name and one vaſſal, meaning her huſband. Another ſubſcribes her huſband and three ſons. Another her huſband and ſix coach-horſes. Moſt in this catalogue paired themſelves with their reſpective mates, anſwering for them as men of honeſt principles, and fit for the ſervice.

N. B.

N. B. There were two in this column that wore aſſociation ribbons; the firſt of them ſubſcribed her huſband, and her huſband's friend; the ſecond a huſband and five lovers; but upon enquiry into their characters, they are both of them found to be *Tories,* who hung out falſe colors to be ſpies upon the aſſociation, or to inſinuate to the world by their ſubſcriptions, as if a Lady of *Whig* principles could love any man beſides her huſband.

The widows column is headed by a fine woman who calls herſelf *Boadicea,* and ſubſcribes ſix hundred tenants. It was indeed obſerved that the ſtrength of the aſſociation lay moſt in this column; every widow, in proportion to her jointure, having a great number of admirers, and moſt of them diſtinguiſhed as able men. Thoſe who have examined this liſt, compute that there may be three regiments raiſed out of it, in which there ſhall not be one man under ſix foot high.

I muſt not conclude this account, without taking notice of the *Aſſociation-Ribbon,* by which theſe beautiful confederates have agreed to diſtinguiſh themſelves. It is indeed ſo very pretty an ornament, that I wonder any *Engliſh* woman will be without it. *A Lady of the Aſſociation* who bears this badge of allegiance upon her breaſt, naturally produces a deſire in every male beholder, of gaining a place in a heart which carries on it ſuch a viſible mark of its fidelity. When the beauties of our Iſland are thus induſtrious to ſhew their principles as well as their charms, they raiſe the ſentiments of their countrymen, and inſpire them at the ſame time both with loyalty and love. What numbers of proſelytes may we not expect, when the moſt amiable of the *Britons* thus exhibit to their admirers the only terms upon which they are to hope for any correſpondence or alliance with them! It is well known that the greateſt blow the *French* nation ever received, was the dropping of a fine Lady's garter, in the reign of King *Edward* the Third. The moſt remarkable battles which have been ſince gained over that nation, were fought under the auſpices of a blue *Ribbon.* As our *Britiſh* Ladies have ſtill the ſame faces, and our men the ſame hearts, why may we not hope for the ſame glorious atchievements from the influence of this beautiful breaſt-knot?

Monday,

N° 12. *Monday, January* 30.

Quapropter, de ſummâ ſalute veſtrâ, P. C. de veſtris conjugibus ac liberis, de aris ac focis, de fanis ac templis, de totius urbis tectis ac ſedibus, de imperio, de libertate, de ſalute patriæ, deque univerſâ republicâ decernite diligenter, ut inſtituiſtis, ac fortiter. Cic.

THIS day being ſet apart by public authority to raiſe in us an abhorrence to the *Great Rebellion,* which involved this nation in ſo many calamities and ended in the murder of their Sovereign; it may not be unſeaſonable to ſhew the guilt of rebellion in general, and of that rebellion in particular which is ſtirred up againſt his preſent Majeſty.

That rebellion is one of the moſt heinous crimes which it is in the power of man to commit, may appear from ſeveral conſiderations. *Firſt,* as it deſtroys the end of all government, and the benefits of civil ſociety. Government was inſtituted for maintaining the peace, ſafety, and happineſs of a people. Theſe great ends are brought about by a general conformity and ſubmiſſion to that frame of laws which is eſtabliſhed in every community, for the protection of the innocent, and the puniſhment of the guilty. As on the one ſide men are ſecured in the quiet poſſeſſion of their lives, properties, and every thing they have a right to: ſo on the other ſide, thoſe who offer them any injury in theſe particulars, are ſubject to penalties proportioned to their reſpective offences. Government therefore mitigates the inequality of power among particular perſons, and makes an innocent man, though of the loweſt rank, a match for the mightieſt of his fellow-ſubjects; ſince he has the force of the whole community on his ſide, which is able to control the inſolence or injuſtice of any private oppreſſor. Now rebellion diſappoints all theſe ends and benefits of government, by raiſing a power in oppoſition to that authority which has been eſtabliſhed among a people for their mutual welfare and defence. So that rebellion is as great an evil to ſociety, as government itſelf is a bleſſing.

In the next place, rebellion is a violation of all thoſe engagements, which every government exacts from ſuch perſons as live under it; and conſequently, the moſt baſe and pernicious inſtance of treachery and perfidiouſneſs. The guilt of rebellion increaſes in proportion as theſe engagements are more

ſolemn

ſolemn and obligatory. Thus if a man makes his way to rebellion through perjury, he gives additional horrors to that crime, which is in itſelf of the blackeſt nature.

We may likewiſe conſider rebellion as a greater complication of wickedneſs than any other crime we can commit. It is big with rapine, ſacrilege, and murder. It is dreadful in its mildeſt effects, as it impoveriſhes the public; ruins particular families; begets and perpetuates hatreds among fellow-ſubjects, friends, and relations; makes a country the ſeat of war and deſolation; and expoſes it to the attempts of its foreign enemies. In ſhort, as it is impoſſible for it to take effect, or to make the ſmalleſt progreſs, but through a continued courſe of violence and bloodſhed; a robber or a murderer looks like an innocent man, when we compare him with a rebel.

I ſhall only add, that as in the ſubordination of a government the King is offended by any inſults or oppoſitions to an inferior Magiſtrate; ſo the ſovereign Ruler of the univerſe is affronted by a breach of allegiance to thoſe whom he has ſet over us; Providence having delegated to the ſupreme Magiſtrate in every country the ſame power for the good of men, which that ſupreme Magiſtrate transfers to thoſe ſeveral officers and ſubſtitutes who act under him, for the preſerving of order and juſtice.

Now if we take a view of the preſent rebellion which is formed againſt his Majeſty, we ſhall find in it all the guilt that is naturally inherent in this crime, without any ſingle circumſtance to alleviate it. Inſurrections among a people to reſcue themſelves from the moſt violent and illegal oppreſſions; to throw off a tyranny that makes property precarious, and life painful; to preſerve their laws and their religion to themſelves and their poſterity; are excuſed from the neceſſity of ſuch an undertaking, when no other means are left for the ſecurity of every thing that is dear and valuable to reaſonable creatures. By the frame of our conſtitution, the duties of protection and allegiance are reciprocal; and as the ſafety of a community is the ultimate end and deſign of government, when this, inſtead of being preſerved, is manifeſtly deſtroyed, civil ſocieties are excuſable before God and man, if they endeavour to recover themſelves out of ſo miſerable a condition. For in ſuch a caſe government becomes an evil inſtead of a bleſſing, and is not at all preferable to a ſtate of anarchy and mutual independence. For theſe reaſons, we have ſcarce ever yet heard of an inſurrection that was not either colored with grievances of the higheſt kind, or countenanced by one or more branches of the legiſlature. But the preſent rebellion is formed againſt a King, whoſe right has been eſtabliſhed by frequent parliaments of all parties, and recogniſed by the moſt ſolemn oaths; who has not been charged with one illegal proceeding; who acts in perfect concert with the

Lords and Commons of the realm; who is famed for his equity and goodneſs, and has already very much advanced the reputation and intereſt of our country. The guilt therefore of this rebellion has in it all the moſt aggravating circumſtances; which will ſtill appear more plainly, if we conſider in the firſt place the real motives to it.

The rebellion, which was one of the moſt flagitious in itſelf, and deſcribed with the moſt horror by hiſtorians, is that of *Catiline* and his aſſociates. The motives to it are diſplayed at large by the *Roman* writers, in order to inſpire the Reader with the utmoſt deteſtation of it. *Catiline*, the chief of the rebellion, had been diſappointed in his competition for one of the firſt offices in the government, and had involved himſelf in ſuch private debts and difficulties, as nothing could extricate him out of, but the ruin of an adminiſtration that would not entruſt him with poſts of honor or profit. His principal accomplices were men of the ſame character, and animated by the ſame incentives. They complained that power was lodged in the hands of the worſt, to the oppreſſion of the beſt; and that places were conferred on unworthy men, to the excluſion of themſelves and their friends. Many of them were afraid of public juſtice for paſt crimes, and ſome of them ſtood actually condemned as traitors to their country. Theſe were joined by men of deſperate fortunes, who hoped to find their account in the confuſions of their country, were applauded by the meaneſt of the rabble, who always delighted in change, and privately abetted by perſons of a conſiderable figure, who aimed at thoſe honors and preferments which were in the poſſeſſion of their rivals. Theſe are the motives with which *Catiline*'s rebellion is branded in hiſtory, and which are expreſly mentioned by *Saluſt.* I ſhall leave it to every unprejudiced Reader to compare them with the motives which have kindled the preſent rebellion in his Majeſty's dominions.

As this Rebellion is of the moſt criminal nature from its motives, ſo it is likewiſe if we conſider its conſequences. Should it ſucceed, (a ſuppoſition which, God be thanked, is very extravagant) what muſt be the natural effects of it upon our religion! What could we expect from an army, bleſſed by the Pope, headed by a zealous *Roman Catholic,* encouraged by the moſt bigoted Princes of the Church of *Rome,* ſupported by contributions not only from thoſe ſeveral potentates, but from the wealthieſt of their convents, and officered by *Iriſh* Papiſts and outlaws! Can we imagine that the *Roman Catholics* of our own nation would ſo heartily embark in an enterpriſe, to the viſible hazard of their lives and fortunes, did they only hope to enjoy their religon under thoſe laws which are now in force? In ſhort, the danger

ger to the proteſtant cauſe is ſo manifeſt, that it would be an affront to the underſtanding of the Reader to endeavour farther to prove it.

Arbitrary power is ſo interwoven with popery, and ſo neceſſary to introduce it, ſo agreeable to the education of the pretender, ſo conformable to the principles of his adherents, and ſo natural to the inſolence of conquerors, that ſhould our invader gain the ſovereign power by violence, there is no doubt but he would preſerve it by tyranny. I ſhall leave to the Reader's own conſideration, the change of property in general, and the utter extinction of it in our national funds, the inundation of nobles without eſtates, prelates without biſhoprics, officers civil and military without places; and in ſhort, the ſeveral occaſions of rapine and revenge, which would neceſſarily enſue upon ſuch a fatal revolution. But by the bleſſing of Providence, and the wiſdom of his Majeſty's adminiſtration, this melancholy proſpect is as diſtant as it is dreadful.

Theſe are the conſequences which would neceſſarily attend the ſucceſs of the preſent Rebellion. But we will now ſuppoſe that the event of it ſhould for ſome time remain doubtful. In this caſe we are to expect all the miſeries of a civil war, nay, the armies of the greateſt foreign princes would be ſubſiſted, and all the battles of *Europe* fought in *England*. The rebels have already ſhewn us, that they want no inclination to promote their cauſe by fire and ſword, where they have an opportunity of practiſing their barbarities. Should ſuch a fierce and rapacious hoſt of men, as that which is now in the Highlands, fall down into our country, that is ſo well peopled, adorned and cultivated, how would their march be diſtinguiſhed by ravage and devaſtation! might not we ſay of them in the ſublime and beautiful words of the prophet, deſcribing the progreſs of an enraged army from the North; *Before them is as the garden of* Eden, *and behind them as the deſolate wilderneſs; yea, and nothing ſhall eſcape them.*

What then can we think of a party, who would plunge their native country into ſuch evils as theſe; when the only avowed motive for their proceedings is a point of theory, that has been already determined by thoſe who are proper judges, and in whoſe determination we have ſo many years acquieſced. If the calamities of the nation in general can make no impreſſion on them, let them at leaſt, in pity to themſelves, their friends and dependents, forbear all open and ſecret methods of encouraging a rebellion, ſo deſtructive, and ſo unprovoked. All human probabilities are againſt them; and they cannot expect ſucceſs, but from a miraculous interpoſition of the Almighty. And this we may with all chriſtian humility hope, will not turn againſt us, who obſerve thoſe oaths which we have made in his preſence; who are zealous for the ſafety of that religion, which we think moſt accept-

able in his ſight; and who endeavour to preſerve that conſtitution which is moſt conducive to the happineſs of our country.

N° 13. *Friday, February* 3.

Ignavum fucos pecus à præſepibus arcent. Virg.

THE moſt common, and indeed the moſt natural diviſion of all offences, is into thoſe of omiſſion and commiſſion. We may make the ſame diviſion of that particular ſet of crimes which regard human ſociety. The greateſt crime which can be committed againſt it is rebellion; as was ſhewn in my laſt paper. The greateſt crime of omiſſion, is an indifference in the particular members of a ſociety, when a rebellion is actually begun among them. In ſuch a juncture, though a man may be innocent of the great breach which is made upon government, he is highly culpable, if he does not uſe all the means that are ſuitable to his ſtation for reducing the community into its former ſtate of peace and good order.

Our obligation to be active on ſuch an occaſion appears from the very nature of civil government; which is an inſtitution, whereby we are all confederated together for our mutual defence and ſecurity. Men who profeſs a ſtate of neutrality in times of public danger, defert the common intereſt of their fellow-ſubjects; and act with independence to that conſtitution into which they are incorporated. The ſafety of the whole requires our joint endeavours. When this is at ſtake, the indifferent are not properly a part of the community; or rather are like dead limbs, which are an incumbrance to the body, inſtead of being of uſe to it. Beſides that, the protection which all receive from the ſame government, juſtly calls upon the gratitude of all to ſtrengthen it, as well as upon their ſelf-intereſt to preſerve it.

But farther; If men, who in their hearts are friends to a government, forbear giving it their utmoſt aſſiſtance againſt its enemies, they put it in the power of a few deſperate men to ruin the welfare of thoſe who are much ſuperior to them in ſtrength, number and intereſt. It was a remarkable law of *Solon*, the great legiſlator of the *Athenians*, that any perſon who in the civil tumults and commotions of the republic remained neuter, or an indifferent ſpectator of the contending parties, ſhould, after the re-eſtabliſh-

ment

ment of the public peace, forfeit all his poſſeſſions, and be condemned to perpetual baniſhment. This law made it neceſſary for every citizen to take his party, becauſe it was highly probable the majority would be ſo wiſe as to eſpouſe that cauſe which was moſt agreeable to the public weal, and by that means hinder a ſedition from making a ſucceſsful progreſs. At leaſt, as every prudent and honeſt man, who might otherwiſe favor any indolence in his own temper, was hereby engaged to be active, ſuch a one would be ſure to join himſelf to that ſide which had the good of their country moſt at heart. For this reaſon their famous lawgiver condemned the perſons who ſat idle in diviſions ſo dangerous to the government, as aliens to the community, and therefore to be cut off from it as unprofitable members.

Farther; Indifference cannot but be criminal, when it is converſant about objects which are ſo far from being of an indifferent nature, that they are of the higheſt importance to ourſelves and our country. If it be indifferent to us whether we are free ſubjects or ſlaves; whether our Prince be of our own religion, or of one that obliges him to extirpate it; we are in the right to give ourſelves no trouble in the preſent juncture. A man governs himſelf by the dictates of virtue and good ſenſe, who acts without zeal or paſſion in points that are of no conſequence: but when the whole community is ſhaken, and the ſafety of the public endangered, the appearance of a philoſophical or an affected indolence muſt ariſe either from ſtupidity, or perfidiouſneſs.

When in the diviſion of parties among us, men only ſtrove for the firſt place in the Prince's favor; when all were attached to the ſame form of government, and contended only for the higheſt offices in it; a prudent and an honeſt man might look upon the ſtruggle with indifference, and be in no great pain for the ſucceſs of either ſide. But at preſent the conteſt is not in reality between *Whigs* and *Tories*, but between *Loyaliſts* and *Rebels*. Our country is not now divided into two parties, who propoſe the ſame end by different means, but into ſuch as would preſerve, and ſuch as would deſtroy it. Whatever denominations we might range ourſelves under in former times, men who have any natural love to their country, or ſenſe of their duty, ſhould exert their united ſtrength in a cauſe that is common to all parties, as they are Proteſtants and *Britons*. In ſuch a caſe, an avowed indifference is treachery to our fellow-ſubjects; and a lukewarm allegiance may prove as pernicious in its conſequences as treaſon.

I need not repeat here what I have proved at large in a former paper, that we are obliged to an active obedience by the ſolemn oaths we have taken to his Majeſty; and that the neutral kind of indifference, which is the ſubject of this paper, falls ſhort of that obligation they lie under, who have taken

taken ſuch oaths; as will eaſily appear to any one who conſiders the form of thoſe ſacred and religious engagements.

How then can any man anſwer it to himſelf, if, for the ſake of managing his intereſt or character among a party, or out of any perſonal pique to thoſe who are the moſt conſpicuous for their zeal in his Majeſty's ſervice, or from any other private and ſelf-intereſted motive, he ſtands as a looker-on when the government is attacked by an open rebellion? eſpecially when thoſe engaged in it, cannot have the leaſt proſpect of ſucceſs, but by the aſſiſtance of the ancient and hereditary enemies to the *Britiſh* nation. It is ſtrange that theſe lukewarm friends to the government, whoſe zeal for their ſovereign riſes and falls with their credit at court, do not conſider, before it be too late, that as they ſtrengthen the rebels by their preſent indifference, they at the ſame time eſtabliſh the intereſt of thoſe who are their rivals and competitors for public poſts of honor. When there is an end put to this rebellion, theſe gentlemen cannot pretend to have had any merit in ſo good a work: and they may well believe the nation will never care to ſee thoſe men in the higheſt offices of truſt, who, when they are out of them, will not ſtir a finger in its defence.

N° 14. *Monday, February* 6.

Periculoſum eſt credere, et non credere:
Utriuſque exemplum breviter exponam rei.
Hippolitus obiit, quia novercæ creditum eſt:
Caſſandræ quia non creditum, ruit Ilium.
Ergo exploranda eſt veritas multùm priùs,
Quàm ſtulta pravè judicet ſententia. Phædr.

HAVING in the ſeventh paper conſidered many of thoſe falſehoods, by which the cauſe of our malecontents is ſupported; I ſhall here ſpeak of that extravagant credulity, which diſpoſes each particular member of their party to believe them. This ſtrange alacrity in believing abſurdity and inconſiſtence may be called the *Political faith* of a Tory.

A perſon who is thoroughly endowed with this political faith, like a man in a dream, is entertained from one end of his life to the other with objects that

that have no reality or exiſtence. He is daily nouriſhed and kept in humor by fiction and deluſion; and may be compared to the old obſtinate Knight in *Rabelais*, that every morning ſwallowed a Chimera for his breakfaſt.

This political faith of a malecontent is altogether founded on hope. He does not give credit to any thing becauſe it is probable, but becauſe it is pleaſing. His wiſhes ſerve him inſtead of reaſons, to confirm the truth of what he hears. There is no report ſo incredible or contradictory in itſelf which he doth not chearfully believe, if it tends to the advancement of the cauſe. In ſhort, a malecontent who is a good believer has generally reaſon to repeat the celebrated rant of an ancient father, *Credo quia impoſſibile eſt:* which is as much as to ſay, *It muſt be true, becauſe it is impoſſible.*

It has been very well obſerved, that the moſt credulous man in the world is the atheiſt, who believes the univerſe to be the production of chance. In the ſame manner a Tory, who is the greateſt believer in what is improbable, is the greateſt infidel in what is certain. Let a friend to the government relate to him a matter of fact, he turns away his ear from him, and gives him the lie in every look. But if one of his own ſtamp ſhould tell him that the King of *Sweden* would be ſuddenly at *Perth*, and that his army is now actually marching thither upon the ice; he hugs himſelf at the good news, and gets drunk upon it before he goes to bed. This ſort of people puts one in mind of ſeveral towns in *Europe* that are inacceſſible on the one ſide, while they lie open and unguarded on the other. The minds of our malecontents are indeed ſo depraved with thoſe falſehoods which they are perpetually imbibing, that they have a natural reliſh for error, and have quite loſt the taſte of truth in political matters. I ſhall therefore diſmiſs this head with a ſaying of King *Charles* the Second. This Monarch, when he was at *Windſor*, uſed to amuſe himſelf with the converſation of the famous *Voſſius*, who was full of ſtories relating to the antiquity, learning, and manners of the *Chineſe;* and at the ſame time a free-thinker in points of religion. The King, upon hearing him repeat ſome incredible accounts of theſe eaſtern people, turning to thoſe who were about him, *This learned divine,* ſaid he, *is a very ſtrange man: he believes every thing but the Bible.*

Having thus far conſidered the political faith of the party as it regards matters of fact, let us in the next place take a view of it with reſpect to thoſe doctrines which it embraces, and which are the fundamental points whereby they are diſtinguiſhed from thoſe, whom they uſed to repreſent as enemies to the conſtitution in church and ſtate. How far their great articles of political faith, with reſpect to our eccleſiaſtical and civil government, are conſiſtent with themſelves, and agreeable to reaſon and truth, may be ſeen in the following paradoxes, which are the eſſentials of a *Tory*'s *creed*, with relation

relation to political matters. Under the name of *Tories*, I do not here comprehend multitudes of well-deſigning men, who were formerly included under that denomination, but are now in the intereſt of his Majeſty and the preſent government. Theſe have already ſeen the evil tendency of ſuch principles, which are the *credenda* of the party, as it is oppoſite to that of the *Whigs*.

Article I.

That the church of *England* will be always in danger, till it has a Popiſh King for its defender.

II.

That, for the ſafety of the church, no ſubject ſhould be tolerated in any religion different from the eſtabliſhed; but that the head of our church may be of that religion which is moſt repugnant to it.

III.

That the proteſtant intereſt in this nation, and in all *Europe*, could not but flouriſh under the protection of one, who thinks himſelf obliged, on pain of damnation, to do all that lies in his power for the extirpation of it.

IV.

That we may ſafely rely upon the promiſes of one, whoſe religion allows him to make them, and at the ſame time obliges him to break them.

V.

That a good man ſhould have a greater abhorrence of Preſbyterianiſm, which is perverſeneſs, than of Popery, which is but idolatary.

VI.

That a perſon who hopes to be King of *England* by the aſſiſtance of *France*, would naturally adhere to the *Britiſh* intereſt, which is always oppoſite to that of the *French*.

VII.

That a man has no opportunities of learning how to govern the people of *England* in any foreign country, ſo well as in *France*.

VIII.

That ten millions of people ſhould rather chooſe to fall into ſlavery, than not acknowledge their Prince to be inveſted with an hereditary and indefeaſible right of oppreſſion.

IX.

That we are obliged in conſcience to become ſubjects of a Duke of *Savoy*, or of a *French* King, rather than enjoy for our Sovereign a Prince who is the firſt of the Royal blood in the Proteſtant line.

X. That

X.

That Non-reſiſtance is the duty of every chriſtian, whilſt he is in a good place.

XI.

That we ought to profeſs the doctrine of Paſſive-obedience until ſuch time as nature rebels againſt principle, that is, until we are put to the neceſſity of practiſing it.

XII.

That the papiſts have taken up arms to defend the church of *England* with the utmoſt hazard of their lives and fortunes.

XIII.

That there is an unwarrantable faction in this iſland, conſiſting of King, Lords, and Commons.

XIV.

That the legiſlature, when there is a majority of *Whigs* in it, has not power to make laws.

XV.

That an act of parliament to impower the King to ſecure ſuſpected perſons in times of rebellion, is the means to eſtabliſh the Sovereign on the throne, and conſequently a great infringement of the liberties of the ſubject.

N° 15. *Friday, February* 10.

——*Auxilium, quoniam ſic cogitis ipſi,*
Dixit, ab hoſte petam: vultus avertite veſtros,
Si quis amicus adeſt: et Gorgonis extulit ora. Ovid.

IT is with great pleaſure that I ſee a race of female patriots ſpringing up in this iſland. The faireſt among the daughters of *Great Britain* no longer confine their cares to a domeſtic life, but are grown anxious for the welfare of their country, and ſhew themſelves good ſtateſwomen as well as good houſewives.

Our ſhe confederates keep pace with us in quaſhing that rebellion which had begun to ſpread itſelf among part of the fair ſex. If the men who are true to their King and country have taken *Preſton* and *Perth*, the ladies have

poſſeſſed themſelves of the Opera and the Playhouſe with as little oppoſition or bloodſhed. The non-reſiſting women, like their brothers in the *Highlands,* think no poſt tenable againſt an army that makes ſo fine an appearance; and dare not look them in the face, when they are drawn up in battle-array.

As an inſtance of this chearfulneſs in our fair fellow-ſubjects to oppoſe the deſigns of the pretender, I did but ſuggeſt in one of my former papers, *That the fan might be made uſe of with good ſucceſs againſt popery, by exhibiting the corruptions of the church of* Rome *in various figures;* when immediately they took the hint, and have ſince had frequent conſultations upon ſeveral ways and methods *to make the fan uſeful.* They have unanimouſly agreed upon the following reſolutions, which are indeed very ſuitable to ladies who are at the ſame time the moſt beautiful and the moſt loyal of their ſex. To hide their faces behind the fan, when they obſerve a *Tory* gazing upon them. Never to peep through it, but in order to pick out men, whoſe principles make them worth the conqueſt. To return no other anſwer to a *Tory*'s addreſſes, than by counting the ſticks of it all the while he is talking to them. To avoid dropping it in the neighbourhood of a malecontent, that he may not have an opportunity of taking it up. To ſhew their diſbelief of any *Jacobite* ſtory by a flirt of it. To fall a fanning themſelves, when a *Tory* comes into one of their aſſemblies, as being diſordered at the ſight of him.

Theſe are the uſes bywhich every fan may, in the hands of a fine woman, become ſerviceable to the public. But they have at preſent under conſideration, certain fans of a proteſtant make, that they may have a more extenſive influence, and raiſe an abhorrence of popery in a whole crowd of beholders: for they intend to let the world ſee what party they are of, by figures and deſigns upon theſe fans; as the knights-errant uſed to diſtinguiſh themſelves by devices on their ſhields.

There are ſeveral ſketches of pictures which have been already preſented to the ladies for their approbation, and out of which ſeveral have made their choice. A pretty young lady will very ſoon appear with a fan, which has on it a nunnery of lively black-eyed veſtals, who are endeavouring to creep out at the grates. Another has a fan mounted with a fine paper, on which is repreſented a group of people upon their knees very devoutly worſhipping an old tenpenny nail. A certain lady of great learning has choſen for her device the council of *Trent;* and another, who has a good ſatirical turn, has filled her fan with the figure of a huge tawdry woman, repreſenting the whore of *Babylon;* which ſhe is reſolved to ſpread full in the face of any ſiſter-diſputant, whoſe arguments have a tendency to popery. The following

lowing deſigns are already executed on ſeveral mountings. The ceremony of the holy Pontiff opening the mouth of a cardinal in a full conſiſtory. An old gentleman with a triple crown upon his head, and big with child, being the portrait of Pope *Joan*. Biſhop *Bonner* purchaſing great quanties of faggots and bruſh-wood, for the converſion of heretics. A figure reaching at a ſceptre with one hand, and holding a chaplet of beads in the other: with a diſtant view of *Smithfield*.

When our ladies make their zeal thus viſible upon their fans, and, every time they open them, diſplay an error of the church of *Rome*, it cannot but have a good effect, by ſhewing the enemies of our preſent eſtabliſhment the folly of what they are contending for. At leaſt, every one muſt allow that fans are much more innocent engines for propagating the proteſtant religion, than racks, wheels, gibbets, and the like machines, which are made uſe of for the advancement of the *Roman* catholic. Beſides, as every lady will of courſe ſtudy her fan, ſhe will be a perfect miſtreſs of the controverſy at leaſt in one point of popery; and as her curioſity will put her upon the peruſal of every other fan that is faſhionable, I doubt not but in a very little time there will ſcarce be a woman of quality in *Great Britain*, who would not be an overmatch for an *Iriſh* prieſt.

The beautiful part of this iſland, whom I am proud to number amongſt the moſt candid of my readers, will likewiſe do well to reflect, that our diſpute at preſent concerns our civil as well as religious rights. I ſhall therefore only offer it to their thoughts as a point that highly deſerves their conſideration, whether the fan may not alſo be made uſe of with regard to our political conſtitution. As a free-holder, I would not have them confine their cares for us as we are proteſtants, but at the ſame time have an eye to our happineſs as we are *Britons*. In this caſe they would give a new turn to the minds of their countrymen, if they would exhibit on their fans the ſeveral grievances of a tyrannical government. Why might not an audience of *Muley Iſhmael*, or a *Turk* dropping his handkerchief in his ſeraglio, be proper ſubjects to expreſs their abhorrence both of deſpotic power, and of male tyranny? or if they have a fancy for burleſque, what would they think of a *French* cobler cutting ſhoes for ſeveral of his fellow ſubjects out of an old apple tree? on the contrary, a fine woman, who would maintain the dignity of her ſex, might bear a ſtring of galley-ſlaves, dragging their chains the whole breadth of her fan; and at the ſame time, to celebrate her own triumphs, might order every ſlave to be drawn with the face of one of her admirers.

I only propoſe theſe as hints to my gentle Readers, which they may alter or improve as they ſhall think fit; but cannot conclude without congratu-

lating our country upon this diſpoſition among the moſt amiable of its inhabitants, to conſider in their ornaments the advantage of the public as well as of their perſons. It was with the ſame ſpirit, though not with the ſame politeneſs, that the ancient *Britiſh* women had the figures of monſters painted on their naked bodies, in order (as our hiſtorians tell us) to make themſelves beautiful in the eyes of their countrymen, and terrible to their enemies. If this project goes on, we may boaſt, that our ſiſter *Whigs* have the fineſt fans, as well as the moſt beautiful faces, of any ladies in the world. At leaſt, we may venture to foretel, that the figures in their fans will leſſen the *Tory* intereſt, much more than thoſe in the *Oxford* Almanacs will advance it.

N° 16. *Monday, February* 13.

Itaque quod plerumque in atroci negotio ſolet, Senatus decrevit, darent operam Conſules nè quid Reſpublica detrimenti caperet. Ea poteſtas per Senatum more Romano magiſtratui maxuma permittitur, exercitum parare, bellum gerere, coercere omnibus modis ſocios atque cives, domi militiæque imperium atque judicium ſummum habere. Aliter, ſine populi juſſu nulli earum rerum Conſuli jus eſt. Saluſt.

IT being the deſign of theſe papers to reconcile men to their own happineſs, by removing thoſe wrong notions and prejudices which hinder them from ſeeing the advantage of themſelves and their poſterity in the preſent eſtabliſhment, I cannot but take notice of every thing that by the artifice of our enemies is made a matter of complaint.

Of this nature is the ſuſpenſion of the *Habeas Corpus* act, by which his Majeſty has been enabled, in theſe times of danger, to ſeize and detain the perſons of ſuch, who he had reaſon to believe were conſpiring againſt his perſon and government. The expediency and reaſonableneſs of ſuch a temporary ſuſpenſion in the preſent juncture, may appear to every conſiderate man, who will turn his thoughts impartially on this ſubject.

I have choſen in points of this nature to draw my arguments from the firſt principles of government, which as they are of no party, but aſſented to by every reaſonable man, carry the greater weight with them, and are accommodated to the notions of all my Readers. Every one knows, who has conſidered the nature of government, that there muſt be in each particular form of it an abſolute and unlimited power; and that this power is lodged

lodged in the hands of thoſe, who have the making of its laws, whether by the nature of the conſtitution it be in one or more perſons, in a ſingle order of men, or in a mixt body of different ranks and degrees. It is an abſurdity to imagine that thoſe, who have the authority of making laws, cannot ſuſpend any particular law, when they think it expedient for the public. Without ſuch a power all government would be defective, and not armed with a ſufficient force for its own ſecurity. As ſelf-preſervation by all honeſt methods is the firſt duty of every community, as well as of every private perſon, ſo the public ſafety is the general view of all laws. When therefore any law does not conduce to this great end, but on the contrary in ſome extraordinary and unnatural junctures, the very obſervation of it would endanger the community, that law ought to be laid aſleep for ſuch a time, by the proper authority. Thus the very intention of our *Habeas Corpus* act, namely, the preſervation of the liberties of the ſubject, abſolutely requires that act to be now ſuſpended, ſince the confinement of dangerous and ſuſpected perſons, who might ſtrengthen this rebellion, and ſpread a civil war through all parts of this kingdom, ſecures to us our civil rights, and every thing that can be valuable to a free people.

As every government muſt in its nature be armed with ſuch an authority, we may obſerve that thoſe governments which have been the moſt famous for public ſpirit, and the moſt jealous of their liberty, have never failed to exert it upon proper occaſions. There cannot be a greater inſtance of this, than in the old commonwealth of *Rome,* who flattered themſelves with an opinion that their government had in it a due temper of the regal, noble, and popular power, repreſented by the conſuls, the ſenators, and the tribunes. The regal part was however in ſeveral points notoriouſly defective, and particularly becauſe the conſuls had not a negative in the paſſing of a law, as the other two branches had. Nevertheleſs, in this government, when the republic was threatened with any great and imminent danger, they thought it for the common ſafety to appoint a temporary dictator, inveſted with the whole power of the three branches; who, when the danger was over, retired again into the community, and left the government in its natural ſituation. But what is more to our caſe, the conſular power itſelf, tho' infinitely ſhort of the regal power in *Great Britain,* was entruſted with the whole authority which the legiſlature has put into the hands of his Majeſty. We have an eminent inſtance of this in the motto of my paper, which I ſhall tranſlate for the benefit of the *Engliſh* Reader, after having advertiſed him, that the power there given to the conſul, was in the time of a conſpiracy. *The ſenate therefore made a decree, as uſual, when they have matters before them of ſo horrid a nature, That the conſuls ſhould take care the commonwealth did not ſuffer any prejudice.*

By

By virtue of this very great power which the ſenate allows to the Magiſtrate, according to the ancient cuſtoms of Rome, *he may raiſe an army, wage war, make uſe of all kinds of methods to reſtrain the aſſociates and citizens of* Rome, *and exerciſe the ſupreme authority both at home and abroad in matters civil and military; whereas otherwiſe the conſul is not inveſted with any of theſe powers without the expreſs command of the people.*

There now only remains to ſhew, that his Majeſty is legally poſſeſſed of this power; and that the neceſſity of the preſent affairs requires he ſhould be ſo. He is entruſted with it by the legiſlature of the nation; and in the very notion of a legiſlature is implied a power to change, repeal, and ſuſpend what laws are in being, as well as to make what new laws they ſhall think fit for the good of the people. This is ſo uncontroverted a maxim, that I believe never any body attempted to refute it. Our legiſlature have however had that juſt regard for their fellow ſubjects, as not to entertain a thought of abrogating this law, but only to hinder it from operating at a time when it would endanger the conſtitution. The King is empowered to act but for a few months by virtue of this ſuſpenſion; and by that means differs from a King of *France,* or any other tyrannical Prince, who in times of peace and tranquility, and upon what occaſion he pleaſes, ſends any of his ſubjects out of the knowledge of their friends into ſuch caſtles, dungeons; or impriſonments as he thinks fit. Nor did the legiſlature do any thing in this that was unprecedented. The *Habeas Corpus* act was made but about five and thirty years ago, and ſince that time has been ſuſpended four times before his preſent Majeſty's acceſſion to the throne: twice under the reign of King *William* and Queen *Mary;* once under the reign of King *William;* and once under the reign of Queen *Anne.*

The neceſſity of this law at this time aroſe from the proſpect of an invaſion, which has ſince broke out into an actual rebellion; and from informations of ſecret and dangerous practices among men of conſiderable figure, who could not have been prevented from doing miſchief to their country but by ſuch a ſuſpenſion of this act of parliament.

I cannot however but obſerve, that notwithſtanding the lawfulneſs and neceſſity of ſuch a ſuſpenſion, had not the rebellion broke out after the paſſing of this act of parliament, I do not know how thoſe who had been the moſt inſtrumental in procuring it, could have eſcaped that popular odium, which their malicious and artful enemies have now in vain endeavoured to ſtir up againſt them. Had it been poſſible for the vigilance and endeavours of a miniſtry to have hindered even the attempts of an invaſion, their very endeavours might have proved prejudicial to them. Their prudent and reſolute precautions would have turned to their diſadvantage, had they not been

been juſtified by thoſe events, which they did all that was in their power to obviate. This naturally brings to mind the reflection of *Tully* in the like circumſtances, *That* amidſt the diviſions of *Rome, a man was in an unhappy condition who had a ſhare in the adminiſtration, nay even in the preſervation of the commonwealth.* O conditionem miſeram non modo adminiſtrandæ, verùm etiam conſervandæ Reipublicæ!

Beſides, every unprejudiced man will conſider how mildly and equitably this power has been uſed. The perſons confined have been treated with all poſſible humanity, and abridged of nothing but the liberty of hurting their country, and very probably of ruining both themſelves and their families. And as to the numbers of thoſe who are under this ſhort reſtraint, it is very obſervable, that people do not ſeem ſo much ſurpriſed at the confinement of ſome, as at the liberty of many others. But we may from hence conclude, what every *Engliſhman* muſt obſerve with great pleaſure, that his Majeſty does not in this great point regulate himſelf by any private jealouſies or ſuſpicions, but by thoſe evidences and informations which he has received.

We have already found the good conſequences of this ſuſpenſion, in that it has hindered the rebellion from gathering the ſtrength it would otherwiſe have gained; not to mention thoſe numbers it has kept from engaging in ſo deſperate an enterpriſe, with the many lives it has preſerved, and the deſolations it has prevented.

For theſe and many other reaſons, the repreſentatives of *Great Britain* in parliament could never have anſwered it to the people they repreſent, who have found ſuch great benefits from the ſuſpenſion of the *Habeas Corpus* act, and without it muſt have felt ſuch fatal conſequences, had they not, in a caſe of ſuch great neceſſity, made uſe of this cuſtomary, legal and reaſonable method for ſecuring his Majeſty on the Throne, and their country from miſery or ruin.

Friday,

N° 17. *Friday, February* 17.

——*Hic niger eſt: hunc tu, Romane, caveto.* Hor.

WE are told that in *Turkey,* when any man is the author of notorious falſehoods, it is uſual to blacken the whole front of his houſe: nay we have ſometimes heard, that an embaſſador whoſe *buſineſs it is* (if I may quote his character in Sir *Henry Wotton*'s words) *to lie for the good of his country,* has ſometimes had this mark ſet upon his houſe; when he has been detected in any piece of feigned intelligence, that has prejudiced the government, and miſled the minds of the people. One could almoſt wiſh that the habitations of ſuch of our own countrymen as deal in forgeries detrimental to the public, were diſtinguiſhed in the ſame manner; that their fellow ſubjects might be cautioned not to be too eaſy in giving credit to them. Were ſuch a method put in practice, this metropolis would be ſtrangely chequered; ſome entire pariſhes would be in mourning, and ſeveral ſtreets darkened from one end to the other.

But I have given my thoughts in two preceding papers, both on the inventors and the believers of theſe public falſehoods and calumnies, and ſhall here ſpeak of that contempt with which they are and ought to be received by thoſe in high ſtations, at whom they are levelled. Any perſon indeed, who is zealous for promoting the intereſt of his country, muſt conquer all that tenderneſs and delicacy which may make him afraid of being ſpoken ill of; or his endeavours will often produce no leſs uneaſineſs to himſelf, than benefit to the public. Among a people who indulge themſelves in the utmoſt freedoms of thought and ſpeech, a man muſt either be inſignificant, or able to bear an undeſerved reproach. A true patriot may comfort himſelf under the attacks of falſehood and obloquy, from ſeveral motives and reflections.

In the firſt place he ſhould conſider, that the chief of his antagoniſts are generally acted by a ſpirit of envy; which would not riſe againſt him, if it were not provoked by his deſert. A Stateſman, who is poſſeſſed of real merit, ſhould look upon his political cenſurers with the ſame neglect, that a good writer regards his critics; who are generally a race of men that are not able to diſcover the beauties of a work they examine, and deny that approbation to others, which they never met with themſelves. Patriots therefore ſhould rather rejoice

rejoice in the ſucceſs of their honeſt deſigns, than be mortified by thoſe who miſrepreſent them.

They ſhould likewiſe conſider, that not only envy, but vanity has a ſhare in the detraction of their adverſaries. Such aſperſions therefore do them honor at the ſame time that they are intended to leſſen their reputation. They ſhould reflect, That thoſe who endeavour to ſtir up the multitude againſt them, do it to be thought conſiderable; and not a little applaud themſelves in a talent that can raiſe clamors out of nothing, and throw a ferment among the people, by murmurs or complaints, which they know in their own hearts are altogether groundleſs. There is a pleaſant inſtance of this nature recorded at length in the firſt book of the Annals of *Tacitus*. When a great part of the *Roman* legions were in a diſpoſition to mutiny, an impudent varlet, who was a private centinel, being mounted upon the ſhoulders of his fellow ſoldiers, and reſolved to try the power of his eloquence, addreſſed himſelf to the army, in all the poſtures of an Orator, after the following manner: *You have given liberty to theſe miſerable men,* ſaid he, (pointing to ſome criminals whom they had reſcued) *but which of you can reſtore life to my brother? Who can give me back my brother? He was murdered no longer ago than laſt night, by the hands of thoſe ruffians, who are entertained by the General to butcher the poor ſoldiery. Tell me,* Blæſus (for that was the name of the General, who was then ſitting on the Tribunal) *tell me, where haſt thou caſt his dead body? An enemy does not grudge the rites of burial. When I have tired myſelf with kiſſing his cold corps, and weeping over it, order me to be ſlain upon it. All I aſk of my fellow ſoldiers, ſince we both die in their cauſe, is, that they would lay me in the ſame grave with my brother.* The whole army was in an uproar at this moving ſpeech, and reſolved to do the ſpeaker juſtice, when, upon enquiry, they found that he never had a brother in his life; and that he had ſtirred up the ſedition only to ſhew his parts.

Public Miniſters would likewiſe do well to conſider, that the principal authors of ſuch reproaches as are caſt upon them, are thoſe who have a mind to get their places: and as for a cenſure ariſing from this motive, it is in their power to eſcape it when they pleaſe, and turn it upon their competitors. Malecontents of an inferior character are actuated by the ſame principle; for ſo long as there are employments of all ſizes, there will be murmurers of all degrees. I have heard of a country-gentleman, who made a very long and melancholy complaint to the late Duke of *Buckingham,* when he was in great power at court, of ſeveral public grievances. The Duke, after having given him a very patient hearing, *My dear friend,* ſays he, *this is but too true; but I have thought of an expedient which will ſet all things right, and that very ſoon.* His country friend aſked him, what it was? *You muſt know,* ſays

the Duke, *there's a place of five hundred pounds a year fallen this very morning, which I intend to put you in poſſeſſion of.* The Gentleman thanked his Grace, went away ſatisfied, and thought the nation the happieſt under Heaven, during that whole Miniſtry.

But farther, every man in a public ſtation ought to conſider, that when there are two different parties in a nation, they will ſee things in different lights. An action, however conducive to the good of their country, will be repreſented by the artful and appear to the ignorant as prejudicial to it. Since I have here, according to the uſual liberty of Eſſay-writers, rambled into ſeveral ſtories, I ſhall fetch one to my preſent purpoſe out of the *Perſian* hiſtory. We there read of a virtuous young Emperor, who was very much afflicted to find his actions miſconſtrued and defamed by a party among his ſubjects that favored another intereſt. As he was one day ſitting among the Miniſters of his Divan, and amuſing himſelf after the *Eaſtern* manner, with the ſolution of difficult Problems and Enigma's, he propoſed to them in his turn the following one. *What is the tree that bears three hundred and ſixty five leaves, which are all black on the one ſide, and white on the other?* His Grand Viſier immediately replied, it was the year, which conſiſted of three hundred and ſixty five days and nights: *But, Sir,* ſays he, *permit me at the ſame time to take notice, that theſe leaves repreſent your actions, which carry different faces to your friends and enemies, and will always appear black to thoſe who are reſolved only to look upon the wrong ſide of them.*

A virtuous man therefore who lays out his endeavours for the good of his country, ſhould never be troubled at the reports which are made of him, ſo long as he is conſcious of his own integrity. He ſhould rather be pleaſed to find people deſcanting upon his actions, becauſe when they are thoroughly canvaſſed and examined, they are ſure in the end to turn to his honor and advantage. The reaſonable and unprejudiced part of mankind will be of his ſide, and rejoice to ſee their common intereſt lodged in ſuch honeſt hands. A ſtrict examination of a great man's character, is like the trial of a ſuſpected chaſtity, which was made among the *Jews* by the waters of jealouſy. *Moſes* aſſures us, that the criminal burſt upon the drinking of them; but if ſhe was accuſed wrongfully, the *Rabbins* tell us, they heightened her charms, and made her much more amiable than before: ſo that they deſtroyed the guilty, but beautified the innocent.

Monday,

N° 18. *Monday, February* 20.

——— *Inopem me copia fecit.* Ovid.

EVERY *Engliſhman* will be a good ſubject to King *George,* in proportion as he is a good *Engliſhman,* and a lover of the conſtitution of his country. In order to awaken in my Readers the love of this their conſtitution, it may be neceſſary to ſet forth its ſuperior excellency to that form of government, which many wicked and ignorant men have of late years endeavoured to introduce among us. I ſhall not therefore think it improper to take notice from time to time of any particular act of power, exerted by thoſe among whom the Pretender to his Majeſty's crown has been educated; which would prove fatal to this nation, ſhould it be conquered and governed by a perſon, who, in all probability, would put in practice the politics in which he has been ſo long inſtructed.

There has been nothing more obſervable in the reign of his preſent *Gallic* Majeſty, than the method he has taken for ſupplying his Exchequer with a neceſſary ſum of money. The ways and means for raiſing it has been an edict, or a command in writing ſigned by himſelf, to encreaſe the value of *Louis d'ors* from fourteen to ſixteen *Livres,* by virtue of a new ſtamp which ſhall be ſtruck upon them. As this method will bring all the gold of the kingdom into his hands, it is provided by the ſame edict that they ſhall be paid out again to the people at twenty *Livres* each; ſo that four *Livres* in the ſcore by this means accrue to his Majeſty out of all the money in the kingdom of *France.*

This method of raiſing money is conſiſtent with that form of government, and with the repeated practice of their late *Grand Monarque;* ſo that I ſhall not here conſider the many evil conſequences which it muſt have upon their trade, their exchange, and public credit: I ſhall only take notice of the whimſical circumſtances a people muſt lie under, who can be thus made poor or rich by an edict, which can throw an alloy into a *Louis d'or,* and debaſe it into half its former value, or, if his Majeſty pleaſes, raiſe the price of it, not by the acceſſion of metal, but of a mark. By the preſent edict many a man in *France* will ſwell into a plumb, who fell ſeveral thouſand pounds ſhort of it the day before its publication. This conveys a kind of

Fairy treaſure into their cheſts, even whilſt they are under lock and key; and is a ſecret of multiplication without addition. It is natural enough however for the vanity of the *French* nation to grow inſolent upon this imaginary wealth, not conſidering that their neighbours think them no more rich by virtue of an edict to make fourteen twenty, than they would think them more formidable ſhould there be another edict to make every man in the kingdom ſeven foot high.

It was uſual for his late moſt Chriſtian Majeſty to ſink the value of their *Louis d'ors* about the time he was to receive the taxes of his good people, and to raiſe them when he had got them ſafe into his coffers. And there is no queſtion but the preſent government in that kingdom will ſo far obſerve this kind of conduct, as to reduce the twenty *Livres* to their old number of fourteen, when they have paid them out of their hands; which will immediately ſink the preſent timpany of wealth, and re-eſtabliſh the natural poverty of the *Gallic* nation.

One cannot but pity the melancholy condition of a miſer in this country, who is perpetually telling his *Livres,* without being able to know how rich he is. He is as ridiculouſly puzzled and perplexed as a man that counts the ſtones on *Saliſbury Plain,* which can never be ſettled to any certain number, but are more or fewer every time he reckons them.

I have heard of a young *French* Lady, a ſubject of *Louis* the Fourteenth, who was contracted to a Marquis upon the foot of a five thouſand pound fortune, which ſhe had by her in ſpecie; but one of theſe unlucky edicts coming out a week before the intended marriage, ſhe loſt a thouſand pound, and her bridegroom into the bargain.

The uncertainty of riches is a ſubject much diſcourſed of in all countries, but may be inſiſted on more emphatically in *France* than any other. A man is here under ſuch a kind of ſituation, as one who is managed by a jugler. He fancies he has ſo many pieces of money in his hand; but let him graſp them never ſo carefully, upon a word or two of the artiſt they increaſe or dwindle to what number the Doctor is pleaſed to name.

This method of lowering or advancing money, we, who have the happineſs to be in another form of government, ſhould look upon as an unwarrantable kind of clipping and coining. However, as it is an expedient that is often practiſed, and may be juſtified in that conſtitution which has been ſo thoroughly ſtudied by the Pretender to his Majeſty's crown, I do not ſee what ſhould have hindered him from making uſe of ſo expeditious a method for raiſing a ſupply, if he had ſucceeded in his late attempt to dethrone his Majeſty, and ſubvert our conſtitution. I ſhall leave it to the conſideration of the reader, if in ſuch a caſe the following edict, or ſomething very like it, might not have been expected.

"WHEREAS

" WHEREAS theſe our kingdoms have long groaned under an ex-
" penſive and conſuming land war, which has very much exhauſted
" the treaſure of the nation, we being willing to increaſe the wealth of our
" people, and not thinking it adviſeable for this purpoſe to make uſe of the
" tedious methods of merchandiſe and commerce, which have been always
" promoted by a faction among the worſt of our ſubjects, and were ſo wiſely
" diſcountenanced by the beſt of them in the late reign, do hereby enact
" by our ſole Will and Pleaſure, that every ſhilling in *Great Britain* ſhall
" paſs in all payments for the ſum of fourteen pence, till the firſt of *Septem-*
" *ber* next, and that every other piece of money ſhall riſe and paſs in cur-
" rent payment in the ſame proportion. The advantage which will accrue
" to theſe nations by this our Royal donative, will viſibly appear to all
" men of ſound principles, who are ſo juſtly famous for their antipathy to
" ſtrangers, and would not ſee the landed intereſt of their country weakened
" by the importations of foreign gold and ſilver. But ſince by reaſon of
" the great debts which we have contracted abroad, during our fifteen years
" reign, as well as of our preſent exigencies, it will be neceſſary to fill our
" Exchequer by the moſt prudent and expeditious methods, we do alſo
" hereby order every one of our ſubjects to bring in theſe his fourteen-
" penny pieces, and all the other current caſh of this kingdom, by what
" new titles ſoever dignified or diſtinguiſhed, to the maſter of our mint, who
" after having ſet a mark upon them, ſhall deliver out to them, on or after
" the firſt of *September* aforeſaid, their reſpective ſums, taking only four
" pence for ourſelf for ſuch his mark on every fourteen-penny piece, which
" from henceforth ſhall paſs in payment for eighteen pence, and ſo in pro-
" portion for the reſt. By this method, the money of this nation will be
" more by one third than it is at preſent; and we ſhall content ourſelves
" with not quite one fifth part of the current caſh of our loving ſubjects;
" which will but barely ſuffice to clear the intereſt of thoſe ſums in which
" we ſtand indebted to our moſt dear brother and ancient ally. We are
" glad of this opportunity of ſhewing an inſtance of our goodneſs to our
" ſubjects, by this our Royal edict, which ſhall be read in every pariſh
" church of *Great Britain*, immediately after the celebration of high Maſs.
" *For ſuch is our Pleaſure.*

Friday,

N° 19. *Friday, February* 24.

Pulchrum eſt bene facere reipublicæ; etiam bene dicere haud abſurdum eſt.
Saluſt.

IT has been uſual theſe many years for writers, who have approved the ſcheme of government which has taken place, to explain to the people the reaſonableneſs of thoſe principles which have prevailed, and to juſtify the conduct of thoſe, who act in conformity to ſuch principles. It therefore happens well for the party which is undermoſt, when a work of this nature falls into the hands of thoſe who content themſelves to attack their principles, without expoſing their perſons, or ſingling out any particular objects for ſatire and ridicule. This manner of proceeding is no inconſiderable piece of merit in writers, who are often more influenced by a deſire of fame, than a regard to the public good; and who, by this means, loſe many fair opportunities of ſhewing their own wit, or of gratifying the ill-nature of their readers.

When a man thinks a party engaged in ſuch meaſures as tend to the ruin of his country, it is certainly a very laudable and virtuous action in him to make war after this manner upon the whole body. But as ſeveral caſuiſts are of opinion, that in a battle you ſhould diſcharge upon the groſs of the enemy, without levelling your piece at any particular perſon; ſo in this kind of combat alſo, I cannot think it fair to aim at any one man, and make his character the mark of your hoſtilities. There is now to be ſeen in the caſtle of *Milan,* a cannon bullet, inſcribed, *This to the Mareſchal de Crequi,* which was the very ball that ſhot him. An author who points his ſatire at a great man, is to be looked upon in the ſame view with the engineer who ſignaliſed himſelf by this ungenerous practice.

But as the ſpirit of the *Whigs* and *Tories* ſhews itſelf, upon every occaſion, to be very widely different from one another; ſo is it particularly viſible in the writings of this kind, which have been publiſhed by each party. The latter may, indeed, aſſign one reaſon to juſtify themſelves in this practice; that, having nothing of any manner of weight to offer againſt the principles of

of their antagoniſts, if they ſpeak at all, it muſt be againſt their perſons. When they cannot refute an adverſary, the ſhorteſt way is to libel him; and to endeavour at the making his perſon odious, when they cannot repreſent his notions as abſurd.

The *Examiner* was a paper, in the laſt reign, which was the favorite work of the party. It was uſhered into the world by a letter from a ſecretary of ſtate, ſetting forth the great genius of the author, the uſefulneſs of his deſign, and the mighty conſequences that were to be expected from it. It is ſaid to have been written by thoſe among them whom they looked upon as their moſt celebrated wits and politicians, and was diſperſed into all quarters of the nation with great induſtry and expence. Who would not have expected, that at leaſt the rules of decency and candor would be obſerved in ſuch a performance? but inſtead of this, you ſaw all the great men, who had done eminent ſervices to their country but a few years before, draughted out one by one, and baited in their turns. No ſanctity of character, or privilege of ſex, exempted perſons from this barbarous uſage. Several of our prelates were the ſtanding marks of public rallery, and many ladies of the firſt quality branded by name for matters of fact, which, as they were falſe, were not heeded, and if they had been true, were innocent. The dead themſelves were not ſpared. And here I cannot forbear taking notice of a kind of wit which has lately grown into faſhion among the verſifiers, epigrammatiſts, and other authors, who think it ſufficient to diſtinguiſh themſelves by their zeal for what they call the High-Church, while they ſport with the moſt tremendous parts of revealed religion. Every one has ſeen epigrams upon the deceaſed fathers of our church, where the whole thought has turned upon hell-fire. Patriots, who ought to be remembered with honor by their poſterity, have been introduced as ſpeakers in a ſtate of torments. There is ſomething dreadful even in repeating theſe execrable pieces of wit, which no man who really believes in another life, can peruſe without fear and trembling. It is aſtoniſhing to ſee readers who call themſelves chriſtians, applauding ſuch diabolical mirth, and ſeeming to rejoice in the doom which is pronounced againſt their enemies, by ſuch abandoned ſcriblers. A wit of this kind, may with great truth be compared to the fool in the *Proverbs, who plays with arrows, fire-brands and death, and ſays, Am I not in ſport?*

I muſt, in juſtice to the more ſober and conſiderate of that party, confeſs that many of them were highly ſcandaliſed at that perſonal ſlander and reflection which was flung out ſo freely by the libellers of the laſt reign, as well as by thoſe prophane liberties which have been ſince continued. And as for thoſe who are either the authors or admirers of ſuch compoſitions, I would

would have them conſider with themſelves, whether the name of a good churchman can atone for the want of that charity which is the moſt eſſential part of chriſtianity. They would likewiſe do well to reflect, how, by theſe methods, the poiſon has run freely into the minds of the weak and ignorant; heightened their rage againſt many of their fellow ſubjects; and almoſt diveſted them of the common ſentiments of humanity.

In the former part of this paper, I have hinted that the deſign of it is to oppoſe the principles of thoſe who are enemies to the preſent government, and the main body of that party who eſpouſe thoſe principles. But even in ſuch general attacks there are certain meaſures to be kept, which may have a tendency rather to gain, than to irritate thoſe who differ with you in their ſentiments. The *Examiner* would not allow ſuch as were of a contrary opinion to him, to be either chriſtians or fellow ſubjects. With him they were all atheiſts, deiſts, or apoſtates, and a ſeparate common-wealth among themſelves, that ought either to be extirpated, or, when he was in a better humor, only to be baniſhed out of their native country. They were often put in mind of ſome approaching execution, and therefore all of them adviſed to prepare themſelves for it, as men who had then nothing to take care of, but how to die decently. In ſhort, the *Examiner* ſeemed to make no diſtinction between conqueſt and deſtruction.

The conduct of this work has hitherto been regulated by different views, and ſhall continue to be ſo; unleſs the party it has to deal with, draw upon themſelves another kind of treatment: for if they ſhall perſiſt in pointing their batteries againſt particular perſons, there are no laws of war, that forbid the making of repriſals. In the mean time, this undertaking ſhall be managed with that generous ſpirit which was ſo remarkable among the *Romans*, who did not ſubdue a country in order to put the inhabitants to fire and ſword, but to incorporate them into their own community, and make them happy in the ſame government with themſelves.

Monday,

No 20. *Monday, February 27.*

Privatus illis cenſus erat brevis,
Commune magnum ———— Hor.

IT is very unlucky for thoſe who make it their buſineſs to raiſe popular murmurs and diſcontents againſt his Majeſty's government, that they find ſo very few and ſo very improper occaſions for them. To ſhew how hard they are ſet in this particular, there are ſeveral, who for want of other materials, are forced to repreſent the bill which has paſſed this ſeſſion, for laying an additional tax of two ſhillings in the pound upon land, as a kind of grievance upon the ſubject. If this be a matter of complaint, it ought in juſtice to fall upon thoſe who have made it neceſſary. Had there been no rebellion, there would have been no increaſe of the land tax; ſo that in proportion as a man declares his averſion to the one, he ought to teſtify his abhorrence of the other. But it is very remarkable that thoſe, who would perſuade the people that they are aggrieved by this additional burthen, are the very perſons who endeavour, in their ordinary converſation, to extenuate the heinouſneſs of the rebellion, and who expreſs the greateſt tenderneſs for the perſons of the rebels. They ſhew a particular indulgence for that unnatural inſurrection which has drawn this load upon us, and are angry at the means which were neceſſary for ſuppreſſing it. There needs no clearer proof of the ſpirit and intention with which they act: I ſhall therefore adviſe my fellow free-holders to conſider the character of any perſon who would poſſeſs them with the notion of a hardſhip that is put upon the country by this tax. If he be one of known affection to the preſent eſtabliſhment, they may imagine there is ſome reaſon for complaint. But if on the contrary, he be one, who has ſhewn himſelf indifferent as to the ſucceſs of the preſent rebellion, or is ſuſpected as a private abettor of it, they may take it for granted, his complaint againſt the land tax is either the rage of a diſappointed man, or the artifice of one who would alienate their affections from the preſent government.

The expence which will ariſe to the nation from this rebellion, is already computed at near a million. And it is a melancholy conſideration for the

Free-holders of *Great Britain*, that the treaſon of their fellow ſubjects ſhould bring upon them as great a charge as the war with *France*. At the ſame time every reaſonable man among them will pay a tax with at leaſt as great chearfulneſs for ſtifling a civil war in its birth, as for carrying on a war in a foreign country. Had not our firſt ſupplies been effectual for the cruſhing of our domeſtic enemies, we ſhould immediately have beheld the whole kingdom a ſcene of ſlaughter and deſolation: whereas, if we had failed in our firſt attempts upon a diſtant nation, we might have repaired the loſſes of one campaign by the advantages of another, and after ſeveral victories gained over us, might ſtill have kept the enemy from our gates.

As it was thus abſolutely neceſſary to raiſe a ſum that might enable the government to put a ſpeedy ſtop to the rebellion, ſo could there be no method thought of for raiſing ſuch a ſum more proper, than this of laying an additional tax of two ſhillings in the pound upon land.

In the firſt place: this tax has already been ſo often tried, that we know the exact produce of it, which in any new project is always very doubtful and uncertain. As we are thus acquainted with the produce of this tax; we find it is adequate to the ſervices for which it is deſigned, and that the additional tax is proportioned to the ſupernumerary expence, which falls upon the kingdom this year by the unnatural rebellion, as it has been above ſtated.

In the next place: no other tax could have been thought of, upon which ſo much money would have been immediately advanced as was neceſſary in ſo critical a juncture, for puſhing our ſucceſſes againſt the rebels, and preventing the attempts of their friends and confederates both at home and abroad. Nobody cares to make loans upon a new and untried project; whereas men never fail to bring in their money upon a land tax, when the premium or intereſt allowed them, is ſuited to the hazard they run by ſuch loans to the government. And here one cannot but bewail the misfortune of our country, when we conſider, that the Houſe of Commons had laſt year reduced this intereſt to four *per cent.* by which means there was a conſiderable ſaving to the nation; but that this year they have been forced to give ſix *per cent.* as well knowing the fatal conſequences that might have enſued, had there not been an intereſt allowed, which would certainly encourage the lender to venture, in ſuch a time of danger, what was indiſpenſably neceſſary for the exigences of the public.

Beſides; this is a method for raiſing a ſum of money, that, with the ordinary taxes, will in all probability defray the whole expence of the year: ſo that there is no burden laid upon our poſterity, who have been ſufficiently loaded

loaded by other means of raiſing money; nor any deficiency to be hereafter made up by ourſelves; which has been our caſe in ſo many other ſubſidies.

To this we may add; that we have no example of any other tax, which in its nature would ſo particularly affect the enemies to his Majeſty's government. Multitudes of *Papiſts* and *Nonjurors* will be obliged to furniſh a double proportion out of their revenues towards the clearing of that expence, which by their open and ſecret practices they have been inſtrumental in bringing upon their fellow ſubjects.

I ſhall only mention one conſideration more; that no other tax is ſo likely to ceaſe as this is, when there is no farther occaſion for it. This tax is eſtabliſhed by a houſe of Commons, which, by virtue of an act of parliament paſſed a few years ago, muſt conſiſt for the moſt part of landed men; ſo that a great ſhare of the weight of it muſt neceſſarily fall upon the members of their own body. As this is an inſtance of their public ſpirit, ſo we may be ſure they would not have exerted it, had there not been an abſolute neceſſity; nor can we doubt, that for the ſame reaſons, when this neceſſity ceaſes, they will take the firſt opportunity of eaſing themſelves in this particular, as well as thoſe whom they repreſent. It is a celebrated notion of a patriot, who ſignally diſtinguiſhed himſelf for the liberties of his country, that a Houſe of Commons ſhould never grant ſuch ſubſidies as are eaſy to be raiſed, and give no pain to the people, leſt the nation ſhould acquieſce under a burden they did not feel, and ſee it perpetuated without repining. Whether this notion might not be too refined, I ſhall not determine; but by what has been already ſaid, I think we may promiſe ourſelves, that this additional tax of two ſhillings in the pound will not be continued another year, becauſe we may hope the rebellion will be entirely ended in this.

And here, I believe, it muſt be obvious to every one's reflection, that the rebellion might not have concluded ſo ſoon, had not this method been made uſe of for that end. A foreign potentate trembles at the thought of entering into a war with ſo wealthy an enemy as the *Britiſh* nation, when he finds the whole landed intereſt of the kingdom engaged to oppoſe him with their united force; and at all times ready to employ againſt him ſuch a part of their revenues, as ſhall be ſufficient to baffle his deſigns upon their country: eſpecially, when none can imagine, that he expects any encouragement from thoſe, whoſe fortunes are either lodged in the funds, or employed in trade.

The wiſdom therefore of the preſent Houſe of Commons has, by this tax, not only enabled the King to ſubdue thoſe of his own ſubjects who have been actually in arms againſt him, but to divert any of his neighbours from the hopes of lending them a competent aſſiſtance.

N° 21. *Friday, March* 2.

Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi,
Exercet Diana choros; quam mille ſecutæ
Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades: illa pharetram
Fert humero, gradienſque Deas ſupereminet omnes. Virg.

IT is not eaſy for any one, who ſaw the magnificence of yeſterday in the court of *Great Britain,* to turn his thoughts for ſome time after on any other ſubject. It was a ſolemnity every way ſuited to the Birth-day of a Princeſs, who is the delight of our nation, and the glory of her ſex. *Homer* tells us, that when the daughter of *Jupiter* preſented herſelf among a crowd of Goddeſſes, ſhe was diſtinguiſhed from the reſt by her graceful ſtature, and known by her ſuperior beauty, notwithſtanding they were all beautiful. Such was the appearance of the Princeſs of *Wales* among our *Britiſh* Ladies; or (to uſe a more ſolemn phraſe) of *the King*'s *daughter among her honorable women.* Her Royal Highneſs in the midſt of ſuch a circle raiſes in the beholder the idea of a fine picture, where (notwithſtanding the diverſity of pleaſing objects that fill up the canvas) the principal figure immediately takes the eye, and fixes the attention.

When this excellent Princeſs was yet in her father's court, ſhe was ſo celebrated for the beauty of her perſon, and the accompliſhments of her mind, that there was no Prince in the empire, who had room for ſuch an alliance, that was not ambitious of gaining her into his family, either as a daughter, or as a conſort. He, who is now the chief of the crowned heads in *Europe,* and was then King of *Spain,* and heir to all the dominions of the houſe of *Auſtria,* ſought her in marriage. Could her mind have been captivated with the glories of this world, ſhe had them all laid before her; but ſhe generouſly declined them, becauſe ſhe ſaw the acceptance of them was inconſiſtent with what ſhe eſteems more than all the glories of this world, the enjoyment of her religion. Providence however kept in ſtore a reward for ſuch an exalted virtue; and, by the ſecret methods of its wiſdom, opened a way for her to become the greateſt of her ſex, among thoſe who profeſs that faith to which ſhe adhered with ſo much chriſtian magnanimity.

This

This her illuſtrious conduct might, in the eye of the world, have loſt its merit, had ſo accompliſhed a Prince as his Royal Highneſs declared his paſſion for the ſame alliance at that time; it would then have been no wonder that all other propoſals had been rejected. But it was the ſame of this heroic conſtancy that determined his Royal Highneſs to deſire in marriage a Princeſs whoſe perſonal charms, which had before been ſo univerſally admired, were now become the leaſt part of her character. We of the *Britiſh* nation have reaſon to rejoice, that ſuch a propoſal was made and accepted; and that her Royal Highneſs, with regard to theſe two ſucceſſive treaties of marriage, ſhewed as much prudence in her compliance with the one, as piety in her refuſal of the other.

The Princeſs was no ſooner arrived at *Hanover*, than ſhe improved the luſtre of that court, which was before reckoned among the politeſt in *Europe;* and increaſed the ſatisfaction of that people, who were before looked upon as the happieſt in the empire. She immediately became the darling of the Princeſs *Sophia*, who was acknowledged in all the courts of *Europe* the moſt accompliſhed woman of the age in which ſhe lived, and who was not a little pleaſed with the converſation of one in whom ſhe ſaw ſo lively an image of her own youth.

But I ſhall inſiſt no longer on that reputation which her Royal Highneſs has acquired in other countries. We daily diſcover thoſe admirable qualities for which ſhe is ſo juſtly famed, and rejoice to ſee them exerted in our own country, where we ourſelves are made happy by their influence. We are the more pleaſed to behold the throne of theſe kingdoms ſurrounded by a numerous and beautiful progeny, when we conſider the virtues of thoſe from whom they deſcend. Not only the features, but the mind of the parent is often copied out in the offſpring. But the Princeſs we are ſpeaking of, takes the ſureſt method of making her royal iſſue like herſelf, by inſtilling early into their minds all the principles of religion, virtue and honor, and ſeaſoning their tender years with all that knowledge which they are capable of receiving. What may we not hope from ſuch an uncommon care in the education of the children of *Great Britain*, who are directed by ſuch precepts, and will be formed by ſuch an example!

The conjugal virtues are ſo remarkable in her Royal Highneſs, as to deſerve thoſe juſt and generous returns of love and tenderneſs, for which the Prince her huſband is ſo univerſally celebrated.

But there is no part of her Royal Highneſs's character which we obſerve with greater pleaſure, than that behaviour by which ſhe has ſo much endeared herſelf to his Majeſty; though indeed we have no reaſon to be ſurpriſed at this mutual intercourſe of duty and affection, when we conſider ſo

wiſe

wife and virtuous a Princefs poffeffing, in the fame facred perfon, the kindeft of fathers, and the beft of Kings. And here it is natural for us to congratulate our own good fortune, who fee our Sovereign bleffed with a numerous iffue, among whom are heirs male in two direct defcents, which has not happened in the reign of any *Engliſh* King fince the time of his Majefty's great anceftor *Edward* the Third, and is a felicity not enjoyed by the fubjects of any other of the Kings of *Europe* who are his contemporaries. We are like men entertained with the view of a fpacious landfcape, where the eye paffes over one pleafing profpect into another, till the fight is loft by degrees in a fucceffion of delightful objects, and leaves us in the perfuafion that there remain ftill more behind.

But if we regard her Royal Highnefs in that light which diffufes the greateft glory round a human character, we fhall find the Chriftian no lefs conſpicuous than the Princefs. She is as eminent for a fincere piety in the practice of religion, as for an inviolable adherence to its principles. She is conftant in her attendance on the daily offices of our church, and by her ſerious and devout comportment on thefe ſolemn occafions, gives an example that is very often too much wanted in courts.

Her religion is equally free from the weaknefs of fuperftition, and the fourneſs of enthuſiaſm. It is not of that uncomfortable melancholy nature which diſappoints its own end, by appearing unamiable to thoſe whom it would gain to its intereſts. It diſcovers itſelf in the genuine effects of chriſtianity, in affability, compaſſion, benevolence, evenneſs of mind, and all the offices of an active and univerſal charity.

As a chearful temper is the neceſſary reſult of theſe virtues, ſo it ſhines out in all the parts of her converſation, and diſſipates thoſe apprehenſions which naturally hang on the timorous or the modeſt, when they are admitted to the honor of her preſence. There is none that does not liſten with pleaſure to a perſon in ſo high a ſtation, who condeſcends to make herſelf thus agreeable by mirth without levity, and wit without ill-nature.

Her Royal Highneſs is, indeed, poſſeſſed of all thoſe talents which make converſation either delightful or improving. As ſhe has a fine taſte of the elegant arts, and is ſkilled in ſeveral modern languages, her diſcourſe is not confined to the ordinary ſubjects or forms of converſation, but can adapt itſelf with an uncommon grace to every occaſion, and entertain the politeſt perſons of different nations. I need not mention, what is obſerved by every one, that agreeable turn which appears in her ſentiments upon the moſt ordinary affairs of life, and which is ſo ſuitable to the delicacy of her ſex, the politeneſs of her education, and the ſplendor of her quality.

It would be vain to think of drawing into the compaſs of this paper, the many eminent virtues which adorn the character of this great Princeſs; but as it is one chief end of this undertaking to make the people ſenſible of the bleſſings which they enjoy under his Majeſty's reign, I could not but lay hold on this opportunity to ſpeak of that which ought in juſtice to be reckoned among the greateſt of them.

N° 22. *Monday, March* 5.

Studiis rudis, ſermone barbarus, impetu ſtrenuus, manu promptus, cogitatione celer.
Vell. Paterc.

FOR the honor of his Majeſty, and the ſafety of his government, we cannot but obſerve, that thoſe who have appeared the greateſt enemies to both, are of that rank of men, who are commonly diſtinguiſhed by the title of *Fox-hunters.* As ſeveral of theſe have had no part of their education in cities, camps, or courts, it is doubtful whether they are of greater ornament or uſe to the nation in which they live. It would be an everlaſting reproach to politics, ſhould ſuch men be able to overturn an eſtabliſhment which has been formed by the wiſeſt laws, and is ſupported by the ableſt heads. The wrong notions and prejudices which cleave to many of theſe country gentlemen, who have always lived out of the way of being better informed, are not eaſy to be conceived by a perſon who has never converſed with them.

That I may give my Readers an image of theſe rural ſtateſmen, I ſhall, without farther preface, ſet down an account of a diſcourſe I chanced to have with one of them ſome time ago. I was travelling towards one of the remote parts of *England,* when about three o'clock in the afternoon, ſeeing a country gentleman trotting before me with a ſpaniel by his horſe's ſide, I made up to him. Our converſation opened, as uſual, upon the weather; in which we were very unanimous; having both agreed that it was too dry for the ſeaſon of the year. My fellow traveller, upon this, obſerved to me, that there had been no good weather ſince the revolution. I was a little ſtartled at ſo extraordinary a remark, but would not interrupt him till he proceeded to tell me of the fine weather they uſed to have in King *Charles* the Second's reign. I only anſwered, that I did not ſee how the badneſs of the

the weather could be the King's fault; and, without waiting for his reply, aſked him whoſe houſe it was we ſaw upon a riſing ground at a little diſtance from us. He told me it belonged to an old fanatical cur, Mr. Such a one, *You muſt have heard of him,* ſays he, *he's one of the Rump.* I knew the Gentleman's character upon hearing his name, but aſſured him that to my knowledge he was a good Churchman: *Ay!* ſays he with a kind of ſurpriſe, *We were told in the country, that he ſpoke twice in the Queen's time againſt taking off the duties upon* French *claret.* This naturally led us into the proceedings of late parliaments, upon which occaſion he affirmed roundly, that there had not been one good law paſſed ſince King *William*'s acceſſion to the throne, except the act for preſerving the game. I had a mind to ſee him out, and therefore did not care for contradicting him. *Is it not hard,* ſays he, *that honeſt Gentlemen ſhould be taken into cuſtody of meſſengers to prevent them from acting according to their conſciences? But,* ſays he, *what can we expect when a parcel of factious ſons of whores*——He was going on in great paſſion, but chanced to miſs his dog, who was amuſing himſelf about a buſh, that grew at ſome diſtance behind us. We ſtood ſtill till he had whiſtled him up; when he fell into a long panegyric upon his ſpaniel, who ſeemed indeed excellent in his kind: but I found the moſt remarkable adventure of his life was, that he had once like to have worried a diſſenting teacher. The maſter could hardly ſit on his horſe for laughing all the while he was giving me the particulars of this ſtory, which I found had mightily endeared his dog to him, and, as he himſelf told me, had made him a great favorite among all the honeſt Gentlemen of the country. We were at length diverted from this piece of mirth by a poſt-boy, who winding his horn at us, my companion gave him two or three curſes, and left the way clear for him. *I fancy,* ſaid I, *that poſt brings news from* Scotland. *I ſhall long to ſee the next* Gazette. *Sir,* ſays he, *I make it a rule never to believe any of your printed news. We never ſee, Sir, how things go, except now and then in* Dyer's *Letter, and I read that more for the ſtyle than the news. The man has a clever pen it muſt be owned. But is it not ſtrange that we ſhould be making war upon Church of* England *men, with* Dutch *and* Swiſs *ſoldiers, men of antimonarchical principles? theſe foreigners will never be loved in* England, *Sir; they have not that wit and good breeding that we have.* I muſt confeſs I did not expect to hear my new acquaintance value himſelf upon theſe qualifications, but finding him ſuch a critic upon foreigners, I aſked him if he had ever travelled; he told me, he did not know what travelling was good for, but to teach a man to ride the great horſe, to jabber *French,* and to talk againſt paſſive-obedience: to which he added, that he ſcarce ever knew a traveller in his life who had not forſook his principles, and loſt his hunting-ſeat. *For my part,* ſays he, *I and my father before me have*

have always been for paſſive-obedience, and ſhall be always for oppoſing a Prince who makes uſe of miniſters that are of another opinion. But where do you intend to inn to night? (for we were now come in ſight of the next town) *I can help you to a very good landlord if you will go along with me. He is a luſty jolly fellow, that lives well, at leaſt three yards in the girt, and the beſt Church of* England *man upon the road.* I had a curioſity to ſee this High-church Inn-keeper, as well as to enjoy more of the converſation of my fellow-traveller, and therefore readily conſented to ſet our horſes together for that night. As we rode ſide by ſide through the town, I was let into the characters of all the principal inhabitants whom we met in our way. One was a dog, another a whelp, another a cur, and another the ſon of a bitch, under which ſeveral denominations were comprehended all that voted on the *Whig* ſide in the laſt election of burgeſſes. As for thoſe of his own party, he diſtinguiſhed them by a nod of his head, and aſking them how they did by their chriſtian names. Upon our arrival at the inn, my companion fetched out the jolly landlord, who knew him by his whiſtle. Many endearments and private whiſpers paſſed between them; though it was eaſy to ſee, by the landlord's ſcratching his head, that things did not go to their wiſhes. The landlord had ſwelled his body to a prodigious ſize, and worked up his complexion to a ſtanding crimſon by his zeal for the proſperity of the church, which he expreſſed every hour of the day, as his cuſtomers dropped in, by repeated bumpers. He had not time to go to church himſelf, but, as my friend told me in my ear, had headed a mob at the pulling down of two or three meeting-houſes. While ſupper was preparing, he enlarged upon the happineſs of the neighbouring ſhire; *For,* ſays he, *there is ſcarce a Preſbyterian in the whole country, except the Biſhop.* In ſhort, I found by his diſcourſe that he had learned a great deal of politics, but not one word of religion, from the parſon of his pariſh; and, indeed, that he had ſcarce any other notion of religion, but that it conſiſted in hating Preſbyterians. I had a remarkable inſtance of his notions in this particular. Upon ſeeing a poor decrepid old woman paſs under the window where we ſat, he deſired me to take no notice of her; and afterwards informed me, that ſhe was generally reputed a witch by the country people, but that, for his part, he was apt to believe ſhe was a Preſbyterian.

Supper was no ſooner ſerved in, than he took occaſion, from a ſhoulder of mutton that lay before us, to cry up the plenty of *England*, which would be the happieſt country in the world, provided we would live within ourſelves. Upon which, he expatiated on the inconveniences of trade, that carried from us the commodities of our country, and made a parcel of upſtarts as rich as men of the moſt ancient families of *England.* He then declared

frankly, that he had always been againſt all treaties and alliances with foreigners; *Our wooden walls,* ſays he, *are our ſecurity, and we may bid defiance to the whole world, eſpecially if they ſhould attack us when the militia is out.* I ventured to reply, that I had as great an opinion of the *Engliſh* fleet as he had; but I could not ſee how they could be paid, and manned, and fitted out, unleſs we encouraged trade and navigation. He replied, with ſome vehemence, that he would undertake to prove, trade would be the ruin of the *Engliſh* nation. I would fain have put him upon it; but he contented himſelf with affirming it more eagerly, to which he added two or thee curſes upon the *London* merchants, not forgetting the directors of the bank. After ſupper he aſked me if I was an admirer of punch; and he immediately called for a ſneaker. I took this occaſion to inſinuate the advantages of trade, by obſerving to him, that water was the only native of *England* that could be made uſe of on this occaſion: but that the lemons, the brandy, the ſugar, and the nutmeg, were all foreigners. This put him into ſome confuſion; but the landlord, who overheard me, brought him off, by affirming, that for conſtant uſe, there was no liquor like a cup of *Engliſh* water, provided it had malt enough in it. My 'Squire laughed heartily at the conceit, and made the landlord ſit down with us. We ſat pretty late over our punch; and, amidſt a great deal of improving diſcourſe, drank the healths of ſeveral perſons in the country, whom I had never heard of, that, they both aſſured me, were the ableſt ſtateſmen in the nation; and of ſome *Londoners* whom they extolled to the ſkies for their wit, and who, I knew, paſſed in town for ſilly fellows. It being now midnight, and my friend perceiving by his almanac that the moon was up, he called for his horſes, and took a ſudden reſolution to go to his houſe, which was at three miles diſtance from the town, after having bethought himſelf that he never ſlept well out of his own bed. He ſhook me very heartily by the hand at parting, and diſcovered a great air of ſatisfaction in his looks, that he had met with an opportunity of ſhewing his parts, and left me a much wiſer man than he found me.

Friday,

N° 23. *Friday, March* 9.

Illis ira modum ſupra eſt, et ſæpe venenum
Morſibus inſpirant.—— Virg.

IN the wars of *Europe* which were waged among our forefathers, it was uſual for the enemy, when there was a king in the field, to demand by a trumpet in what part of the camp he reſided, that they might avoid firing upon the royal pavilion. Our party conteſts in *England* were heretofore managed with the ſame kind of decency and good-breeding. The perſon of the Prince was always looked upon as ſacred; and whatever ſevere uſage his friends or miniſters met with, none preſumed to direct their hoſtilities at their ſovereign. The enemies of our preſent ſettlement are of ſuch a coarſe kind of make, and ſo equally void of loyalty and good manners, that they are grown ſcurrilous upon the royal family, and treat the moſt exalted characters with the moſt opprobrious language.

This petulance in converſation is particularly obſerved to prevail among ſome of that ſex where it appears the moſt unbecoming and the moſt unnatural. Many of theſe act with the greater licentiouſneſs, becauſe they know they can act with the greater impunity. This conſideration, indeed, engages the moſt generous and well-bred even of our ſhe malecontents, to make no ill uſe of the indulgence of our lawgivers: and to diſcover in their debates at leaſt the delicacy of the woman, if not the duty of the ſubject. But it is generally remarked, that every one of them who is a ſhrew in domeſtic life, is now become a ſcold in politics. And as for thoſe of the party, who are of a ſuperior rank and unblemiſhed virtue, it muſt be a melancholy reflection for them to conſider that all the common women of the town are of their ſide: for which reaſon they ought to preſerve a more than ordinary modeſty in their ſatirical excurſions, that their characters may not be liable to ſuſpicion.

If there is not ſome method found out for allaying theſe heats and animoſities among the fair ſex, one does not know to what outrages they may proceed. I remember a hero in *Scarron,* who finding himſelf oppoſed by a mixed multitude of both ſexes with a great deal of virulent language, after having brought them to a ſubmiſſion, gave order (to keep them from doing

farther miſchief) that the men ſhould be diſarmed of their clubs, and that the women ſhould have their nails pared. We are not yet reduced to the neceſſity of applying ſuch violent remedies; but as we daily receive accounts of ladies battleing it on both ſides, and that thoſe who appear againſt the conſtitution make war upon their antagoniſts by many unfair practices and unwarrantable methods, I think it is very convenient there ſhould be a cartel ſettled between them. If they have not agreed upon any thing of this nature among themſelves, I would propoſe to them the following plan, in which I have ſketched out ſeveral rules ſuited to the politeſt ſex in one of the moſt civiliſed nations.

THAT in every political rencounter between woman and woman, no weapon ſhall be made uſe of but the tongue.

That in the courſe of the engagement, if either of the combatants, finding herſelf hard preſſed by her adverſary, ſhall proceed to perſonal reflections or diſcovery of ſecrets, they ſhall be parted by the ſtanders by.

That when both ſides are drawn up in a full aſſembly, it ſhall not be lawful for above five of them to talk at the ſame time.

That if any ſhall detract from a lady's character, (unleſs ſhe be abſent) the ſaid detractreſs ſhall be forthwith ordered to the loweſt place of the room.

That none preſume to ſpeak diſreſpectfully of his Majeſty, or any of the Royal family, on pain of three hours ſilence.

That none be permitted to talk ſpitefully of the court, unleſs they can produce vouchers that they have been there.

That the making uſe of news which goes about in whiſper, unleſs the author be produced, or the fact well atteſted, ſhall be deemed fighting with white powder, and contrary to the laws of war.

That any one who produces libels or lampoons, ſhall be regarded in the ſame manner as one who ſhoots with poiſoned bullets.

That when a lady is thoroughly convinced of the falſehood of any ſtory ſhe has related, ſhe ſhall give her parole not to tell it for a certain truth that winter.

That when any matter of doubt ariſes, which cannot otherwiſe be decided, appeal ſhall be made to a toaſt, if there be any ſuch in the company.

That no coquette, notwithſtanding ſhe can do it with a good air, ſhall be allowed to ſigh for the danger of the church, or to ſhiver at the apprehenſions of fanaticiſm.

That when a woman has talked an hour and a half, it ſhall be lawful to call her down to order.

As

As this civil diſcord among the ſiſterhood of *Great Britain* is likely to engage them in a long and lingering war, conſiſting altogether of drawn battles, it is the more neceſſary that there ſhould be a cartel ſettled among them. Beſides, as our *Engliſh* ladies are at preſent the greateſt ſtateſwomen in *Europe*, they will be in danger of making themſelves the moſt unamiable part of their ſex, if they continue to give a looſe to intemperate language, and to a low kind of ribaldry, which is not uſed among the women of faſhion in any other country.

Diſcretion and good nature have been always looked upon as the diſtinguiſhing ornaments of female converſation. The woman, *whoſe price is above rubies*, has no particular in the character given of her by the wiſe man, more endearing, than that *ſhe openeth her mouth with wiſdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindneſs*. Beſides, every fierce ſhe zealot ſhould conſider, that however any of the other ſex may ſeem to applaud her as a partiſan, there is none of them who would not be afraid of aſſociating himſelf with her in any of the more private relations of life.

I ſhall only add, that there is no talent ſo pernicious as eloquence, to thoſe who have it not under command: for which reaſon, women who are ſo liberally gifted by nature in this particular, ought to ſtudy with the greateſt application, the rules of female oratory, delivered in that excellent treatiſe, entitled *The government of the Tongue*. Had that author foreſeen the political ferment which is now raiſed among the ſex, he would probably have made his book larger by ſome chapters than it is at preſent: but what is wanting in that work, may, I hope, in ſome meaſure, be ſupplied by the above written cartel.

N° 24. *Monday, March* 12.

Bellum importunum, cives, cum gente deorum,
Invictiſque viris geritis—— Virg.

A Phyſician makes uſe of various methods for the recovery of ſick perſons; and though ſome of them are painful, and all of them diſagreeable, his patients are never angry at him, becauſe they know he has nothing in view beſides the reſtoring of them to a good ſtate of health. I am forced to treat the diſaffected part of his Majeſty's ſubjects in the ſame manner, and

and may therefore reaſonably expect the ſame returns of good will. I propoſe nothing to myſelf but their happineſs as the end of all my endeavours; and am forced to adapt different remedies to thoſe different conſtitutions, which are to be found in ſuch a diſtempered multitude. Some of them can ſee the unreaſonable and ſome of them the ridiculous ſide of wrong principles, and, according to the different frame of their minds, reject an opinion as it carries in it either the appearance of wickedneſs, or of danger, or of folly.

I have endeavoured to expoſe in theſe ſeveral lights the notions and practices of thoſe who are the enemies to our preſent eſtabliſhment. But there is a ſet of arguments, which I have not yet touched upon, and which often ſucceed, when all others fail. There are many who will not quit a project, though they find it pernicious, or abſurd: but will readily deſiſt from it, when they are convinced it is impracticable. An attempt to ſubvert the preſent government is, God be thanked, of this nature. I ſhall therefore apply the conſiderations of this paper rather to the diſcretion than the virtue of our malecontents, who ſhould act in the preſent juncture of affairs like experienced gameſters, that throw up their cards when they know the the game is in the enemies hand, without giving themſelves any unneceſſary vexation in playing it out.

In the reign of our two laſt *Britiſh* ſovereigns, thoſe who did not favor their intereſt might be ungenerous enough to act upon the proſpect of a change, conſidering the precarious condition of their health, and their want of iſſue to ſucceed them. But at preſent we enjoy a King of a long lived family, who is in the vigor of his age, and bleſſed with a numerous progeny. To this we may add his remakable ſteadineſs in adhering to thoſe ſchemes which he has formed upon the matureſt deliberation, and that ſubmiſſive deference of his Royal Highneſs both from duty and inclination to all the meaſures of his Royal Father. Nor muſt we omit that perſonal valor ſo peculiar to his Majeſty and his illuſtrious houſe, which would be ſufficient to vanquiſh, as we find it actually deters, both his foreign and domeſtic enemies.

This great Prince is ſupported by the whole Proteſtant intereſt of *Europe*, and ſtrengthened with a long range of alliances that reach from one end of the continent to the other. He has a great and powerful King for his ſon-in-law; and can himſelf command, when he pleaſes, the whole ſtrength of an electorate in the empire. Such a combination of ſovereigns puts one in mind of the apparition of gods which diſcouraged *AEneas* from oppoſing the will of heaven. When his eyes were cleared of that mortal cloud which hung upon them, he ſaw the ſeveral celeſtial deities acting in a confederacy againſt

againſt him, and immediately gave up a cauſe which was excluded from all poſſibility of ſucceſs.

But it is the greateſt happineſs as well as the greateſt pleaſure of our Sovereign, that his chief ſtrength lies in his own kingdoms. Both the branches of our legiſlature eſpouſe his cauſe and intereſt with a becoming duty and zeal. The moſt conſiderable and wealthy of his ſubjects are convinced, that the proſperity of our Sovereign and his people are inſeparable: and we are very well ſatisfied, that his Majeſty, if the neceſſity of affairs ſhould require it, might find, among the moſt dutiful of his ſubjects, men celebrated for their military characters, above any of the age in which they live. There is no queſtion but his Majeſty will be as generally valued and beloved in his *Britiſh* as he is in his *German* dominions, when he ſhall have time to make his royal virtues equally known among us. In the mean while we have the ſatisfaction to find, that his enemies have been only able to make ill impreſſions upon the low and ignorant rabble of the nation; and to put the dregs of the people into a ferment.

We have already ſeen how poor and contemptible a force has been raiſed by thoſe who have dared to appear openly againſt his Majeſty, and how they were headed and encouraged by men whoſe ſenſe of their guilt made them deſperate in forming ſo raſh an enterpriſe, and diſpirited in the execution of it. But we have not yet ſeen that ſtrength which would be exerted in the defence of his Majeſty, the Proteſtant religion, and the *Britiſh* liberties, were the danger great enough to require it. Should the the King be reduced to the neceſſity of ſetting up the Royal Standard, how many thouſands would range themſelves under it! what a concourſe would there be of nobles and patriots! we ſhould ſee men of another ſpirit than what has appeared among the enemies to our country, and ſuch as would outſhine the rebellious part of their fellow ſubjects, as much in their gallantry as in their cauſe.

I ſhall not ſo much ſuſpect the underſtandings of our adverſaries, as to think it neceſſary to enforce theſe conſiderations, by puting them in mind of that fidelity and allegiance which is ſo viſible in his Majeſty's fleet and army; or of many other particulars; which, in all human probability, will perpetuate our preſent form of government, and which may be ſuggeſted to them by their own private thoughts.

The party, indeed, that is oppoſite to our preſent happy ſettlement, ſeem to be driven out of the hopes of all human methods for carrying on their cauſe, and are therefore reduced to the poor comfort of prodigies and old women's fables. They begin to ſee armies in the clouds, when all upon the earth have forſaken them. Nay, I have been lately ſhewn a written prophecy that is handed among them with great ſecrecy, by which it appears

their

their chief reliance at preſent is upon a *Cheſhire* miller who was born with two thumbs upon one hand.

I have addreſſed this whole paper to the deſpair of our malecontents, not with a deſign to aggravate the pain of it, but to uſe it as a means of making them happy. Let them ſeriouſly conſider the vexation and diſquietude of mind that they are treaſuring up for themſelves, by ſtruggling with a power which will be always too hard for them; and by converting his Majeſty's reign into their own misfortune, which every impartial man muſt look upon as the greateſt bleſſing to his country. Let them extinguiſh thoſe paſſions, which can only imbitter their lives to them, and deprive them of their ſhare in the happineſs of the community. They may conclude that his Majeſty, in ſpite of any oppoſition they can form againſt him, will maintain his juſt authority over them; and whatever uneaſineſs they may give themſelves, they can create none in him, excepting only becauſe they prevent him from exerting equally his natural goodneſs and benevolence to every ſubject in his dominions.

N° 25. *Friday, March* 16.

Quid eſt ſapientia? ſemper idem velle atque idem nolle. Seneca.

IF we may believe the obſervation which is made of us by foreigners, there is no nation in *Europe* ſo much given to change as the *Engliſh*. There are ſome who aſcribe this to the ficklenеſs of our climate; and others to the freedom of our government. From one or both of theſe cauſes their writers derive that variety of humors which appears among the people in general, and that inconſiſtency of character which is to be found in almoſt every particular perſon. But as a man ſhould always be upon his guard againſt the vices to which he is moſt expoſed, ſo we ſhould take a more than ordinary care not to lie at the mercy of the weather in our moral conduct, nor to make a capricious uſe of that liberty which we enjoy by the happineſs of our civil conſtitution.

This inſtability of temper ought in a particular manner to be checked, when it ſhews itſelf in political affairs, and diſpoſes men to wander from one ſcheme of government to another: ſince ſuch a ficklenеſs of behaviour in public

public meaſures, cannot but be attended with very fatal effects to our country.

In the firſt place; it hinders any great undertaking, which requires length of time for its accompliſhment, from being brought to its due perfection. There is not any inſtance in hiſtory which better confirms this obſervation, than that which is ſtill freſh in every one's memory. We engaged in the late war with a deſign to reduce an exorbitant growth of power in the moſt dangerous enemy to *Great Britain*. We gained a long and wonderful ſeries of victories, and had ſcarce any thing left to do, but to reap the fruits of them: when on a ſudden our patience failed us; we grew tired of our undertaking; and received terms from thoſe, who were upon the point of giving us whatever we could have demanded of them.

This mutability of mind in the *Engliſh*, makes the ancient friends of our nation very backward to engage with us in ſuch alliances as are neceſſary for our mutual defence and ſecurity. It is a common notion among foreigners, that the *Engliſh* are good confederates in an enterpriſe which may be diſpatched within a ſhort compaſs of time; but that they are not to be depended upon in a work which cannot be finiſhed without conſtancy and perſeverance. Our late meaſures have ſo blemiſhed our national credit in this particular, that thoſe potentates who are entered into treaties with his preſent Majeſty, have been ſolely encouraged to it by their confidence in his perſonal firmneſs and integrity.

I need not, after this, ſuggeſt to my Reader the ignominy and reproach that falls upon a nation, which diſtinguiſhes itſelf among its neighbours by ſuch a wavering and unſettled conduct.

This our inconſiſtency in the purſuit of ſchemes which have been thoroughly digeſted, has as bad an influence on our domeſtic as on our foreign affairs. We are told, that the famous Prince of *Conde* uſed to aſk the *Engliſh* ambaſſador, upon the arrival of a mail, *Who was ſecretary of ſtate in* England *by that poſt?* as a piece of rallery upon the fickleneſs of our polititics. But what has rendered this a misfortune to our country, is, that public miniſters have no ſooner made themſelves maſters of their buſineſs, than they have been diſmiſſed from their employments; and that this diſgrace has befallen very many of them, not becauſe they have deſerved it, but becauſe the people love to ſee new faces in high poſts of honor.

It is a double misfortune to a nation, which is thus given to change, when they have a ſovereign at the head of them, that is prone to fall in with all the turns and veerings of the people. *Saluſt*, the graveſt of all the *Roman* hiſtorians, who had formed his notions of regal authority from the manner in which he ſaw it exerted among the barbarous nations, makes the follow-

ing remark: *Plerumque Regiæ voluntates, uti vehementes, ſic mobiles, ſæpe ipſæ ſibi advorſæ. The wills of Kings, as they are generally vehement, are likewiſe very fickle, and at different times oppoſite to themſelves.* Were there are any color for this general obſervation, how much does it redound to the honor of ſuch Princes who are exceptions to it!

The natural conſequence of an unſteady government, is the perpetuating of ſtrife and faction among a divided people. Whereas a King who perſiſts in thoſe ſchemes which he has laid, and has no other view in them but the good of his ſubjects, extinguiſhes all hopes of advancement in thoſe who would grow great by an oppoſition to his meaſures, and inſenſibly unites the contending parties in their common intereſt.

Queen *Elizabeth*, who makes the greateſt figure among our *Engliſh* Sovereigns, was moſt eminently remarkable for that ſteadineſs and uniformity which ran through all her actions, during that long and glorious reign. She kept up to her choſen motto in every part of her life; and never loſt ſight of thoſe great ends, which ſhe propoſed to herſelf on her acceſſion to the throne, the happineſs of her people, and the ſtrengthening of the Proteſtant intereſt. She often interpoſed her royal authority to break the cabals which were forming againſt her firſt miniſters, who grew old and died in thoſe ſtations which they filled with ſo great abilities. By this means ſhe baffled the many attempts of her foreign and domeſtic enemies, and entirely broke the whole force and ſpirit of that party among her ſubjects, which was popiſhly affected, and which was not a little formidable in the beginning of her reign.

The frequent changes and alterations in public proceedings, the multiplicity of ſchemes introduced upon one another, with the variety of ſhort lived favorites, that prevailed in their ſeveral turns under the government of her ſucceſſors, have by degrees broken us into thoſe unhappy diſtinctions and parties, which have given ſo much uneaſineſs to our Kings, and ſo often endangered the ſafety of their people.

I queſtion not but every impartial Reader hath been beforehand with me, in conſidering, on this occaſion, the happineſs of our country under the government of his preſent Majeſty; who is ſo deſervedly famous for an inflexible adherence to thoſe counſels which have a viſible tendency to the public good, and to thoſe perſons who heartily concur with him in promoting theſe his generous deſigns.

A Prince of this character will be dreaded by his enemies, and ſerved with courage and zeal by his friends; and will either inſtruct us by his example, to fix the unſteadineſs of our politics, or by his conduct, hinder it from doing us any prejudice.

Upon

Upon the whole, as there is no temper of mind more unmanly in a private perſon, nor more pernicious to the public in a member of a community, than that changeableneſs with which we are too juſtly branded by all our neighbours, it is to be hoped that the ſound part of the nation will give no farther occaſion for this reproach, but continue ſteady to that happy eſtabliſhment which has now taken place among us. And as obſtinacy in prejudices which are detrimental to our country, ought not to be miſtaken for that virtuous reſolution and firmneſs of mind which is neceſſary to our preſervation, it is to be wiſhed that the enemies to our conſtitution would ſo far indulge themſelves in this national humor, as to come into one change more, by falling in with that plan of government which at preſent they think fit to oppoſe. At leaſt we may expect they will be ſo wiſe as to ſhew a legal obedience to the beſt of Kings, who profeſs the duty of paſſive-obedience to the worſt.

N° 26. *Monday, March* 19.

Bella viri pacemque gerant, queis bella gerenda. Virg.

WHEN the *Athenians* had long contended againſt the power of *Philip*, he demanded of them to give up their orators, as well knowing their oppoſition would be ſoon at an end, if it were not irritated from time to time by theſe tongue-warriors. I have endeavoured for the ſame reaſon to gain our female adverſaries, and by that means to diſarm the party of its principal ſtrength. Let them give us up their women, and we know by experience how inconſiderable a reſiſtance we are to expect from their men.

This ſharp political humor has but lately prevailed in ſo great a meaſure as it now does among the beautiful part of our ſpecies. They uſed to employ themſelves wholly in the ſcenes of a domeſtic life, and provided a woman could keep her houſe in order, ſhe never troubled herſelf about regulating the commonwealth. The eye of the miſtreſs was wont to make her pewter ſhine, and to inſpect every part of her houſehold furniture as much as her looking-glaſs. But at preſent our diſcontented matrons are ſo converſant in matters of ſtate, that they wholly neglect their private affairs: for we may always obſerve, that a goſſip in politics is a ſlattern in her family. It

is indeed a melancholy thing to ſee the diſorders of a houſehold that is under the conduct of an angry ſtateſwoman, who lays out all her thoughts upon the public, and is only attentive to find out miſcarriages in the miniſtry. Several women of this turn are ſo earneſt in contending for hereditary right, that they wholly neglect the education of their own ſons and heirs; and are ſo taken up with their zeal for the church, that they cannot find time to teach their children their catechiſm. A lady who thus intrudes into the province of the men, was ſo aſtoniſhing a character among the old *Romans*, that when *Amæſia* preſented herſelf to ſpeak before the ſenate, they looked upon it as a prodigy, and ſoon ſent meſſengers to enquire of the oracle, what it might portend to the commonwealth.

It would be manifeſtly to the diſadvantage of the *Britiſh* cauſe, ſhould our pretty loyaliſts profeſs an indifference in ſtate affairs, while their diſaffected ſiſters are thus induſtrious to the prejudice of their country; and accordingly we have the ſatisfaction to find our ſhe aſſociates are not idle upon this occaſion. It is owing to the good principles of theſe his Majeſty's fair and faithful ſubjects, that our country-women appear no leſs amiable in the eyes of the male world, than they have done in former ages. For where a great number of flowers grow, the ground at a diſtance ſeems entirely covered with them, and we muſt walk into it, before we can diſtinguiſh the ſeveral weeds that ſpring up in ſuch a beautiful maſs of colors. Our great concern is, to find deformity can ariſe among ſo many charms, and that the moſt lovely parts of the creation can make themſelves the moſt diſagreeable. But it is an obſervation of the philoſophers, that the beſt things may be corrupted into the worſt; and the ancients did not ſcruple to affirm, that the furies and the graces were of the ſame ſex.

As I ſhould do the nation and themſelves good ſervice, if I could draw the ladies, who ſtill hold out againſt his Majeſty, into the intereſt of our preſent eſtabliſhment, I ſhall propoſe to their ſerious conſideration, the ſeveral inconveniences which thoſe among them undergo, who have not yet ſurrendered to the government.

They ſhould firſt reflect on the great ſufferings and perſecutions to which they expoſe themſelves by the obſtinacy of their behaviour. They loſe their elections in every club where they are ſet up for toaſts. They are obliged by their principles to ſtick a patch on the moſt unbecoming ſide of their foreheads. They forego the advantage of birth-day ſuits. They are inſulted by the loyalty of claps and hiſſes every time they appear at a play. They receive no benefit from the army, and are never the better for all the young fellows that wear hats and feathers. They are forced to live in the country and feed their chickens; at the ſame time that they might ſhew themſelves

ſelves at court, and appear in brocade, if they behaved themſelves well. In ſhort, what muſt go to the heart of every fine woman, they throw themſelves quite out of the faſhion.

The above-mentioned motive muſt have an influence upon the gay part of the ſex, and as for thoſe who are acted by more ſublime and moral principles, they ſhould conſider, that they cannot ſignaliſe themſelves as male-contents, without breaking through all the amiable inſtincts and ſofter virtues, which are peculiarly ornamental to womankind. Their timorous, gentle, modeſt behaviour; their affability, meekneſs, good breeding, and many other beautiful diſpoſitions of mind, muſt be ſacrificed to a blind and furious zeal for they do not know what. A man is ſtartled when he ſees a pretty boſom heaving with ſuch party rage, as is diſagreeable even in that ſex which is of a more coarſe and rugged make. And yet ſuch is our misfortune, that we ſometimes ſee a pair of ſtays ready to burſt with ſedition; and hear the moſt maſculine paſſions expreſſed in the ſweeteſt voices. I have lately been told of a country gentlewoman, pretty much famed for this virility of behaviour in party diſputes, who, upon venting her notions very freely in a ſtrange place, was carried before an honeſt juſtice of the peace. This prudent magiſtrate obſerving her to be a large black woman, and finding by her diſcourſe that ſhe was no better than a rebel in a riding hood, began to ſuſpect her for my Lord *Nithiſdale;* till a ſtranger came to her reſcue, who aſſured him, with tears in his eyes, that he was her huſband.

In the next place our *Britiſh* ladies may conſider, that by intereſting themſelves ſo zealouſly in the affairs of the public, they are engaged without any neceſſity, in the crimes which are often committed even by the beſt of parties, and which they are naturally exempted from by the privilege of their ſex. The worſt character a female could formerly arrive at, was, of being an ill woman; but by their preſent conduct, ſhe may likewiſe deſerve the character of an ill ſubject. They come in for their ſhare of political guilt, and have found a way to make themſelves much greater criminals, than their mothers before them.

I have great hopes that theſe motives, when they are aſſiſted by their own reflections, will incline the fair ones of the adverſe party to come over to the national intereſt, in which their own is ſo highly concerned; eſpecially if they conſider, that by theſe ſuperfluous employments which they take upon them as partiſans, they do not only dip themſelves in an unneceſſary guilt, but are obnoxious to a grief and anguiſh of mind, which doth not properly fall within their lot. And here I would adviſe every one of theſe exaſperated ladies, who indulges that opprobrious eloquence which is ſo much in faſhion, to reflect on *Eſop*'s fable of the viper. *This little animal,* ſays the old

old moraliſt, *chancing to meet with a file, began to lick it with her tongue till the blood came; which gave her a very ſilly ſatisfaction, as imagining the blood came from the file, notwithſtanding all the ſmart was in her own tongue.*

N° 27. *Friday, March* 23.

——*dii viſa ſecundent.* Luc.

IT is an old obſervation, that a time of peace is always a time of prodigies; for as our news writers muſt adorn their papers with that which the critics call *The Marvellous,* they are forced in a dead calm of affairs, to ranſac every element for proper amuſements, and either to aſtoniſh their Readers from time to time with a ſtrange and wonderful ſight, or be content to loſe their cuſtom. The ſea is generally filled with monſters when there are no fleets upon it. Mount *AEtna* immediately began to rage upon the extinction of the rebellion: and woe to the people of *Catanea*, if the peace continues; for they are ſure to be ſhaken every week with earthquakes, till they are relieved by the ſiege of ſome other great town in *Europe.* The air has likewiſe contributed its quota of prodigies. We had a blazing ſtar by the laſt mail from *Genoa;* and in the preſent dearth of battles have been very opportunely entertained, by perſons of undoubted credit, with a civil war in the clouds, where our ſharp-ſighted malecontents diſcovered many objects inviſible to an eye that is dimmed by *Whig* principles.

I queſtion not but this paper will fall in with the preſent humor, ſince it contains a very remarkable viſion of a *Highland* ſeer, who is famous among the mountains, and known by the name of *Second ſighted Sawney.* Had he been able to write, we might probably have ſeen this viſion ſooner in print; for it happened to him every early in the late hard winter; and is tranſmitted to me by a ſtudent at *Glaſgow,* who took the whole relation from him, and ſtuck cloſe to the facts, though he has delivered them in his own ſtyle.

SAWNEY was deſcended of an ancient family, very much renowned for their ſkill in prognoſtics. Moſt of his anceſtors were ſecond ſighted, and his mother but narrowly eſcaped being burnt for a witch. As he was going out one morning very early to ſteal a ſheep, he was ſeized on the ſudden with

with a fit of ſecond ſight. The face of the whole country about him was changed in the twinkling of an eye, and preſented him with a wide proſpect of new ſcenes and objects, which he had never ſeen till that day.

He diſcovered at a great diſtance from him a large fabric, which caſt ſuch a gliſtering light about it, that it looked like a huge rock of diamond. Upon the top of it was planted a ſtandard, ſtreaming in a ſtrong northern wind, and embroidered with a mixture of thiſtles and flower-de-luces. As he was amuſing himſelf with this ſtrange ſight, he heard a bagpipe at ſome diſtance behind him, and, turning about, ſaw a general, who ſeemed very much animated with the ſound of it, marching towards him at the head of a numerous army. He learnt, upon enquiry, that they were making a proceſſion to the ſtructure which ſtood before him, and which he found was the *Temple of Rebellion.* He immediately ſtruck in with them; but deſcribed this march to the temple with ſo much horror, that he ſhivered every joint all the while he ſpoke of it. They were forced to clamber over ſo many rocks, and to tread upon the brink of ſo many precipices, that they were very often in danger of their lives. *Sawney* declared, that, for his own part, he walked in fear of his neck every ſtep he took. Upon their coming within a few furlongs of the temple, they paſſed through a very thick grove, conſecrated to a deity who was known by the name of *Treaſon.* They here diſperſed themſelves into abundance of labyrinths and covered walks which led to the temple. The path was ſo very ſlippery, the ſhade ſo exceeding gloomy, and the whole wood ſo full of echoes, that they were forced to march with the greateſt warineſs, circumſpection and ſilence. They at length arrived at a great gate, which was the principal avenue to that magnificent fabric. *Sawney* ſtood ſome time at the entrance to obſerve the ſplendor of the building, and was not a little entertained with a prodigious number of ſtatues, which were planted up and down in a ſpacious court that lay before it; but, upon examining it more nicely, he found the whole fabric, which made ſuch a glittering appearance, and ſeemed impregnable, was compoſed of ice, and that the ſeveral ſtatues which ſeemed at a diſtance to be made of the whiteſt marble, were nothing elſe but ſo many figures in ſnow. The front of the temple was very curiouſly adorned with ſtars and garters, ducal coronets, generals ſtaffs, and many other emblems of honor wrought in the moſt beautiful froſt work. After having ſtood at gaze ſome time before this great gate, he diſcoved on it an inſcription, ſignifying it to be the *Gate of Perjury.* There was erected near it a great coloſſus in ſnow that had two faces, and was dreſſed like a *Jeſuit,* with one of its hands upon a book, and the other graſping a dagger. Upon entering into the court, he took a particular ſurvey of ſeveral of the figures. There was Sedition

with

with a trumpet in her hand, and Rapine in the garb of a Highlander: Ambition, Envy, Diſgrace, Poverty, and Diſappointment, were all of them repreſented under their proper emblems. Among other ſtatues, he obſerved that of Rumor whiſpering an ideot in the ear, who was the repreſentative of Credulity; and Faction embracing with her hundred arms an old faſhioned figure in a ſteeple crowned hat, that was deſigned to expreſs a cunning old gipſey, called Paſſive-obedience. Zeal too had a place among the reſt, with a bandage over her eyes, though one would not have expected to have ſeen her repreſented in ſnow. But the moſt remarkable object in this court yard, was a huge tree that grew up before the porch of the temple, and was of the ſame kind with that, which *Virgil* tells us floriſhed at the entrance of the infernal regions: for it bore nothing but dreams, which hung in cluſters under every leaf of it. The travellers refreſhed themſelves in the ſhade of this tree before they entered the *Temple of Rebellion*, and after their frights and fatigues, received great comfort in the fruit which fell from it. At length the gates of the temple flew open, and the crowd ruſhed into it. In the centre of it was a grim idol, with a ſword in the right hand, and a firebrand in the left. The fore part of the pedeſtal was curiouſly emboſſed with a triumph, while the back part, that lay more out of ſight, was filled with gibbets and axes. This dreadful idol is worſhipped, like ſeveral of old, with human ſacrifices, and his votaries were conſulting among themſelves, how to gratify him with hecatombs; when on a ſudden, they were ſurpriſed with the alarm of a great light which appeared in the ſouthern part of the heavens, and made its progreſs directly towards them. This light appeared as a great maſs of flame, or rather glory, like that of the ſun in its ſtrength. There were three figures in the midſt of it, who were known by their ſeveral hieroglyphics, to be Religion, Loyalty, and Valor. The laſt had a graceful air, a blooming countenance, and a ſtar upon his breaſt, which ſhot forth ſeveral pointed beams of a peculiar luſtre. The glory which encompaſſed them, covered the place, and darted its rays with ſo much ſtrength, that the whole fabric and all its ornaments began to melt. The ſeveral emblems of honor, which were wrought on the front in the brittle materials above-mentioned, trickled away under the firſt impreſſions of the heat. In ſhort, the thaw was ſo violent, that the temple and ſtatues ran off in a ſudden torrent, and the whole winter piece was diſolved. The covered walks were laid open by the light which ſhone through every part of them, and the dream tree withered like the famous gourd, that was ſmitten by the noon day ſun. As for the votaries, they left the place with the greateſt precipitation, and diſperſed themſelves by flight into a thouſand different paths among the mountains.

Monday,

N° 28. *Monday, March* 26.

———*Incendia lumen*
Præbebant, aliquiſque malo fuit uſus in illo. Ovid. Met.

SIR *Francis Bacon,* in the dedication before his hiſtory of *Henry* the Seventh, obſerves, that peaceable times are the beſt to live in, though not ſo proper to furniſh materials for a writer: as hilly countries afford the moſt entertaining proſpects, though a man would chooſe to travel through a plain one. To this we may add, that the times, which are full of diſorders and tumults, are likewiſe the fulleſt of inſtruction. Hiſtory indeed furniſhes us with very diſtinct accounts of factions, conſpiracies, civil wars and rebellions, with the fatal conſequences that attend them: but they do not make ſuch deep and laſting impreſſions on our minds, as events of the ſame nature, to which we have ourſelves been witneſſes, and in which we or our friends and acquaintance have been ſufferers. As adverſity makes a man wiſe in his private affairs, civil calamities give him prudence and circumſpection in his public conduct.

The miſeries of the civil war under the reign of King *Charles* the Firſt, and the conſequences which enſued upon them, did, for many years, deter the inhabitants of our iſland from the thoughts of engaging anew in ſuch deſperate undertakings; and convinced them, by fatal experience, that nothing could be ſo pernicious to the *Engliſh,* and ſo oppoſite to the genius of the people, as the ſubverſion of monarchy. In the like manner we may hope that the great expences brought upon the nation by the preſent rebellion; the ſufferings of innocent people, who have lived in that place, which was the ſcene of it; with that dreadful proſpect of ruin and confuſion which muſt have followed its ſucceſs; will ſecure us from the like attempts for the future, and fix his Majeſty upon the throne of *Great Britain;* eſpecially when thoſe who are prompted to ſuch wicked practices reflect upon the puniſhments to which the criminals have expoſed themſelves, and the miſeries in which they have involved their relations, friends and families.

It will be likewiſe worth their while to conſider, how ſuch tumults and riots, as have been encouraged by many, who, we may hope, did not pro-

poſe to themſelves ſuch fatal conſequences, lead to a civil war: and how naturally that ſeditious kind of converſation, which many ſeem to think conſiſtent with their religion and morality, ends in an open rebellion. I queſtion not but the more virtuous and conſiderate part of our malecontents are now ſtung with a very juſt remorſe for this their manner of proceeding, which has ſo viſibly tended to the deſtruction of their friends, and the ſufferings of their country. This may, at the ſame time, prove an inſtructive leſſon to the boldeſt and braveſt among the diſaffected, not to build any hopes upon the talkative zealots of their party; who have ſhewn by their whole behaviour, that their hearts are equally filled with treaſon and cowardice. An army of trumpeters would give as great a ſtrength to a cauſe, as this confederacy of tongue-warriors; who, like thoſe military muſicians, content themſelves with animating their friends to battle, and run out of the engagement upon the firſt onſet.

But one of the moſt uſeful maxims we can learn from the preſent rebellion, is, that nothing can be more contemptible and inſignificant, than the ſcum of a people, when they are inſtigated againſt a King, who is ſupported by the two branches of the legiſlature. A mob may pull down a meeting-houſe, but will never be able to overturn a government, which has a courageous and wiſe Prince at the head of it, and one who is zealouſly aſſiſted by the great council of the nation, that beſt know the value of him. The authority of the Lords and Commons of *Great Britain,* in conjunction with that of our Sovereign, is not to be controled by a tumultuary rabble. It is big with fleets and armies, can fortify itſelf with what laws it ſhall judge proper for its own defence, can command the wealth of the kingdom for the ſecurity of the people, and engage the whole proteſtant intereſt of *Europe* in ſo good and juſt a cauſe. A diſorderly multitude contending with the body of the legiſlature, is like a man in a fit under the conduct of one in the fulneſs of his health and ſtrength. Such a one is ſure to be over ruled in a little time, though he deals about his blows, and exerts himſelf in the moſt furious convulſions while the diſtemper is upon him.

We may farther learn from the courſe of the preſent rebellion, who among the foreign ſtates in our neighbourhood are the true and natural friends of *Great Britain,* if we obſerve which of them gave us their aſſiſtance in reducing our country to a ſtate of peace and tranquillity; and which of them uſed their endeavours to heighten our confuſions, and plunge us into all the evils of a civil war. I ſhall only take notice under this head, that in former ages it was the conſtant policy of *France* to raiſe and cheriſh inteſtine feuds and diſcords in the iſle of *Great Britain,* that we might either fall a prey into their hands, or that they might proſecute their deſigns upon the

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continent with leſs interruption. Innumerable inſtances of this nature occur in hiſtory. The moſt remarkable one was that in the reign of King *Charles* the Firſt. Though that Prince was married to a daughter of *France*, and was perſonally beloved and eſteemed in the *French* court, it is well known that they abetted both parties in the civil war, and always furniſhed ſupplies to the weaker ſide, leſt there ſhould be an end put to thoſe fatal diviſions.

We might alſo obſerve that this rebellion has been a means of diſcovering to his Majeſty, how much he may depend upon the profeſſions and principles of the ſeveral parties among his own ſubjects; who are thoſe perſons that have eſpouſed his intereſts with zeal or indifference; and who among them are influenced to their allegiance by places, duty, or affection. But as theſe, and ſeveral other conſiderations, are obvious to the thoughts of every Reader, I ſhall conclude, with obſerving how naturally many of thoſe who diſtinguiſh themſelves by the name of the *High Church*, unite themſelves to the cauſe of *Popery;* ſince it is manifeſt that all the Proteſtants concerned in the rebellion, were ſuch as gloried in this diſtinction.

It would be very unjuſt to charge all who have ranged themſelves under this new denomination, as if they had done it with a deſign to favor the intereſts of popery. But it is certain, that many of them, who at their firſt ſetting out were moſt averſe to the doctrines of the church of *Rome*, have by the cunning of our adverſaries, been inſpired with ſuch an unreaſonable averſion to their Proteſtant brethren, and taught to think ſo favorably of the *Roman Catholic* principles, (not to mention the endeavours that have been uſed to reconcile the doctrines of the two churches, which are in themſelves as oppoſite as light and darkneſs) that they have been drawn over inſenſibly into its intereſts. It is no wonder therefore that ſo many of theſe deluded zealots have been engaged in a cauſe, which they at firſt abhorred, and have wiſhed or acted for the ſucceſs of an enterpriſe, that might have ended in the extirpation of the proteſtant religion in this kingdom, and in all *Europe*. In ſhort, they are like the *Syrians*, who were firſt ſmitten with blindneſs, and unknowingly led out of their way into the capital of their enemy's country; inſomuch that the text tells us, *When they opened their eyes, they found themſelves in the midſt of* Samaria.

N° 29. *Friday, March* 30.

Dis te minorem quod geris, imperas.
Hinc omne principium, huc refer exitum.
Dii multa neglecti dederunt
Hesperiæ mala luctuosæ. Hor.

THIS being a day in which the thoughts of our countrymen are, or ought to be, employed on ſerious ſubjects, I ſhall take the opportunity of that diſpoſition of mind in my Readers, to recommend to them the practice of thoſe religious and moral virtues, without which all policy is vain, and the beſt cauſe deprived of its greateſt ornament and ſupport.

Common ſenſe, as well as the experience of all ages, teaches us, that no government can floriſh which doth not encourage and propagate religion and morality among all its particular members. It was an obſervation of the ancient *Romans,* that their empire had not more increaſed by the ſtrength of their arms, than by the ſanctity of their manners: and *Cicero,* who ſeems to have been better verſed than any of them, both in the theory and the practice of politics, makes it a doubt whether it were poſſible for a community to exiſt that had not a prevailing mixture of piety in its conſtitution. Juſtice, temperance, humility, and almoſt every other moral virtue, do not only derive the bleſſings of Providence upon thoſe who exerciſe them, but are the natural means for acquiring the public proſperity. Beſides; religious motives and inſtincts are ſo buſy in the heart of every reaſonable creature, that a man who would hope to govern a ſociety without any regard to theſe principles, is as much to be contemned for his folly, as to be deteſted for his impiety.

To this we may add, that the world is never ſunk into ſuch a ſtate of degeneracy, but they pay a natural veneration to men of virtue; and rejoice to ſee themſelves conducted by thoſe, who act under the awe of a Supreme Being, and who think themſelves accountable for all their proceedings to the great judge and ſuperintendent of human affairs.

Thoſe of our fellow ſubjects, who are ſenſible of the happineſs they enjoy in his Majeſty's acceſſion to the throne, are obliged, by all the duties of gratitude, to adore that Providence which has ſo ſignally interpoſed in our behalf,

behalf, by clearing a way to the Proteſtant ſucceſſion through ſuch difficulties as ſeemed inſuperable; by detecting the conſpiracies which have been formed againſt it; and, by many wonderful events, weakening the hands and baffling the attempts of all his Majeſty's enemies both foreign and domeſtic.

The party who diſtinguiſh themſelves by their zeal for the preſent eſtabliſhment, ſhould be careful, in a particular manner, to diſcover in their whole conduct ſuch a reverence for religion, as may ſhew how groundleſs that reproach is which is caſt upon them by their enemies, of being averſe to our national worſhip. While others engroſs to themſelves the name of *The Church,* and, in a manner, excommunicate the beſt part of their fellow ſubjects; let us ſhew ourſelves the genuine ſons of it, by practiſing the doctrines which it teaches. The advantage will be viſibly on our ſide, if we ſtick to its eſſentials; while they triumph in that empty denomination which they beſtow upon themſelves. Too many of them are already dipped in the guilt of perjury and ſedition; and as we remain unblemiſhed in theſe particulars, let us endeavour to excel them in all the other parts of Religion, and we ſhall quickly find, that a regular morality is, in its own nature, more popular, as well as more meritorious, than an intemperate zeal.

We have likewiſe, in the preſent times of confuſion and diſorder, an opportunity of ſhewing our abhorrence of ſeveral principles which have been aſcribed to us by the malice of our enemies. A diſaffection to Kings and kingly government, with a proneneſs to rebellion, have been often very unjuſtly charged on that party which goes by the name of *Whigs.* Our ſteady and continued adherence to his Majeſty and the preſent happy ſettlement, will the moſt effectually confute this calumny. Our adverſaries, who know very well how odious commonwealth principles are to the *Engliſh* nation, have inverted the very ſenſe of words and things, rather than not continue to brand us with this imaginary guilt: for with ſome of theſe men, at preſent, loyalty to our King is Republicaniſm, and rebellion Paſſive-obedience.

It has been an old objection to the principles of the *Whigs,* that ſeveral of their leaders, who have been zealous for redreſſing the grievances of government, have not behaved themſelves better than the *Tories* in domeſtic ſcenes of life; but at the ſame time have been public patriots and private oppreſſors. This objection, were it true, has no weight in it, ſince the miſbehaviour of particular perſons does not at all affect their cauſe, and ſince a man may act laudably in ſome reſpects, who does not ſo in others. However it were to be wiſhed, that men would not give occaſion even to ſuch invectives; but at the ſame time they conſult the happineſs of the whole,

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that they would promote it to their utmoſt in all their private dealings among thoſe who lie more immediately within their influence. In the mean while I muſt obſerve, that this reproach, which may be often met with both in print and converſation, tends in reality to the honor of the *Whigs*, as it ſuppoſes that a greater regard to juſtice and humanity is to be expected from them, than from thoſe of the oppoſite party: and it is certain we cannot better recommend our principles, than by ſuch actions as are their natural and genuine fruits.

Were we thus careful to guard ourſelves in a particular manner againſt theſe groundleſs imputations of our enemies, and to riſe above them as much in our morality as in our politics, our cauſe would be always as floriſhing as it is juſt. It is certain, that our notions have a more natural tendency to ſuch a practice, as we eſpouſe the proteſtant intereſt in oppoſition to that of popery, which is ſo far from advancing morality by its doctrines, that it has weakened, or entirely ſubverted, many of the duties even of natural religion.

I ſhall conclude, with recommending one virtue more to the friends of the preſent eſtabliſhment, wherein the *Whigs* have been remarkably deficient; which is a general unanimity and concurrence in the purſuit of ſuch meaſures as are neceſſary for the well being of their country. As it is a laudable freedom of thought which unſhackles their minds from the poor and narrow prejudices of education, and opens their eyes to a more extenſive view of the public good; the ſame freedom of thought diſpoſes ſeveral of them to the embracing of particular ſchemes and maxims, and to a certain ſingularity of opinion which proves highly prejudicial to their cauſe; eſpecially when they are encouraged in them by a vain breath of popularity, or by the artificial praiſes which are beſtowed on them by the oppoſite party. This temper of mind, though the effect of a noble principle, very often betrays their friends, and brings into power the moſt pernicious and implacable of their enemies. In caſes of this nature, it is the duty of an honeſt and prudent man, to ſacrifice a doubtful opinion to the concurring judgment of thoſe whom he believes to be well intentioned to their country, and who have better opportunities of looking into all its moſt complicated intereſts. An honeſt party of men acting with unanimity, are of infinitely greater conſequence than the ſame party aiming at the ſame end by different views: as a large diamond is of a thouſand times greater value whilſt it remains entire, than when it is cut into a multitude of ſmaller ſtones, notwithſtanding they may each of them be very curiouſly ſet, and are all of the ſame water.

Monday,

N° 30. *Monday, April* 2.

—— *I, verbis virtutem illude ſuperbis.* Virg.

AS I was ſome years ago engaged in converſation with a faſhionable French *Abbé* upon a ſubject which the people of that kingdom love to ſtart in diſcourſe, the comparative greatneſs of the two nations; he aſked me, *How many ſouls I thought there might be in* London? I replied, being willing to do my country all the honor I fairly could, That there were ſeveral who computed them at near a million: but not finding that ſurpriſe I expected in his countenance, I returned the queſtion upon him, How many he thought there might be in *Paris?* To which he anſwered, with a certain grimace of coldneſs and indifference, *About ten or twelve millions.*

It would, indeed, be incredible to a man who has never been in *France*, ſhould one relate the extravagant notion they entertain of themſelves, and the mean opinion they have of their neighbours. There are certainly (notwithſtanding the viſible decay of learning and taſte which has appeared among them of late years) many particular perſons in that country, who are eminent in the higheſt degree for their good ſenſe, as well as for their knowledge in all the arts and ſciences. But I believe every one, who is acquainted with them, will allow, that the people in general fall far ſhort of thoſe, who border upon them, in ſtrength and ſolidity of underſtanding. One would therefore no more wonder to ſee the moſt ſhallow nation of *Europe* the moſt vain, than to find the moſt empty fellows in every diſtinct nation more conceited and cenſorious than the reſt of their countrymen. Prejudice and ſelf-ſufficiency naturally proceed from inexperience of the world, and ignorance of mankind. As it requires but very ſmall abilities to diſcover the imperfections of another, we find that none are more apt to turn their neighbours into ridicule, than thoſe who are the moſt ridiculous in their own private conduct.

Thoſe among the *French*, who have ſeen nothing but their own country, can ſcarce bring themſelves to believe, that a nation, which lies never ſo little north of them, is not full of *Goths* and *Vandals*. Nay thoſe among them who travel into foreign parts are ſo prejudiced in favor of their own imaginary

nary politeneſs, that they are apt to look upon every thing as barbarous in proportion as it deviates from what they find at home. No leſs a man than an Ambaſſador of *France*, being in converſation with our King of glorious memory, and willing to encourage his Majeſty, told him, that he talked like a *Frenchman*. The King ſmiled at the encomium which was given him, and only replied, *Sir, I am ſure you do.* An eminent writer of the laſt age was ſo offended at this kind of inſolence, which ſhewed itſelf very plentifully in one of their travellers who gave an account of *England*, that he vindicated the honor of his country in a book full of juſt ſatire and ingenuity. I need not acquaint my Reader, that I mean Biſhop *Sprat's* anſwer to *Sorbiere*.

Since I am upon this head, I cannot forbear mentioning ſome profound remarks that I have been lately ſhewn in a *French* book, the author of which lived, it ſeems, ſome time in *England*. *The* Engliſh, ſays this curious traveller, *very much delight in* Pudding. *This is the favorite diſh not only of the Clergy, but of the people in general. Provided there be a* Pudding *upon the table, no matter what are the other diſhes; they are ſure to make a feaſt. They think themſelves ſo happy when they have a* Pudding *before them, that if any one would tell a friend he is arrived in a lucky juncture, the ordinary ſalutation is, Sir, I am glad to ſee you; you are come in* Pudding-time.

One cannot have the heart to be angry at this judicious obſerver, notwithſtanding he has treated us like a race of *Hottentots*, becauſe he only taxes us with our inordinate love of pudding, which it muſt be confeſſed, is not ſo elegant a diſh as frog and ſalad. Every one who has been at *Paris*, knows that *Un gros milord Anglois*, is a frequent jeſt upon the *French* ſtage; as if corpulence was a proper ſubject for ſatire, or a man of honor could help his being fat, who eats ſuitable to his quality.

It would be endleſs to recount the invectives which are to be met with among the *French* hiſtorians, and even in *Mezeray* himſelf, againſt the manners of our countrymen. Their authors in other kinds of writing are likewiſe very liberal in characters of the ſame nature. I cannot forbear mentioning the learned Monſieur *Patin* in particular; who tells us in ſo many words, *That the* Engliſh *are a people, whom he naturally abhors:* and in another place, *That he looks upon the* Engliſh *among the ſeveral nations of men, as he does upon wolves among the ſeveral ſpecies of beaſts.* A *Britiſh* writer would be very juſtly charged with want of politeneſs, who in return to this civility, ſhould look upon the *French* as that part of mankind which anſwers to a ſpecies in the brute creation, whom we call in *Engliſh* by the name of monkies.

If the *French* load us with theſe indignities, we may obſerve for our comfort, that they give the reſt of their borderers no better quarter. If we

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are a dull, heavy, phlegmatic people, we are it ſeems no worſe than our neighbours. As an inſtance, I ſhall ſet down at large a remarkable paſſage in a famous book entitled *Chevræana,* written many years ago by the celebrated Monſieur *Chevreau;* after having advertiſed my reader, that the Dutcheſs of *Hanover,* and the Princeſs *Elizabeth* of *Bohemia,* who are mentioned in it, were the late excellent Princeſs *Sophia* and her ſiſter.

Tilenus pour un Allemand, parle et ecrit bien Francois, *dit Scaliger:* Gretzer a bien de l' eſprit pour un Allemand, *dit le Cardinal du Perron: Et le P. Bouhours met en queſtion,* Si un Allemand peut etre bel eſprit? *On ne doit juger ni bien ni mal d'une nation par un particulier, ni d'un particulier par ſa nation. Il y a des Allemands, comme des Francois, qui n'ont point d'eſprit; des Allemands, qui on ſceû plus d'Hebreu, plus de Grec, que Scaliger et le Cardinal du Perron. J'honore fort le P. Bouhours, qui a du merite; mais j'oſe dire, que la France n'a point de plus bel eſprit que* Madame la Ducheſſe de Hanovre d'aujourd'hui, *ni de perſonne plus ſolidement ſavante en philoſophie que l'etoit* Madame la Princeſſe Elizabeth de Boheme, ſa Sœur: *Et je ne crois pas que l'on refuſe le même titre à beaucoup d'academiciens d'Allemagne dont les ouvrages meriteroient bien d'être traduits. Il y a d'autres Princeſſes en Allemagne, qui ont infiniment de l'eſprit. Les Francois diſent c'eſt* un Allemand, *pour exprimer un homme peſant, brutal: et les Allemands, comme les Italiens, c'eſt* un Francois, *pour dire un fou et un etourdi. C'eſt aller trop loin: comme le Prince de* Salé *dit de* Ruyter, Il eſt honnete homme, c'eſt bien dommage qu'il ſoit Chrétien. *Chevræana, Tom.* I.

" *Tilenus,* ſays *Scaliger,* ſpeaks and writes well for a *German. Gretzer* has " a great deal of wit for a *German,* ſays Cardinal *Perron.* And Father *Bou-* " *hours* makes it a queſtion, whether a *German* can be a wit? One ought " not to judge well or ill of a nation from a particular perſon, nor of a " particular perſon from his nation. There are *Germans,* as there are *French,* " who have no wit; and *Germans* who are better ſkilled in *Greek* and *Hebrew* " than either *Scaliger* or the Cardinal *du Perron.* I have a great honor for " Father *Bouhours,* who is a man of merit; but will be bold to ſay, that there " is not in all *France,* a perſon of more wit than the preſent Dutcheſs of " *Hanover;* nor more thoroughly knowing in philoſophy, than was the late " Princeſs *Elizabeth* of *Bohemia,* her ſiſter; and I believe none can refuſe the " ſame title to many academicians in *Germany,* whoſe works very well de- " ſerve to be tranſlated into our tongue. There are other Princeſſes in " *Germany,* who have alſo an infinite deal of wit. The *French* ſay of a man, " that he is a *German,* when they would ſignify that he is dull and heavy; " and the *Germans,* as well as the *Italians,* when they would call a man a " hair-brained coxcomb, ſay, he is a *Frenchman.* This is going too far, and

" is like the Governor of *Sallee*'s saying of *De Ruyter*, the *Dutch* Admiral, *He* " *is an honeſt man, 'tis a great pity he is a Chriſtian.*

Having already run my paper out to its uſual length, I have not room for many reflections on that which is the ſubject of it. The laſt cited author has been beforehand with me in its proper moral. I ſhall only add to it, that there has been an unaccountable diſpoſition among the *Engliſh* of late years, to fetch the faſhion from the *French*, not only in their dreſs and behaviour, but even in their judgments and opinions of mankind. It would however be reaſonable for us, if we concur with them in their contempt of other neighbouring nations, that we ſhould likewiſe regard ourſelves under the ſame view in which they are wont to place us. The repreſentations they make of us, are as of a nation the leaſt favored by them; and, as theſe are agreeable to the natural averſion they have for us, are more diſadvantageous than the pictures they have drawn of any other people in *Europe*.

N° 31. *Friday, April* 6.

Omnes homines, P. C. qui de rebus dubiis conſultant, ab odio, amicitia, ira, atque miſericordia vacuos eſſe decet.

Cæſar apud Saluſt.

I Have purpoſely avoided, during the whole courſe of this paper, to ſpeak any thing concerning the treatment which is due to ſuch perſons as have been concerned in the late rebellion, becauſe I would not ſeem to irritate juſtice againſt thoſe who are under the proſecution of the law, nor incenſe any of my Readers againſt unhappy though guilty men. But when we find the proceedings of our government, in this particular, traduced and miſrepreſented, it is the duty of every good ſubject to ſet them in their proper light.

I am the more prompted to this undertaking by a pamphlet, entitled, *An argument to prove the affections of the people of* England *to be the beſt ſecurity of the government; humbly offered to the conſideration of the patrons of ſeverity, and applied to the preſent juncture of affairs.* Had the whole ſcope of the author been

been anſwerable to his title, he would have only undertaken to prove what every man in his wits is already convinced of. But the drift of the pamphlet is to ſtir up our compaſſion towards the rebels, and our indignation againſt the government. The author, who knew that ſuch a deſign as this could not be carried on without a great deal of artifice and ſophiſtry, has puzzled and perplexed his cauſe, by throwing his thoughts together in ſuch a ſtudied confuſion, that upon this account, if upon any, his pamphlet is, as the party have repreſented it, unanſwerable.

The famous Monſieur *Bayle* compares the anſwering of an immethodical author to the hunting of a duck: when you have him full in your ſight, and fancy yourſelf within reach of him, he gives you the ſlip, and becomes inviſible. His argument is loſt in ſuch a variety of matter, that you muſt catch it where you can, as it riſes and diſappears in the ſeveral parts of his diſcourſe.

The writer of this pamphlet could, doubtleſs, have ranged his thoughts in much better order, if he had pleaſed: but he knew very well, that error is not to be advanced by perſpicuity. In order therefore to anſwer this pamphlet, I muſt reduce the ſubſtance of it under proper heads; and diſembroil the thoughts of the author, ſince he did not think fit to do it himſelf.

In the firſt place I ſhall obſerve, that the terms which the author makes uſe of are looſe, general, and undefined, as will be ſhewn in the ſequel of this paper; and, what leſs becomes a fair reaſoner, he puts wrong and invidious names on every thing, to color a falſe way of arguing. He allows that *the rebels indiſputably merit to be ſeverely chaſtiſed;* that they *deſerve it according to law;* and that *if they are puniſhed, they have none to thank but themſelves,* (p. 7.) How can a man, after ſuch a conceſſion, make uſe ſometimes of the word *cruelty,* but generally of *revenge,* when he pleads againſt the exerciſe of what, according to his own notion, is at the moſt but rigid juſtice? Or why are ſuch executions, which, according to his own opinion, are legal, ſo often to be called *violences* and *ſlaughters?* Not to mention the appellations given to thoſe who do not agree with him in his opinion for clemency, as the *blood-thirſty,* the *political butchers, ſtate chirurgeons,* and the like.

But I ſhall now ſpeak of that point, which is the great and reigning fallacy of the pamphlet, and runs more or leſs through every paragraph. His whole argument turns upon this ſingle conſideration; Whether the King ſhould exert mercy or juſtice towards thoſe who have openly appeared in the preſent rebellion? By mercy he means a general pardon, by juſtice a general puniſhment: ſo that he ſuppoſes no other method practicable in

this juncture, than either the forgiving all, or the executing all. Thus he puts the queſtion, *Whether it be the intereſt of the Prince to deſtroy the rebels by fire, ſword, or gibbet?* (p. 4.) And, ſpeaking of the *zealots for the government*, he tells us, *They think no remedy ſo good, as to make clear work; and that they declare for the utter extirpation of all who are its enemies in the moſt minute circumſtances: as if amputation were the ſole remedy theſe political butchers could find out for the diſtempers of a ſtate; or that they thought the only way to make the top flouriſh, were to lop off the under branches*, (p. 5.) He then ſpeaks of the *coffee-houſe politicians, and the caſuiſts in red coats; who*, he tells us, *are for the utmoſt rigor that their laws of war or laws of convenience can inſpire them with*, (p. 5.) Again, *It is repreſented*, ſays he, *that the rebels deſerve the higheſt puniſhment the laws can inflict*, (p. 7.) And afterwards tells us, *The queſtion is, Whether the government ſhall ſhew mercy, or take a reverend divine's advice, to ſlay man and woman, infant and ſucklings?* (p. 8.) Thus again he tells us, *The friends to ſevere counſels alledge, that the government ought not to be moved by compaſſion;* and that *the law ſhould have its courſe*, (p. 9.) And in another place puts theſe words in their mouths, *He may ſtill retain their affection, and yet let the laws have their courſe in puniſhing the guilty*, (p. 18.) He goes upon the ſame ſuppoſition in the following paſſages: *It is impracticable in ſo general a corruption, to deſtroy* All *who are infected; and unleſs you deſtroy* All, *you do nothing to the purpoſe*, (p. 10.) *Shall our rightful King ſhew himſelf leſs the true father of his people, and afford his pardon to* None *of thoſe people, who (like King* Lear *to his daughters) had ſo great a confidence in his virtue as to give him all*, (p. 25.) I ſhall only add, that the concluding paragraph, which is worked up with ſo much artificial horror, goes upon a ſuppoſition anſwerable to the whole tenor of the pamphlet; and implies, that *the impeached Lords* were to be executed without exception or diſcrimination.

Thus we ſee what is the author's idea of that juſtice againſt which all his arguments are levelled. If, in the next place, we conſider the nature of that clemency which he recommends, we find it to be no leſs univerſal and unreſtrained.

He declares for a *general act of indemnity*, (p. 20.) and tells us, *It is the ſenſe of every diſpaſſionate man of the kingdom, that the rebels may, and ought to be pardoned*, (p. 19.) *One popular act*, ſays he, *would even yet retrieve all*, (p. 21.) He declares himſelf not *over-fond of the doctrines of making examples of traitors*, (ibid.) And that *the way to prevent things from being brought to an extremity, is to deal mildly with thoſe unfortunate gentlemen engaged in the rebellion.*

The Reader may now ſee in how fallacious a manner this writer has ſtated the controverſy: he ſuppoſes there are but two methods of treating the rebels;

bels; that is, by cutting off every one of them to a man, or pardoning every one of them without diſtinction. Now if there be a third method between theſe two extremes, which is on all accounts more eligible than either of them, it is certain that the whole courſe of his argumentation comes to nothing. Every man of the plaineſt underſtanding will eaſily conclude, that in the caſe before us, as in moſt others, we ought to avoid both extremes; that to deſtroy every rebel would be an exceſſive ſeverity, and to forgive every one of them an unreaſonable weakneſs. The proper method of proceeding, is that which the author has purpoſely omitted, namely, to temper juſtice with mercy; and, according to the different circumſtances that aggravate or alleviate the guilt of the offenders, to reſtrain the force of the laws, or to let them take their proper courſe. Puniſhments are neceſſary to ſhew there is juſtice in a government, and pardons to ſhew there is mercy; and both together convince the people, that our conſtitution under a good adminiſtration does not only make a difference between the guilty and the innocent, but even, among the guilty, between ſuch as are more or leſs criminal.

This middle method, which has always been practiſed by wiſe and good governors, has hitherto been made uſe of by our Sovereign. If, indeed, a ſtranger, and one who is altogether unacquainted with his Majeſty's conduct, ſhould read this pamphlet, he would conclude that every perſon engaged in the rebellion was to die *by the ſword, the halter, or the ax;* nay, that their friends and abettors were involved in the ſame fate. Would it be poſſible for him to imagine, that of the ſeveral thouſands openly taken in arms, and liable to death by the laws of their country, not above forty have yet ſuffered? how would he be ſurpriſed to hear, that, notwithſtanding his Majeſty's troops have been victorious in every engagement, more of his friends have loſt their lives in this rebellion, than of his traiterous ſubjects; though we add to thoſe who have died by the hand of juſtice, thoſe of them who fell in battle? and yet we find a more popular compaſſion endeavoured to be raiſed for the deaths of the guilty, who have brought ſuch calamities on their country, than for the innocent who periſhed in the defence of it.

This middle method of proceeding, which has been purſued by his Majeſty, and is wilfully overlooked by the author, beſt anſwers the ends of government; which is to maintain the ſafety of the public by rewards and puniſhments. It is alſo incumbent on a governor, according to the received dictates of religion: which inſtructs us, *that he beareth not the ſword in vain; but ought to be a terror to evil-doers, and a praiſe to them that do well.* It is likewiſe in a particular manner the duty of a *Britiſh* King, who obliges himſelf by his

his coronation oath to execute *juſtice in mercy,* that is, to mix them in his adminiſtration, and not to exerciſe either of them to the total excluſion of the other.

But if we conſider the arguments which this author gives for clemency, from the good effects it would produce, we ſhall find, that they hold true only when applied to ſuch a mercy as ſerves rather to mitigate than exclude juſtice. The excellence of that unlimited clemency which the author contends for, is recommended by the following arguments.

Firſt, That it endears a Prince to his people. This he deſcants on in ſeveral parts of his book. *Clemency will endear his perſon to the nation; and then they will neither have the power nor will to diſturb him,* (p. 8.) *Was there ever a cruel Prince, that was not hated by his ſubjects?* (p. 24.) *A merciful good-natured diſpoſition is of all others the moſt amiable quality, and in Princes always attended with a popular love,* (p. 18.)

It is certain, that ſuch a popular love will always riſe towards a good Prince, who exerciſes ſuch a mercy as I have before deſcribed, which is conſiſtent with the ſafety of the conſtitution, and the good of his kingdom. But if it be thrown away at random, it loſes its virtue, leſſens the eſteem and authority of a Prince, and cannot long recommend him, even to the weakeſt of his ſubjects, who will find all the effects of cruelty in ſuch an ill grounded compaſſion. It was a famous ſaying of *William Rufus,* and is quoted to his honor by hiſtorians: "Whoeſover ſpares perjured men, robbers, "plunderers and traitors, deprives all good men of their peace and quietneſs, "and lays a foundation of innumerable miſchiefs to the virtuous and in-"nocent.

Another argument for unlimited clemency, is, that it ſhews a courageous temper: *Clemency is likewiſe an argument of fearleſneſs; whereas cruelty not only betrays a weak, abject, depraved ſpirit, but alſo is for the moſt part a certain ſign of cowardice,* (p. 19.) ——*He had a truly great ſoul, and ſuch will always diſdain the coward's virtue, which is fear; and the conſequence of it, which is revenge,* (p. 27.) This panegyric on clemency, when it is governed by reaſon, is likewiſe very right; but it may ſo happen, that the putting of laws in execution againſt traitors to their country, may be the argument of fearleſneſs, when our governors are told that they dare not do it; and ſuch methods may be made uſe of to extort pardons, as would make it look like cowardice to grant them. In this laſt caſe the author ſhould have remembered his own words, that *then only mercy is meritorious when it is voluntary, and not extorted by the neceſſity of affairs,* (p. 13.) Beſides, the author ſhould have conſidered, that another argument which he makes uſe of for his clemency, are the reſentments that may ariſe from the execution of

of a rebel: an argument adapted to a cowardly, not a fearleſs temper. This he infers from the diſpoſition of *the friends, well-wiſhers, or aſſociates of the ſufferers,* (p. 4.) *Reſentment will inflame ſome; in others compaſſion will, by degrees, riſe into reſentment. This will naturally beget a diſpoſition to overturn what they diſlike, and then there will want only a fair opportunity,* (p. 11.) This argument, like moſt of the others, pleads equally for malefactors of all kinds, whom the government can never bring to juſtice, without diſobliging their friends, well-wiſhers, or aſſociates. But, I believe, if the author would converſe with any friend, well-wiſher, or aſſociate of theſe ſufferers, he would find them rather deterred from their practices by their ſufferings, than diſpoſed to riſe in a new rebellion to revenge them. A government muſt be in a very weak and melancholy condition, that is not armed with a ſufficient power for its own defence againſt the reſentment of its enemies, and is afraid of being overturned if it does juſtice on thoſe who attempt it. But I am afraid the main reaſon, why theſe friends, well-wiſhers and aſſociates are againſt puniſhing any of the rebels, is that which muſt be an argument with every wiſe governor for doing juſtice upon ſome of them; namely, that it is a likely means to come at the bottom of this conſpiracy, and to detect thoſe who have been the private abettors of it, and who are ſtill at work in the ſame deſign; if we give credit to the ſuggeſtions of our malecontents themſelves, who labor to make us believe that there is ſtill life in this wicked project.

I am wonderfully ſurpriſed to ſee another argument made uſe of for a general pardon, which might have been urged more properly for a general execution. The words are theſe; *The generality will never be brought to believe, but that thoſe who ſuffer only for treaſon have very hard meaſure, nor can you with all your ſeverity undeceive them of their error.* If the generality of the *Engliſh* have ſuch a favorable opinion of treaſon, nothing can ſo well cure them of an error ſo fatal to their country, as the puniſhment of thoſe who are guilty of it. It is evident, that a general impunity would confirm them in ſuch an opinion: for the vulgar will never be brought to believe, that there is a crime where they ſee no penalty. As it is certain no error can be more deſtructive to the very being of government than this, a proper remedy ought to be applied to it: and I would aſk this author, Whether upon this occaſion, *The doctrine of making examples of traitors* be not very ſeaſonable; though he declares himſelf *not over fond of it.* The way to awaken mens minds to the ſenſe of this guilt, is to let them ſee, by the ſufferings of ſome who have incurred it, how heinous a crime it is in the eye of the law.

The foregoing anſwer may be applied likewiſe to another argument of the ſame nature. *If the faction be as numerous as is pretended; if the ſpirit has ſpread itſelf*

itſelf over the whole kingdom; if it has mixed with the maſs of the people; then certainly all bloody meaſures will but whet men the more for revenge. If juſtice inflicted on a few of the moſt flagrant criminals, with mercy extended to the multitude, may be called *bloody meaſures,* they are without doubt abſolutely neceſſary, in caſe the ſpirit of faction be thus ſpread among the maſs of the people; who will readily conclude, that if open rebellion goes unpuniſhed, every degree of faction which leads to it muſt be altogether innocent.

I am come now to another argument for pardoning all the rebels, which is, that it would inſpire them all with gratitude, and reduce them to their allegiance. *It is truly heroic to overcome the hearts of one's enemies; and when it is compaſſed, the undertaking is truly politic,* (p. 8.) *He has now a fair opportunity of conquering more enemies by one act of clemency, than the moſt ſucceſsful General will be able to do in many campaigns,* (p. 9.) *Are there not infinite numbers who would become moſt dutiful upon any fair invitation, upon the leaſt appearance of grace?* (p. 13.) *Which of the rebels could be ungrateful enough to reſiſt or abuſe goodneſs exemplified in practice, as well as extolled in theory?* (p. 20.) Has not his Majeſty then ſhewn the leaſt appearance of grace in that generous forgiveneſs which he has already extended to ſuch great numbers of his rebellious ſubjects, who muſt have died by the laws of their country, had not his mercy interpoſed in their behalf? But if the author means (as he doth through this whole pamphlet by the like expreſſions) an univerſal forgiveneſs, no unprejudiced man can be of his opinion, that it would have had this good effect. We may ſee how little the converſion of rebels is to be depended on, when we obſerve that ſeveral of the leaders in this rebellion were men who had been pardoned for practices of the ſame nature: and that moſt of thoſe who have ſuffered, have avowed their perſeverance in their rebellious principles, when they ſpoke their minds at the place of execution, notwithſtanding their profeſſions to the contrary while they ſolicited forgiveneſs. Beſides, were pardon extended indifferently to all, which of them would think himſelf under any particular obligation? Whereas, by that prudent diſcrimination which his Majeſty has made between the offenders of different degrees, he naturally obliges thoſe whom he has conſidered with ſo much tenderneſs, and diſtinguiſhed as the moſt proper objects of mercy. In ſhort, thoſe who are pardoned would not have known the value of grace, if none had felt the effects of juſtice.

I muſt not omit another reaſon which the author makes uſe of againſt puniſhments; *Becauſe,* he ſays, *thoſe very means, or the apprehenſions of them, have brought things to the paſs in which they are, and conſequently will reduce them from bad to worſe,* (p. 10.) And afterwards, *The growth of diſaffection is in a great meaſure owing*

to

to the groundleſs jealouſies men entertained of the preſent adminiſtration, as if they were to expect nothing but cruelty under it. If our author would have ſpoken out, and have applied theſe effects to the real cauſe, he could aſcribe this change of affections among the people to nothing elſe but the change of the Miniſtry: for we find that a great many perſons loſt their loyalty with their places; and that their friends have ever ſince made uſe of the moſt baſe methods to infuſe thoſe groundleſs diſcontents into the minds of the common people, which have brought ſo many of them to the brink of deſtruction, and proved ſo detrimental to their fellow ſubjects. However, this proceeding has ſhewn how dangerous it would have been for his Majeſty to have continued in their places of truſt, a ſet of men, ſome of whom have ſince actually joined with the Pretender to his crown: while others may be juſtly ſuſpected never to have been faithful to him in their hearts, or, at leaſt, whoſe principles are precarious, and viſibly conducted by their intereſt. In a word, if the removal of theſe perſons from their poſts has produced ſuch popular commotions, the continuance of them might have produced ſomething, much more fatal to their King and country, and have brought about that revolution, which has now been in vain attempted. The condition of a *Britiſh* King would be very poor indeed, ſhould a party of his ſubjects threaten him with a rebellion upon his bringing malefactors to juſtice, or upon his refuſing to employ thoſe whom he dares not truſt.

I ſhall only mention another argument againſt the puniſhment of any of the rebels, whoſe executions he repreſents as very ſhocking to the people; becauſe they are their *countrymen,* (p. 12.) And again, *The quality of the ſufferers, their alliances, their characters, their being* Engliſhmen, *with a thouſand other circumſtances, will contribute to breed more ill blood than all the ſtate chirurgeons can poſſibly let out,* (p. 12.) The impeached Lords likewiſe, in the laſt paragraph of the pamphlet, are recommended to our pity, becauſe they are our *countrymen.* By this way of reaſoning, no man that is a Gentleman, or born within the three ſeas, ſhould be ſubject to capital puniſhment. Beſides, who can be guilty of rebellion that are not our *countrymen?* As for the endearing name of *Engliſhmen*, which he beſtows upon every one of the criminals, he ſhould conſider, that a man deſervedly cuts himſelf off from the affections as well as the privileges of that community, which he endeavours to ſubvert.

Theſe are the ſeveral arguments which appear in different forms and expreſſions through this whole pamphlet, and under which every one that is urged in it may be reduced. There is indeed another ſet of them, derived from the example and authority of great perſons, which the author produces in favor of his own ſcheme. Theſe are *William* the Conqueror, *Henry*

the Fourth of *France*, our late King *William*, King *Solomon*, and the *Pretender*. If a man were diſpoſed to draw arguments for ſeverity out of hiſtory, how many inſtances might one find of it among the greateſt Princes of every nation? but as different Princes may act very laudably by different methods in different conjunctures, I cannot think this a concluſive way of reaſoning. However, let us examine this ſet of arguments, and we ſhall find them no leſs defective than thoſe above-mentioned.

One of the greateſt of our Engliſh *Monarchs*, ſays our author, *was* William the Conqueror; *and he was the greater, becauſe he put to death only one perſon of quality that we read of, and him after repeated treacheries; yet he was a foreigner, had power ſufficient, and did not want provocations to have been more bloody*, (p. 27.) This perſon of quality was the Earl *Waltheof*, who being overtaken with wine, engaged in a conſpiracy againſt this Monarch, but repenting of it the next morning, repaired to the King, who was then in *Normandy*, and diſcovered the whole matter. Notwithſtanding which, he was beheaded upon the defeat of the conſpiracy, for having but thus far tampered in it. And as for the reſt of the conſpirators, who roſe in an actual rebellion, the King uſed them with the utmoſt rigor; he cut off the hands of ſome, put out the eyes of others, ſome were hanged upon gibbets, and thoſe who fared the beſt, were ſent into baniſhment. There are indeed the moſt dreadful examples of ſeverity in this reign: though it muſt be confeſſed, that, after the manner of thoſe times, the nobility generally eſcaped with their lives, though multitudes of them were puniſhed with baniſhment, perpetual impriſonment, forfeitures, and other great ſeverities: while the poor people, who had been deluded by theſe their ringleaders, were executed with the utmoſt rigor. A partiality which I believe no Commoner of *England* will ever think to be either juſt or reaſonable.

The next inſtance is *Henry* the Fourth of *France, who* (ſays our author) *ſo handſomely expreſſed his tenderneſs for his people, when, at ſigning the treaty of* Vervins, *he ſaid, That by one daſh of his pen he had overcome more enemies, than he could ever be able to do with his ſword.* Would not an ordinary reader think that this treaty of *Vervins* was a treaty between *Henry* the Fourth, and a party of his ſubjects? for otherwiſe how can it have a place in the preſent argument? But inſtead of that it was a treaty between *France* and *Spain;* ſo that the ſpeech expreſſed an equal tenderneſs to the *Spaniards* and *French;* as multitudes of either nation muſt have fallen in that war, had it continued longer. As for this King's treatment of conſpirators, (tho' he is quoted thrice in the pamphlet as an example of clemency) you have an eminent inſtance of it in his behaviour to the Mareſchal *de Biron*, who had been his old faithful ſervant, and had contributed more than any one to his advancement to the throne. This Mareſchal,

Mareſchal, upon ſome diſcontent, was entered into a conſpiracy againſt his Maſter, and refuſing to open the whole ſecret to the King, he was ſent to the *Baſtile*, and there beheaded, notwithſtanding he ſought for mercy with great importunities, and in the moſt moving manner. There are other inſtances in this King's reign, who, notwithſtanding, was remarkable for his clemency, of rebels and conſpirators who were hanged, beheaded, or broken alive on the wheel.

The late King *William,* was not diſturbed by any rebellion from thoſe who had once ſubmitted to him. But we know he treated the perſons concerned in the Aſſaſſination-plot as ſo horrid a conſpiracy deſerved. As for the ſaying which this author imputes to that Monarch, it being a piece of ſecret hiſtory, one doth not know when it was ſpoken, or what it alluded to, unleſs the author had been more particular in the account of it.

The author proceeds in the next place to no leſs an authority, than that of *Solomon: Among all the general obſervations of the wiſeſt Princes we know of, I think there is none holds more univerſally than, Mercy and truth preſerve a King, and his throne is eſtabliſhed in mercy,* (p. 18.) If we compare the different ſayings of this wiſe King, which relate to the conduct of Princes, we cannot queſtion but that he means by this mercy, that kind of it, which is conſiſtent with reaſon and government, and by which we hope to ſee his Majeſty's throne eſtabliſhed. But our author ſhould conſider that the ſame wiſe man has ſaid in another place, that, "An evil man ſeeketh rebellion, therefore a cruel "meſſenger ſhould be ſent againſt him." Accordingly his practice was agreeable to his proverb: no Prince having ever given a greater teſtimony of his abhorrence to undertakings of this treaſonable nature. For he diſpatched ſuch a cruel meſſenger as is here mentioned to thoſe who had been engaged in a rebellion many years before he himſelf was on the throne, and even to his elder brother, upon the bare ſuſpicion that he was projecting ſo wicked an enterpriſe.

How the example of the Pretender came into this argument, I am at a loſs to find out. *The Pretender declared a general pardon to all: and ſhall our rightful King ſhew himſelf leſs the true father of his people, and afford his pardon to none,* &c. (p. 25.) The Pretender's general pardon was to a people who were not in his power; and had he ever reduced them under it, it was only promiſed to ſuch as immediately joined with him for the recovery of what he called his right. It was ſuch a general pardon as would have been conſiſtent with the execution of more than nine parts in ten of the kingdom.

There is but one more hiſtorical argument, which is drawn from King *Philip*'s treatment of the *Catalans. I think it would not be unſeaſonable for ſome men to recollect what their own notions were of the treatment of the* Catalans; *how many*

declamations were made on the barbarity uſed towards them by King Philip, *&c.* (p. 29.) If the author remembers, theſe declamations, as he calls them, were not made ſo much on the barbarity uſed towards them by King *Philip* as on the barbarity uſed towards them by the *Engliſh* government. King *Philip* might have ſome color for treating them as Rebels, but we ought to have regarded them as Allies; and were obliged, by all the ties of honor, conſcience, and public faith, to have ſheltered them from thoſe ſufferings which were brought upon them by a firm and inviolable adherence to our intereſt. However, none can draw into a parallel the cruelties which have been afflicted on that unhappy people, with thoſe few inſtances of ſeverity which our government has been obliged to exert towards the *Britiſh* rebels. I ſay, no man would make ſuch a parallel, unleſs his mind be ſo blinded with paſſion and prejudice, as to aſſert, in the language of this pamphlet, *that no inſtances can be produced of the leaſt lenity under the preſent adminiſtration, from the hour it commenced to this day,* (p. 20.) with other aſtoniſhing reflections of the ſame nature, which are contradicted by ſuch innumerable matters of fact, that it would be an affront to a reader's underſtanding to endeavour to confute them. But to return to the *Catalans: During the whole courſe of the war,* ſays the author, *which ever of them ſubmitted to diſcretion, were received to mercy,* (p. 22.) This is ſo far from being truly related, that in the beginning of the war, they were executed without mercy. But when, in conjunction with their allies, they became ſuperior to King *Philip*'s party in ſtrength, and extended their conqueſts up to the very gates of *Madrid*, it cannot be ſuppoſed the *Spaniſh* Court would be ſo infatuated as to perſiſt in their firſt ſeverities, againſt an enemy that could make ſuch terrible repriſals. However, when this reaſon of ſtate ceaſed, how dreadful was the havoc made among this brave, but unhappy people! The whole kingdom, without any diſtinction to the many thouſands of its innocent inhabitants, was ſtripped of its immunities, and reduced to a ſtate of ſlavery. *Barcelona* was filled with executions; and all the patriots of their ancient liberties either beheaded, ſtowed in dungeons, or condemned to work in the mines of *America*.

God be thanked, we have a King who puniſhes with reluctancy, and is averſe to ſuch cruelties as were uſed among the *Catalans*, as much as to thoſe practiſed on the perſons concerned in *Monmouth*'s rebellion. Our author indeed condemns theſe *Weſtern* aſſizes in King *James*'s reign, (p. 26.) And it would be well if all thoſe who ſtill adhere to the cauſe of that unfortunate King, and are clamorous at the proceedings of his preſent Majeſty, would remember, that notwithſtanding that rebellion fell very much ſhort of this both in the number and ſtrength of the rebels, and had no tendency either to deſtroy the national religion, to introduce an arbitrary government, or

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to ſubject us to a foreign power; not only the chief of the rebels was beheaded, but even a Lady, who had only harbored one of the offenders in her houſe, was in her extreme old age put to the ſame kind of death: that about two hundred and thirty were hanged, drawn, and quartered, and their limbs diſperſed through ſeveral parts of the country, and ſet up as ſpectacles of terror to their fellow ſubjects. It would be too tedious a work to run through the numberleſs fines, impriſonments, corporal puniſhments, and tranſportations, which were then likewiſe practiſed as wholſome ſeverities.

We have now ſeen how fallaciouſly the author has ſtated the cauſe he has undertaken, by ſuppoſing that nothing but unlimited mercy, or unlimited puniſhment, are the methods that can be made uſe of in our preſent treatment of the rebels: that he has omitted the middle way of proceeding between theſe two extremes: that this middle way is the method in which his Majeſty, like all other wiſe and good Kings, has choſen to proceed: that it is agreeable to the nature of government, religion, and our *Britiſh* conſtitution: and that every argument which the author has produced from reaſon and example, would have been a true one, had it been urged for that reſtrained clemency which his Majeſty has exerciſed: but is a falſe one, when applied to ſuch a general, undiſtinguiſhing mercy as the author would recommend.

Having thus anſwered that which is the main drift and deſign of this pamphlet, I ſhall touch upon thoſe other parts of it, which are interwoven with the arguments, to put men out of humor with the preſent government.

And here we may obſerve, that it is our author's method to ſuppoſe matters of fact which are not in being, and afterwards to deſcant upon them. As he is very ſenſible that the cauſe will not bear the teſt of reaſon, he has indeed every where choſen rather topics for declamation than argument. Thus he entertains us with a labored invective againſt a ſtanding army. But what has this to do in the preſent caſe? I ſuppoſe he would not adviſe his Majeſty to diſband his forces while there is an army of rebels in his dominions. I cannot imagine he would think the affections of the people of *England* a ſecurity of the government in ſuch a juncture, were it not at the ſame time defended with a ſufficient body of troops. No Prince has ever given a greater inſtance of his inclinations to rule without a ſtanding army, if we conſider, that upon the very firſt news of the defeat of the rebels, he declared to both Houſes of Parliament, that he had put an immediate ſtop to the levies which he had begun to raiſe at their requeſt, and that he would not make uſe of the power which they had intruſted him with, unleſs any new preparations of the enemy ſhould make it neceſſary for our defence. This ſpeech

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was received with the greateſt gratitude by both houſes; and it is ſaid, that in the Houſe of Commons a very candid and honorable Gentleman (who generally votes with the minority) declared, that he had not heard ſo gracious a ſpeech from the throne for many years laſt paſt.

In another place, he ſuppoſes that the government has not endeavoured to gain the applauſe of the vulgar, by doing ſomething for the church; and very gravely makes excuſes for this their pretended neglect. What greater inſtances could his Majeſty have given of his love to the church of *England*, than thoſe he has exhibited by his moſt ſolemn declarations; by his daily example; and by his promotions of the moſt eminent among the Clergy to ſuch vacancies as have happened in his reign? To which we muſt add, for the honor of his government in this particular, that it has done more for the advantage of the Clergy, than thoſe, who are the moſt zealous for their intereſt, could have expected in ſo ſhort a time; which will farther appear, if we reflect upon the valuable and royal donative to one of our Univerſities, and the proviſion made for thoſe who are to officiate in the fifty new Churches. His Majeſty is, indeed, a Prince of too much magnanimity and truth, to make uſe of the name of the Church for drawing his people into any thing that may be prejudicial to them; for what our author ſays, to this purpoſe, redounds as much to the honor of the preſent adminiſtration, as to the diſgrace of others. *Nay, I wiſh with all my ſoul they had ſtooped a little* ad captum vulgi, *to take in thoſe ſhallow fluttering hearts, which are to be caught by any thing baited with the name of* Church, (p. 11.)

Again; the author aſks, *Whether terror is to become the only national principle?* with other queſtions of the ſame nature: and in ſeveral parts of his book, harangues very plentifully againſt ſuch a notion. Where he talks in generals upon this topic, there is no queſtion but every *Whig* and *Tory* in the kingdom perfectly agrees with him in what he ſays. But if he would inſinuate, as he ſeems to do in ſeveral places, that there ſhould be no impreſſions of awe upon the mind of a ſubject, and that a government ſhould not create terror in thoſe who are diſpoſed to do ill, as well as encourage thoſe that do their duty: in ſhort, if he is for an entire excluſion of that principle of fear which is ſuppoſed to have ſome influence in every law, he oppoſes himſelf to the form of every government in the world, and to the common ſenſe of mankind.

The artifice of this author in ſtarting objections to the friends of the government, and the fooliſh anſwers which he ſuppoſes they return to them, is ſo very viſible, that every one ſees they are deſigned rather to divert his reader, than to inſtruct him.

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I have now examined this whole pamphlet, which, indeed, is written with a great deal of art, and as much argument as the cauſe would bear: and after having ſtated the true notion of clemency, mercy, compaſſion, good-nature, humanity, or whatever elſe it may be called, ſo far as it is conſiſtent with wiſdom, and the good of mankind, or, in other words, ſo far as it is a moral virtue, I ſhall readily concur with the author in the higheſt panegyrics that he has beſtowed upon it. As likewiſe, I heartily join with him in every thing he has ſaid againſt juſtice, if it includes, as his pamphlet ſuppoſes, the extirpation of every criminal, and is not exerciſed with a much greater mixture of clemency than rigor. Mercy, in the true ſenſe of the word, is that virtue by which a Prince approaches neareſt to him whom he repreſents: and whilſt he is neither remiſs nor extreme to animadvert upon thoſe who offend him, that Logic will hold true of him which is applied to the great Judge of all the earth; *With thee there is Mercy, therefore ſhalt thou be feared.*

N° 32. *Monday, April* 9.

Heu miſeræ cives! non hoſtem, inimicaque caſtra
Argivum; veſtras ſpes uritis—— Virg.

I Queſtion not but the *Britiſh* Ladies are very well pleaſed with the compliment I have paid them in the courſe of my papers, by regarding them, not only as the moſt amiable, but as the moſt important part of our community. They ought, indeed, to reſent the treatment they have met with from other authors, who have never troubled their heads about them, but addreſſed all their arguments to the male half of their fellow ſubjects; and taken it for granted, that if they could bring theſe into their meaſures, the females would of courſe follow their political mates. The arguments they have made uſe of, are like *Hudibras*'s ſpur, which he applied to one ſide of his horſe, as not doubting but the other would keep pace with it. Theſe writers ſeem to have regarded the fair ſex but as the garniture of a nation; and when they conſider them as parts of the commonwealth, it is only as they are of uſe to the conſumption of our manufacture. *Could we perſuade our* Britiſh *women* (ſays one of our eminent Merchants in a letter to his friend in

in the country upon the ſubject of commerce) *to clothe themſelves in the comely apparel which might be made out of the wool of their own country; and inſtead of coffee, tea and chocolate, to delight in thoſe wholſome and palatable liquors which may be extracted from the* Britiſh *ſimples; they would be of great advantage to trade, and therein to the public weal.*

It is now, however, become neceſſary to treat our women as members of the body politic; ſince it is viſible that great numbers of them have of late eloped from their allegiance, and that they do not believe themſelves obliged to draw with us, as yoke-fellows in the conſtitution. They will judge for themſelves; look into the ſtate of the nation with their own eyes; and be no longer led blindfold by a male legiſlature. A friend of mine was lately complaining to me, that his wife had turned off one of the beſt cook-maids in *England,* becauſe the wench had ſaid ſomething to her fellow ſervants, which ſeemed to favor the ſuſpenſion of the *Habeas Corpus* act.

When errors and prejudices are thus ſpread among the ſex, it is the hardeſt thing in the world to root them out. Arguments, which are the only proper means for it, are of little uſe: they have a very ſhort anſwer to all reaſonings that turn againſt them, *Make us believe that, if you can*; which is in *Latin,* if I may upon this occaſion be allowed the pedantry of a quotation, *Non perſuadebis, etiamſi perſuaſeris.* I could not but ſmile at a young univerſity Diſputant, who was complaining the other day of the unreaſonableneſs of a Lady with whom he was engaged in a point of controverſy. Being left alone with her, he took the opportunity of purſuing an argument which had been before ſtarted in diſcourſe, and put it to her in a Syllogiſm: upon which, as he informed us with ſome heat, ſhe granted him both the major and the minor, but denied him the concluſion.

The beſt method, therefore, that can be made uſe of with theſe polemical Ladies, who are much more eaſy to be refuted than ſilenced, is to ſhew them the ridiculous ſide of their cauſe, and to make them laugh at their own politics. It is a kind of ill manners to offer objections to a fine woman; and a man would be out of countenance that ſhould gain the ſuperiority in ſuch a conteſt. A coquette Logician may be rallied, but not contradicted. Thoſe who would make uſe of ſolid arguments and ſtrong reaſonings to a reader or hearer of ſo delicate a turn, would be like that fooliſh people whom *AElian* ſpeaks of, that worſhipped a fly, and ſacrificed an ox to it.

The truth of it is, a man muſt be of a very diſputatious temper, that enters into State-controverſies with any of the fair ſex. If the malignant be not beautiful, ſhe cannot do much miſchief; and if ſhe is, her arguments will be ſo enforced by the charms of her perſon, that her antagoniſt may be in danger of betraying his own cauſe. *Milton* puts this confeſſion into the mouth

mouth of our father *Adam*; who, though he aſſerts his ſuperiority of reaſon in his debates with the mother of mankind, adds,

——Yet when I approach
Her lovelineſs, ſo abſolute ſhe ſeems,
And in herſelf complete; ſo well to know
Her own, that what ſhe wills to do or ſay,
Seems wiſeſt, virtuouſeſt, diſcreeteſt, beſt:
All higher knowledge in her preſence falls
Degraded, wiſdom in diſcourſe with her
Loſes, diſcountenanced, and like folly ſhews;
Authority and reaſon on her wait——

If there is ſuch a native lovelineſs in the ſex, as to make them victorious even when they are in the wrong, how reſiſtleſs is their power when they are on the ſide of truth! And indeed it is a peculiar good fortune to the government, that our fair malecontents are ſo much overmatched in beauty, as well as number, by thoſe who are loyal to their King, and friends to their country.

Every paper, which I have hitherto addreſſed to our beautiful incendiaries, hath been filled with conſiderations of a different kind; by which means I have taken care that thoſe, who are enemies to the ſex, or to myſelf, may not accuſe me of tautology, or pretend that I attack them with their own weapon. For this reaſon I ſhall here lay together a new ſet of remarks, and obſerve the ſeveral artifices by which the enemies to our eſtabliſhment do raiſe ſuch unaccountable paſſions and prejudices in the minds of our diſcontented females.

In the firſt place, it is uſual, among the moſt cunning of our adverſaries, to repreſent all the rebels as very handſome men. If the name of a traitor be mentioned, they are very particular in deſcribing his perſon; and when they are not able to extenuate his treaſon, commend his ſhape. This has ſo good an effect in one of our female audiences, that they repreſent to themſelves a thouſand poor, tall, innocent, freſh colored young gentlemen, who are diſperſed among the ſeveral priſons of *Great Britain;* and extend their generous compaſſion towards a multitude of agreeable fellows that never were in being.

Another artifice is, to inſtil jealouſies into their minds, of deſigns upon the anvil to retrench the privileges of the ſex. Some repreſent the *Whigs* as enemies to *Flanders* lace: others had ſpread a report, that in the late act of parliament for four ſhillings in the pound upon land, there would be

inſerted a clauſe for raiſing a tax upon pin-money. That the ladies may be the better upon their guard againſt ſuggeſtions of this nature, I ſhall beg leave to put them in mind of the ſtory of *Papirius* the ſon of a *Roman* Senator. This young gentleman, after having been preſent in public debates, was uſually teaſed by his mother to inform her of what had paſſed. In order to deliver himſelf from this importunity, he told her one day, upon his return from the ſenate-houſe, that there had been a motion made for a decree to allow every man two wives. The good Lady ſaid nothing; but managed matters ſo well among the *Roman* matrons, that the next day they met together in a body before the ſenate-houſe, and preſented a petition to the fathers againſt ſo unreaſonable a law. This groundleſs credulity raiſed ſo much rallery upon the petitioners, that we do not find the ladies offered to direct the lawgivers of their country ever after.

There has been another method lately made uſe of, which has been practiſed with extraordinary ſucceſs; I mean the ſpreading abroad reports of prodigies, which has wonderfully gratified the curioſity, as well as the hopes of our fair malignants. Their managers turn water into blood for them; frighten them with ſea-monſters; make them ſee armies in the air; and give them their word, the more to ingratiate themſelves with them, that they ſignify nothing leſs than future ſlaughter and deſolation. The diſloyal part of the ſex immediately hug themſelves at the news of the bloody fountain; look upon theſe fiſh as their friends; have great expectations from the clouds; and are very angry with you, if you think they do not all portend ruin to their country.

Secret hiſtory and ſcandal have always had their allurements; and I have in other diſcourſes ſhewn the great advantage that is made of them in the preſent ferment among the fair ones.

But the maſter engine, to overturn the minds of the female world, is the *danger of the church.* I am not ſo uncharitable as to think there is any thing in an obſervation made by ſeveral of the *Whigs,* that there is ſcarce a woman in *England* who is troubled with the vapors, but is more or leſs affected with this cry: or, to remark with others, that it is not uttered in any part of the nation with ſo much bitterneſs of tongue and heart, as in the diſtricts of *Drury-lane.* On the contrary, I believe there are many devout and honorable women who are deluded in this point by the artifice of deſigning men. To theſe, therefore, I would apply myſelf, in a more ſerious manner, and deſire them to conſider how that laudable piety, which is natural to the ſex, is apt to degenerate into a groundleſs and furious zeal, when it is not kept within the bounds of charity and reaſon. Female zeal, though proceeding from ſo good a principle, has been infinitely detrimental to ſociety,

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and to religion itſelf. If we may believe the *French* hiſtorians, it often put a ſtop to the proceedings of their Kings, which might have ended in a reformation. For, upon their breaking with the Pope, the Queens frequently interpoſed, and by their importunities, reconciled them to the uſurpations of the church of *Rome*. Nay, it was this vicious zeal which gave a remarkable check to the firſt progreſs of chriſtianity, as we find it recorded by a ſacred hiſtorian in the following paſſage, which I ſhall leave to the conſideration of my female readers. *But the* Jews *ſtirred up the devout and honorable women and the chief men of the city, and raiſed a perſecution againſt* Paul *and* Barnabas, *and expelled them out of their coaſts.*

N° 33. *Friday, April* 13.

Nulli adverſus Magiſtratus ac Reges gratiores ſunt; nec immerito; nullis enim plus præſtant quam quibus frui tranquillo otio licet. Itaque hi, quibus ad propoſitum bene vivendi confert ſecuritas publica, neceſſe eſt auctorem hujus boni ut parentem colant. Senec. Ep. 73.

WE find by our public papers, the univerſity of *Dublin* have lately preſented to the Prince of *Wales*, in a moſt humble and dutiful manner, their Diploma for conſtituting his Royal Highneſs Chancellor of that learned body; and that the Prince received this their offer with the goodneſs and condeſcenſion which is natural to his illuſtrious houſe. As the college of *Dublin* have been long famous for their great learning, they have now given us an inſtance of their good ſenſe; and it is with pleaſure that we find ſuch a diſpoſition in this famous nurſery of letters to propagate ſound principles, and to act, in its proper ſphere, for the honor and dignity of the royal family. We hope that ſuch an example will have its influence on other ſocieties of the ſame nature; and cannot but rejoice to ſee the heir of *Great Britain* vouchſafing to patroniſe, in ſo peculiar a manner, that noble ſeminary, which is perhaps at this time training up ſuch perſons as may hereafter be ornaments to his reign.

When men of learning are acted thus by a knowledge of the world as well as of books, and ſhew that their ſtudies naturally inſpire them with a love to their King and country; they give a reputation to literature, and

convince the world of its uſefulneſs. But when arts and ſciences are ſo perverted as to diſpoſe men to act in contradiction to the reſt of the community, and to ſet up for a kind of ſeparate republic among themſelves, they draw upon them the indignation of the wiſe, and the contempt of the ignorant.

It has indeed been obſerved, that perſons, who are very much eſteemed for their knowledge and ingenuity in their private characters, have acted like ſtrangers to mankind, and to the dictates of right reaſon, when joined together in a body. Like ſeveral chymical waters, that are each of them clear and tranſparent when ſeparate, but ferment into a thick troubled liquor when they are mixed in the ſame vial.

There is a piece of Mythology which bears very hard upon learned men; and which I ſhall here relate, rather for the delicacy of the ſatire, than for the juſtneſs of the moral. When the city of *Athens* was finiſhed, we are told that *Neptune* and *Minerva* preſented themſelves as candidates for the guardianſhip of the place. The *Athenians*, after a full debate upon the matter, came to an election, and made choice of *Minerva*. Upon which, *Neptune*, who very much reſented the indignity, upbraided them with their ſtupidity and ignorance; that a maritime town ſhould reject the patronage of him who was the God of the Seas, and could defend them againſt all the attacks of their enemies. He concluded with a curſe upon the inhabitants, which was to ſtick to them and their poſterity; namely, *that they ſhould be all fools*. When *Minerva*, their tutelary Goddeſs, who preſides over arts and ſciences, came among them to receive the honor they had conferred upon her, they made heavy complaints of the curſe which *Neptune* had laid upon the city; and begged her, if poſſible, to take it off. But ſhe told them it was not in her power; for that one Deity could not reverſe the act of another. *However*, ſaid ſhe, *I may alleviate the curſe which I cannot remove: it is not poſſible for me to hinder you from being fools, but I will take care that you ſhall be learned.*

There is nothing which bodies of learned men ſhould be more careful of, than, by all due methods, to cultivate the favor of the great and powerful. The indulgence of a Prince is abſolutely neceſſary to the propagation, the defence, the honor and ſupport of learning. It naturally creates in men's minds an ambition to diſtinguiſh themſelves by letters; and multiplies the number of thoſe who are dedicated to the purſuits of knowledge. It protects them againſt the violence of brutal men; and gives them opportunities to purſue their ſtudies in a ſtate of peace and tranquility. It puts the learned in countenance; and gives them a place among the faſhionable part of mankind. It diſtributes rewards; and encourages ſpeculative perſons, who

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have neither opportunity nor a turn of mind to increaſe their own fortunes, with all the incentives of place, profit and preferment. On the contrary, nothing is in itſelf ſo pernicious to communities of learned men, nor more apprehended by thoſe that wiſh them well, than the diſpleaſure of their Prince, which thoſe may juſtly expect to feel, who would make uſe of his favor to his own prejudice, and put in practice all the methods that lie within their power to vilify his perſon, and diſtreſs his government. In both theſe caſes, a learned body is in a more particular manner expoſed to the influence of their King, as deſcribed by the wiſeſt of men, *The wrath of a King is as the roaring of a Lion; but his favor is as the dew upon the graſs.*

We find in our *Engliſh* hiſtories, that the Empreſs *Matilda,* (who was the great anceſtor of his preſent Majeſty, and whoſe grandaughter of the ſame name has a place upon ſeveral of the *Hanover* medals) was particularly favored by the univerſity of *Oxford,* and defended in that place, when moſt parts of the kingdom had revolted againſt her. Nor is it to be queſtioned, but an univerſity ſo famous for learning and ſound knowledge, will ſhew the ſame zeal for her illuſtrious deſcendant, as they will every day diſcern his Majeſty's Royal virtues, through thoſe prejudices which have been raiſed in their minds by artful and deſigning men. It is with much pleaſure we ſee this great fountain of learning already beginning to run clear, and recovering its natural purity and brightneſs. None can imagine that a community which is taxed by the worſt of its enemies, only for over-ſtraining the notions of loyalty even to bad Princes, will fall ſhort of a due allegiance to the beſt.

When this happy temper of mind is fully eſtabliſhed among them, we may juſtly hope to ſee the largeſt ſhare of his Majeſty's favors fall upon that univerſity, which is the greateſt, and upon all accounts the moſt conſiderable, not only in his dominions, but in all *Europe.*

I ſhall conclude this paper with a quotation out of *Camden*'s Hiſtory of Queen *Elizabeth,* who, after having deſcribed that Queen's reception at *Oxford,* gives an account of the ſpeech which ſhe made to them at her departure; concluding with a piece of advice to that univerſity. Her counſel was, *That they would firſt ſerve God, not after the curioſity of ſome, but according to the laws of God and the land; that they would not go before the laws, but follow them; nor diſpute whether better might be preſcribed, but keep thoſe preſcribed already; obey their ſuperiors; and laſtly, embrace one another in brotherly piety and concord.*

N° 34. *Monday, April* 16.

——— *ſævus apertam*
In rabiem cœpit verti jocus ——— Hor.

IT is very juſtly, as well as frequently obſerved, that if our nation be ever ruined, it muſt be by itſelf. The parties and diviſions which reign among us may ſeveral ways bring deſtruction upon our country, at the ſame time that our united force would be ſufficient to ſecure us againſt all the attempts of a foreign enemy. Whatever expedients therefore can be found to allay thoſe heats and animoſities, which break us into different factions and intereſts, cannot but be uſeful to the public, and highly tend to its ſafety, ſtrength, and reputation.

This dangerous diſſenſion among us diſcovers itſelf in all the moſt indifferent circumſtances of life. We keep it up, and cheriſh it with as much pains, as if it were a kind of national bleſſing. It inſinuates itſelf into all our diſcourſes, mixes in our parties of pleaſure, has a ſhare in our diverſions, and is an ingredient in moſt of our public entertainments.

I was not long ago at the play called Sir *Courtly Nice,* where, to the eternal reproach of good ſenſe, I found the whole audience had very gravely ranged themſelves into two parties, under *Hot-head* and *Teſtimony*. *Hot-head* was the applauded hero of the *Tories,* and *Teſtimony* no leſs the favorite of the *Whigs*. Each party followed their champion. It was wonderful to ſee ſo polite an aſſembly diſtinguiſhing themſelves by ſuch extraordinary repreſentatives, and avowing their principles as conformable either to the zeal of *Hot-head*, or the moderation of *Teſtimony*. Thus the two parts which were deſigned to expoſe the faults of both ſides, and were accordingly received by our anceſtors in King *Charles* the Second's reign, meet with a kind of ſanction from the applauſes which are reſpectively beſtowed on them by their wiſe poſterity. We ſeem to imagine that they were written as patterns for imitation, not as objects of ridicule.

This humor runs ſo far, that moſt of our late comedies owe their ſucceſs to it. The audience liſtens after nothing elſe. I have ſeen little *Dicky* place himſelf with great approbation at the head of the *Tories* for five acts together, and *Pinky* eſpouſe the intereſt of the *Whigs* with no leſs ſucceſs. I do

do not find that either party has yet thrown themſelves under the patronage of *Scaramouch*, or that *Harlequin* has violated that neutrality, which, upon his late arrival in *Great Britain*, he profeſſed to both parties, and which it is thought he will punctually obſerve, being allowed on all ſides to be a man of honor. It is true, that upon his firſt appearance, a violent *Whig* tradeſman in the pit begun to compliment him with a clap, as overjoyed to ſee him mount a ladder, and fancying him to be dreſſed in a Highland plaid.

I queſtion not but my Readers will be ſurpriſed to find me animadverting on a practice that has been always favorable to the cauſe which now prevails. The *Britiſh* theatre was *Whig* even in the worſt of times; and in the laſt reign did not ſcruple to teſtify its zeal for the good of our country, by many magnanimous claps in its lower regions, anſwered with loud huzzas from the upper gallery. This good diſpoſition is ſo much heightened of late, that the whole neighbourhood of the *Drury-lane* theatre very often ſhakes with the loyalty of the audience. It is ſaid, that a young author, who very much relies on this prevailing humor, is now writing a farce, to be called *A Match out of Newgate*, in alluſion to the title of a comedy called *A Match in Newgate;* and that his chief perſon is *a round-ſhouldered man with a pretty large noſe and a wide mouth*, making his addreſſes to a lovely black woman that paſſes for a Peereſs of *Great Britain*. In ſhort, the whole play is built upon the late eſcape of General *Forſter*, who is ſuppoſed upon the road to fall in love with my Lord *Nithiſdale*, whom the ingenious author imagines to be ſtill in his riding-hood.

But notwithſtanding the good principles of a *Britiſh* audience in this one particular, it were to be wiſhed that every thing ſhould be baniſhed the ſtage which has a tendency to exaſperate men's minds, and inflame that party rage which makes us ſuch a miſerable and divided people. And that in the firſt place, becauſe ſuch a proceeding as this diſappoints the very deſign of all public diverſions and entertainments. The inſtitution of ſports and ſhows was intended by all governments, to turn off the thoughts of the people from buſying themſelves in matters of ſtate, which did not belong to them; to reconcile them to one another by the common participations of mirth and pleaſure; and to wear out of their minds that rancor which they might have contracted by the interfering views of intereſt and ambition. It would therefore be for the benefit of every ſociety, that is diſturbed by contending factions, to encourage ſuch innocent amuſements as may thus diſembitter the minds of men, and make them mutually rejoice in the ſame agreeable ſatisfaction. When people are accuſtomed to ſit together with pleaſure, it is a ſtep towards reconciliation: but as we manage matters, our politeſt aſſemblies are like boiſterous clubs, that meet over a glaſs of wine, and before they have done,

throw

throw bottles at one another's heads. Inſtead of multiplying thoſe deſirable opportunities where we may agree in points that are indifferent, we let the ſpirit of contention into thoſe very methods that are not only foreign to it, but ſhould in their nature diſpoſe us to be friends. This our anger in our mirth is like poiſon in a perfume, which taints the ſpirits inſtead of chearing and refreſhing them.

Another manifeſt inconvenience which ariſes from this abuſe of public entertainments, is, that it naturally deſtroys the taſte of an audience. I do not deny, but that ſeveral performances have been juſtly applauded for their wit, which have been written with an eye to this predominant humor of the town: but it is viſible even in theſe, that it is not the excellence but the application of the ſentiment, that has raiſed applauſe. An author is very much diſappointed to find the beſt parts of his productions received with indifference, and to ſee the audience diſcovering beauties which he never intended. The actors, in the midſt of an innocent old play, are often ſtartled with unexpected claps or hiſſes; and do not know whether they have been talking like good ſubjects, or have ſpoken treaſon. In ſhort, we ſeem to have ſuch a reliſh for faction, as to have loſt that of wit; and are ſo uſed to the bitterneſs of party rage, that we cannot be gratified with the higheſt entertainment that has not this kind of ſeaſoning in it. But as no work muſt expect to live long which draws all its beauty from the color of the times; ſo neither can that pleaſure be of greater continuance, which ariſes from the prejudice or malice of its hearers.

To conclude; ſince the preſent hatred and violence of parties is ſo unſpeakably pernicious to the community, and none can do a better ſervice to their country than thoſe who uſe their utmoſt endeavours to extinguiſh it, we may reaſonably hope, that the more elegant part of the nation will give a good example to the reſt; and put an end to ſo abſurd and fooliſh a practice, which makes our moſt refined diverſions detrimental to the public, and, in a particular manner, deſtructive of all politeneſs.

Friday,

N° 35. *Friday, April* 20.

Athenienſium res geſtæ, ſicut ego exiſtumo, ſatis amplæ magnificæque fuere, verum aliquanto minores tamen, quam fama feruntur: ſed, quia provenere ibi magna ſcriptorum ingenia, per terrarum orbem Athenienſium facta pro maxumis celebrantur. Ita eorum, qui ea fecere, virtus tanta habetur, quantum verbis ea potuere extollere præclara ingenia. Saluſt.

GRATIAN, among his maxims for raiſing a man to the moſt conſummate character of greatneſs, adviſes firſt to perform extraordinary actions, and in the next place to ſecure a good hiſtorian. Without the laſt, he conſiders the firſt as thrown away; as indeed they are in a great meaſure by ſuch illuſtrious perſons, as make fame and reputation the end of their undertakings. The moſt ſhining merit goes down to poſterity with diſadvantage, when it is not placed by writers in its proper light.

The misfortune is, that there are more inſtances of men who deſerve this kind of immortality, than of authors who are able to beſtow it. Our country, which has produced writers of the firſt figure in every other kind of work, has been very barren in good hiſtorians. We have had ſeveral who have been able to compile matters of fact, but very few have been able to digeſt them with that purity and elegance of ſtyle, that nicety and ſtrength of reflection, and that ſubtilty and diſcernment in the unravelling of a character, and that choice of circumſtances for enlivening the whole narration, which we ſo juſtly admire in the ancient hiſtorians of *Greece* and *Rome*, and in ſome authors of our neighbouring nations.

Thoſe who have ſucceeded beſt in works of this kind, are ſuch, who, beſides their natural good ſenſe and learning, have themſelves been verſed in public buſineſs, and thereby acquired a thorough knowledge of men and things. It was the advice of the great Duke of *Schomberg* to an eminent hiſtorian of his acquaintance, who was an Eccleſiaſtic, that he ſhould avoid being too particular in the drawing up of an army, and other circumſtances of the day of battle; for that he had always obſerved moſt notorious blunders and abſurdities committed on that occaſion, by ſuch writers as were not converſant in the art of war. We may reaſonably expect the like miſ-

takes in every other kind of public matters, recorded by thoſe who have only a diſtant theory of ſuch affairs. Beſides it is not very probable, that men, who have paſſed all their time in low and vulgar life, ſhould have a ſuitable idea of the ſeveral beauties and blemiſhes in the actions or characters of great men. For this reaſon I find an old law quoted by the famous Monſieur *Bayle*, that no perſon below the dignity of a *Roman* Knight ſhould preſume to write an hiſtory.

In *England* there is ſcarce any one, who has had a tincture of reading or ſtudy, that is not apt to fancy himſelf equal to ſo great a taſk; though it is plain, that many of our countrymen, who have tampered in hiſtory, frequently ſhew, that they do not underſtand the very nature of thoſe tranſactions which they recount. Nay, nothing is more uſual than to ſee every man, who is verſed in any particular way of buſineſs, finding fault with ſeveral of theſe authors, ſo far as they treat of matters within his ſphere.

There is a race of men lately ſprung up among this ſort of writers, whom one cannot reflect upon without indignation as well as contempt. Theſe are our *Grubſtreet* biographers, who watch for the death of a great man, like ſo many undertakers, on purpoſe to make a penny of him. He is no ſooner laid in his grave, but he falls into the hands of an hiſtorian; who, to ſwell a volume, aſcribes to him works which he never wrote, and actions which he never performed; celebrates virtues which he never was famous for, and excuſes faults which he was never guilty of. They fetch their only authentic records out of *Doctors Commons;* and when they have got a copy of his laſt Will and Teſtament, they fancy themſelves furniſhed with ſufficient materials for his hiſtory. This might indeed enable them in ſome meaſure to write the hiſtory of his death; but what can we expect from an author that undertakes to write the life of a great man, who is furniſhed with no other matters of fact, beſides legacies; and inſtead of being able to tell us what he did, can only tell us what he bequeathed? This manner of expoſing the private concerns of families, and ſacrificing the ſecrets of the dead to the curioſity of the living, is one of thoſe licentious practices which might well deſerve the animadverſion of our government, when it has time to contrive expedients for remedying the many crying abuſes of the preſs. In the mean while, what a poor idea muſt ſtrangers conceive of thoſe perſons, who have been famous among us in their generation, ſhould they form their notions of them from the writings of theſe our hiſtoriographers! What would our poſterity think of their illuſtrious forefathers, ſhould they only ſee them in ſuch weak and diſadvantageous lights! But to our comfort, works of this nature are ſo ſhort lived, that they cannot poſſibly diminiſh the memory of thoſe patriots which they are not able to preſerve.

The

The truth of it is, as the lives of great men cannot be written with any tolerable degree of elegance or exactneſs, within a ſhort ſpace after their deceaſe; ſo neither is it fit that the hiſtory of a perſon, who has acted among us in a public character, ſhould appear, till envy and friendſhip are laid aſleep, and the prejudice both of his antagoniſts and adherents be, in ſome degree, ſoftened and ſubdued. There is no queſtion but there are ſeveral eminent perſons in each party, however they may repreſent one another at preſent, who will have the ſame admirers among poſterity, and be equally celebrated by thoſe, whoſe minds will not be diſtempered by intereſt, paſſion or partiality. It were happy for us, could we prevail upon ourſelves to imagine, that one, who differs from us in opinion, may poſſibly be an honeſt man; and that we might do the ſame juſtice to one another, which will be done us hereafter by thoſe who ſhall make their appearance in the world, when this generation is no more. But in our preſent miſerable and divided condition, how juſt ſoever a man's pretenſions may be to a great or blameleſs reputation, he muſt expect his ſhare of obloquy and reproach; and, even with regard to his poſthumous character, content himſelf with ſuch a kind of conſideration, as induced the famous Sir *Francis Bacon*, after having bequeathed his Soul to God, and his body to the earth, to leave his fame to foreign nations; and after ſome years, to his own country.

N° 36. *Monday, April* 23.

——*Illa ſe jactet in aula.* Virg.

AMONG all the paradoxes in politics which have been advanced by ſome among us, there is none ſo abſurd and ſhocking to the moſt ordinary underſtanding, as that it is poſſible for *Great Britain* to be quietly governed by a *Popiſh* Sovereign. King *Henry* the Fourth found it impracticable for a *Proteſtant* to reign even in *France*, notwithſtanding the reformed religion does not engage a Prince to the perſecution of any other; and notwithſtanding the authority of the Sovereign in that country is more able to ſupport itſelf, and command the obedience of the people, than in any other *European* Monarchy. We are convinced by the experience of our own times, that our conſtitution is not able to bear a *Popiſh* Prince at the head of it.

King *James* the Second was endowed with many royal virtues, and might have made a nation of *Roman* Catholics happy under his adminiſtration. The grievances we ſuffered in his reign proceeded purely from his religion: but they were ſuch as made the whole body of the Nobility, Clergy and Commonalty, riſe up as one man againſt him, and oblige him to quit the throne of his anceſtors. The truth of it is, we have only the vices of a *Proteſtant* Prince to fear, and may be made happy by his virtues: but in a *Popiſh* Prince we have no chance for our proſperity; his very piety obliges him to our deſtruction; and in proportion as he is more religious, he becomes more inſupportable. One would wonder, therefore, to find many who call themſelves *Proteſtants*, favoring the pretenſions of a perſon who has been bred up in the utmoſt bitterneſs and bigotry of the church of *Rome;* and who, in all probability, within leſs than a twelvemonth, would be oppoſed by thoſe very men that are induſtrious to ſet him upon the throne, were it poſſible for ſo wicked and unnatural an attempt to ſucceed.

I was ſome months ago in a company, that diverted themſelves with the declaration which he had then publiſhed, and particularly with the date of it, *In the fourteenth year of our reign.* The company was ſurpriſed to find there was a King in *Europe* who had reigned ſo long and made ſuch a ſecret of it. This gave occaſion to one of them, who is now in *France,* to enquire into the hiſtory of this remarkable reign, which he has digeſted into annals, and lately tranſmitted hither for the peruſal of his friends. I have ſuppreſſed ſuch perſonal reflections as are mixed in this ſhort chronicle, as not being to the purpoſe; and find that the whole hiſtory of his regal conduct and exploits may be compriſed in the remaining part of this half-ſheet.

The hiſtory of the Pretender's *fourteen years reign digeſted into annals.*

ANNO Regni 1°. He made choice of his miniſtry, the firſt of whom was his confeſſor. This was a perſon recommended by the ſociety of *Jeſuits,* who repreſented him as one very proper to guide the conſcience of a King, that hoped to rule over an iſland which is not within the pale of the church. He then proceeded to name the Preſident of his Council, his Secretaries of State, and gave away a very honorable ſine-cure to his principal favorite, by conſtituting him his Lord-high-treaſurer. He likewiſe ſigned a dormant commiſſion for another to be his High-admiral, with orders to produce it whenever he had ſea room for his employment.

Anno Regni 2°. He perfected himſelf in the minuet ſtep.

Anno Regni 3°. He grew half a foot.

Anno

Anno Regni 4°. He wrote a letter to the Pope, deſiring him to be as kind to him as his predeceſſor had been, who was his Godfather. In the ſame year he ordered the Lord-high-treaſurer to pay off the debts of the Crown, which had been contracted ſince his acceſſion to the throne; particularly a milk-ſcore of three years ſtanding.

Anno Regni 5°. He very much improved himſelf in all princely learning, having read over the legends of the Saints, with the hiſtory of thoſe ſeveral martyrs in *England,* who had attempted to blow up a whole Parliament of heretics.

Anno Regni 6°. He applied himſelf to the arts of government with more than ordinary diligence; took a plan of the Baſtile with his own hand; viſited the galleys; and ſtudied the edicts of his great Patron *Louis* XIV.

Anno Regni 7°. Being now grown up to years of maturity, he reſolved to ſeek adventures; but was very much divided in his mind, whether he ſhould make an expedition to *Scotland,* or a pilgrimage to *Loretto;* being taught to look upon the latter in a religious ſenſe, as the place of his nativity. At length he reſolved upon his *Scotch* expedition; and, as the firſt exertion of that royal authority, which he was going to aſſume, he knighted himſelf. After a ſhort piece of errantry upon the ſeas, he got ſafe back to *Dunkirk,* where he paid his devotions to St. *Anthony,* for having delivered him from the dangers of the ſea, and Sir *George Byng.*

Anno Regni 8°. He made a campaign in *Flanders,* where, by the help of a teleſcope, he ſaw the battle of *Oudenarde,* and the Prince of *Hanover*'s horſe ſhot under him; being poſted on a high tower with two *French* Princes of the blood.

Anno Regni 9°. He made a ſecond campaign in *Flanders;* and, upon his return to the *French* Court, gained a great reputation, by his performance in a rigadoon.

Anno Regni 10°. The Pope having heard the fame of theſe his military atchievements, made him the offer of a cardinal's cap; which he was adviſed not to accept, by ſome of his friends in *England.*

Anno Regni 11°. He retired to *Lorrain,* where every morning he made great havoc among the wild-fowl, by the advice and with the aſſiſtance of his Privy-council. He is ſaid, this ſummer, to have ſhot with his own hands fifty brace of pheaſants, and one wild pig; to have ſet thirty coveys of partridges; and to have hunted down forty brace of hares; to which he might have added as many foxes, had not moſt of them made their eſcape, by running out of his friend's dominions, before his dogs could finiſh the chace. He was particularly animated to theſe diverſions by his miniſtry, who thought they would not a little recommend him to the good opinion and kind offices of ſeveral *Britiſh* fox-hunters.

Anno

Anno Regni 12°. He made a viſit to the Duke *d'Aumont,* and paſſed for a *French* Marquis in a maſquerade.

Anno Regni 13°. He viſited ſeveral convents, and gathered ſubſcriptions from all the well-diſpoſed Monks and Nuns, to whom he communicated his deſign of an attempt upon *Great Britain.*

Anno Regni 14°. He now made great preparations for the invaſion of *England,* and got together vaſt ſtores of ammunition, conſiſting of reliques, gunpowder and cannon-ball. He received from the Pope a very large contribution, one moiety in money, and the other in indulgences. An *Iriſh* prieſt brought him an authentic tooth of St. *Thomas a Becket,* and, it is thought, was to have for his reward the Archbiſhopric of *Canterbury.* Every monaſtery contributed ſomething; one gave him a thouſand pounds; and another as many maſſes.

This year containing farther the battles which he fought in *Scotland,* and the towns which he took, is ſo freſh in every one's memory, that we ſhall ſay no more of it.

N° 37. *Friday, April* 27.

——————quod ſi
Frigida curarum fomenta relinquere poſſes;
Quo te cœleſtis ſapientia duceret, ires,
Hoc opus, hoc ſtudium parvi properemus, et ampli,
Si patriæ volumus, ſi nobis vivere cari. Hor.

IT is a melancholy reflection, that our country, which in times of Popery was called the nation of Saints, ſhould now have leſs appearance of religion in it, than any other neighbouring ſtate or kingdom; whether they be ſuch as continue ſtill immerſed in the errors of the church of *Rome,* or ſuch as are recovered out of them. This is a truth that is obvious to every one, who has been converſant in foreign parts. It was formerly thought dangerous for a young man to travel, leſt he ſhould return an *Atheiſt* to his native country: but at preſent it is certain, that an *Engliſhman,* who has any tolerable degree of reflection, cannot be better awakened to a ſenſe of religion in general, than by obſerving how the minds of all mankind are ſet upon this important point; how every nation is ſerious and attentive to the great buſi-

neſs

neſs of their being; and that in other countries a man is not out of the faſhion, who is bold and open in the profeſſion and practice of all chriſtian duties.

This decay of piety is by no means to be imputed to the *Reformation*, which in its firſt eſtabliſhment produced its proper fruits, and diſtinguiſhed the whole age with ſhining inſtances of virtue and morality. If we would trace out the original of that flagrant and avowed impiety which has prevailed among us for ſome years, we ſhould find that it owes its riſe to that oppoſite extreme of *Cant* and *Hypocriſy*, which had taken poſſeſſion of the people's minds in the times of the great rebellion, and of the uſurpation that ſucceeded it. The practices of theſe men, under the covert of a feigned zeal, made even the appearances of ſincere devotion ridiculous and unpopular. The rallery of the wits and courtiers, in King *Charles* the Second's reign, upon every thing which they then called preciſe, was carried to ſo great an extravagance, that it almoſt put chriſtianity out of countenance. The ridicule grew ſo ſtrong and licentious, that from this time we may date that remarkable turn in the behaviour of our faſhionable *Engliſhmen*, that makes them ſhame-faced in the exerciſe of thoſe duties which they were ſent into the world to perform.

The late cry of the *Church* has been an artifice of the ſame kind with that made uſe of by the hypocrites of the laſt age, and has had as fatal an influence upon religion. If a man would but ſeriouſly conſider how much greater comfort he would receive in the laſt moments of his life, from a reflection that he has made one virtuous man, than that he has made a thouſand *Tories*, we ſhould not ſee the zeal of ſo many good men turned off from its proper end, and employed in making ſuch a kind of converts. What ſatisfaction will it be to an immoral man, at ſuch a time, to think he is a good *Whig!* or to one that is conſcious of ſedition, perjury, or rebellion, that he dies with the reputation of a *High-Churchman!*

But to conſider how this cry of the *Church* has corrupted the morals of both parties. Thoſe, who are the loudeſt in it, regard themſelves rather as a political, than a religious community; and are held together rather by ſtate notions, than by articles of faith. This fills the minds of weak men, who fall into the ſnare, with groundleſs fears and apprehenſions, unſpeakable rage towards their fellow ſubjects, wrong ideas of perſons whom they are not acquainted with, and uncharitable interpretations of thoſe actions of which they are not competent judges. It inſtils into their minds the utmoſt virulence and bitterneſs, inſtead of that charity, which is the perfection and ornament of religion, and the moſt indiſpenſable and neceſſary means for attaining the end of it. In a word, among theſe miſtaken zealots, it ſanctifies cruelty and injuſtice, riots and treaſon.

The

The effects which this cry of the *Church* has had on the other party, are no less manifest and deplorable. They see themselves unjustly aspersed by it, and vindicate themselves in terms no less opprobrious, than those by which they are attacked. Their indignation and resentment rises in proportion to the malice of their adversaries. The unthinking part of them are apt to contract an unreasonable aversion even to that ecclesiastical constitution to which they are represented as enemies; and not only to particular persons, but to that order of men in general, which will be always held sacred and honorable, so long as there is reason and religion in the world.

I might mention many other corruptions, common to both parties, which naturally flow from this source; and might easily shew, upon a full display of them, that this clamor, which pretends to be raised for the safety of religion, has almost worn out the very appearance of it; and rendered us not only the most divided, but the most immoral people upon the face of the earth.

When our nation is overflowed with such a deluge of impiety, it must be a great pleasure to find any expedient take place, that has a tendency to recover it out of so dismal a condition. This is one great reason why an honest man may rejoice to see an act so near taking effect, for making elections of members to serve in parliament less frequent. I find myself prevented by other writings (which have considered the act now depending, in this particular light) from expatiating upon this subject. I shall only mention two short pieces which I have been just now reading, under the following titles, *Arguments about the alteration of the triennial elections of parliament:* And, *The alteration in the triennial act considered.*

The reasons for this law, as it is necessary for settling his Majesty in his throne; for extinguishing the spirit of rebellion; for procuring foreign alliances; and other advantages of the like nature; carry a great weight with them. But I am particularly pleased with it, as it may compose our unnatural feuds and animosities, revive an honest spirit of industry in the nation, and cut off frequent occasions of brutal rage and intemperance. In short, as it will make us not only a more safe, a more flourishing, and a more happy, but also a more virtuous people.

Monday,

N° 38. *Monday, April* 30.

——— *Longum, formoſa, vale*——— Virg.

IT is the ambition of the male part of the world to make themſelves eſteemed, and of the female to make themſelves beloved. As this is the laſt paper which I ſhall addreſs to my fair readers; I cannot perhaps oblige them more, than by leaving them, as a kind of legacy, a certain ſecret, which ſeldom fails of procuring this affection, which they are naturally formed both to deſire and to obtain. This *Noſtrum* is compriſed in the following ſentence of *Seneca,* which I ſhall tranſlate for the ſervice of my countrywomen. *Ego tibi monſtrabo amatorium ſine medicamento, ſine herbâ, ſine ullius veneficæ carmine: ſi vis amari, ama. I will diſcover to you a philter that has neither drug, nor ſimple, nor enchantment in it. Love, if you would raiſe love.* If there be any truth in this diſcovery, and this be ſuch a ſpecific as the author pretends, there is nothing which makes the ſex more unamiable than party rage. The fineſt woman, in a tranſport of fury, loſes the uſe of her face. Inſtead of charming her beholders, ſhe frights both friend and foe. The latter can never be ſmitten by ſo bitter an enemy, nor the former captivated by a nymph, who, upon occaſion, can be ſo very angry. The moſt endearing of our beautiful fellow ſubjects, are thoſe whoſe minds are the leaſt imbittered with the paſſions and prejudices of either ſide; and who diſcover the native ſweetneſs of the ſex in every part of their converſation and behaviour. A lovely woman, who thus floriſhes in her innocence and good humor, amidſt that mutual ſpite and rancor which prevails among her exaſperated ſiſterhood, appears more amiable by the ſingularity of her character; and may be compared, with *Solomon*'s bride, to *a lilly among the thorns.*

A Stateſwoman is as ridiculous a creature as a Cotquean. Each of the ſexes ſhould keep within its particular bounds, and content themſelves to excel within their reſpective diſtricts. When *Venus* complained to *Jupiter* of the wound which ſhe had received in battle, the father of the gods ſmiled upon her, and put her in mind, that inſtead of mixing in war, which was not her buſineſs, ſhe ſhould have been officiating in her proper miniſtry, and carrying on the delights of marriage. The delicacy of ſeveral modern critics has been offended with *Homer*'s *Billinſgate* warriors; but a ſcolding

hero, is, at the worſt, a more tolerable character, than a bully in petticoats. To which we may add, that the keeneſt ſatiriſt, among the ancients, looked upon nothing as a more proper ſubject of rallery and invective, than a female gladiator.

I am the more diſpoſed to take into conſideration theſe ladies of fire and politics, becauſe it would be very monſtrous to ſee feuds and animoſities kept up among the ſoft ſex, when they are in ſo hopeful a way of being compoſed among the men, by the ſeptennial bill, which is now ready for the Royal aſſent. As this is likely to produce a ceſſation of arms, till the expiration of the preſent parliament, among one half of our iſland, it is very reaſonable that the more beautiful moiety of his Majeſty's ſubjects ſhould eſtabliſh a truce among themſelves for the ſame term of years. Or rather it were to be wiſhed, that they would ſummon together a kind of ſenate, or parliament, of the faireſt and wiſeſt of our ſiſter ſubjects, in order to enact a perpetual neutrality among the ſex. They might at leaſt appoint ſomething like a committee, choſen from among the ladies reſiding in *London* and *Weſtminſter*, in order to prepare a bill to be laid before the aſſembly upon the firſt opportunity of their meeting. The regulation might be as follows:

" That a committee of toaſts be forthwith appointed; to conſider the " preſent ſtate of the ſex in the *Britiſh* nation.

" That this committee do meet at the houſe of every reſpective member " of it on her viſiting day; and that every one who comes to it ſhall have " a vote, and a diſh of tea.

" That the committee be empowered to ſend for billet-doux, libels, lam- " poons, liſts of toaſts, or any other the like papers and records.

" That it be an inſtruction to the ſaid committee, to conſider of proper " ways and methods to reclaim the obſtinately opprobrious and virulent; " and how to make the ducking-ſtool more uſeful.

Being always willing to contribute my aſſiſtances to my country-women, I would propoſe a preamble, ſetting forth, " That the late civil war among " the ſex has tended very much to the leſſening of that ancient and un- " doubted authority, which they have claimed over the male part of the " iſland; to the ruin of good houſewifery; and to the betraying of many im- " portant ſecrets: that it has produced much bitterneſs of ſpeech, many " ſharp and violent conteſts, and a great effuſion of citron-water: that it has " raiſed animoſities in their hearts, and heats in their faces: that it has " broke out in their ribbons, and cauſed unſpeakable confuſions in their " dreſs: and above all, that it has introduced a certain frown into the fea- " tures,

" tures, and a fourneſs into the air of our *Britiſh* ladies, to the great damage " of their charms, and viſible decay of the national beauty.

As for the enacting part of the bill, it may conſiſt of many particulars, which will naturally ariſe from the debates of the tea-table; and muſt, therefore, be left to the diſcretion and experience of the committee. Perhaps it might not be amiſs to enact, among other things,

" That the diſcourſing on politics ſhall be looked upon as dull as talking " on the weather.

" That if any man troubles a female aſſembly with parliament news, he " ſhall be marked out as a blockhead, or an incendiary.

" That no woman ſhall henceforth preſume to ſtick a patch upon her " forehead, unleſs it be in the very middle, that is, in the neutral part of it.

" That all fans and ſnuff-boxes, of what principles ſoever, ſhall be called " in: and that orders be given to *Motteux* and *Mathers,* to deliver out, in " exchange for them, ſuch as have no tincture of party in them.

" That when any lady beſpeaks a play, ſhe ſhall take effectual care, that " the audience be pretty equally chequered with *Whigs* and *Tories.*

" That no woman of any party preſume to influence the legiſlature.

" That there be a general amneſty and oblivion of all former hoſtilities " and diſtinctions, all public and private failings on either ſide: and that " every one who comes into this neutrality within the ſpace of weeks, " ſhall be allowed an ell extraordinary, above the preſent ſtandard, in the " circumference of her petticoat.

" Provided always nevertheleſs, That nothing herein contained ſhall ex- " tend, or be conſtrued to extend, to any perſon or perſons, inhabiting and " practiſing within the hundreds of *Drury*, or to any other of that ſociety in " what part ſoever of the nation in like manner practiſing and reſiding; " who are ſtill at liberty to rail, calumniate, ſcold, frown and pout, as in " aforetimes, any thing in this act to the contrary notwithſtanding.

N° 39. *Friday, May* 4.

Prodeſſe quam conſpici. Lord Somers's motto.

IT often happens, that extirpating the love of glory, which is obſerved to take the deepeſt root in noble minds, tears up ſeveral virtues with it; and that ſuppreſſing the deſire of fame, is apt to reduce men to a ſtate of indolence and ſupineneſs. But when, without any incentive of vanity, a perſon of great abilities is zealous for the good of mankind; and as ſolicitous for the concealment, as the performance of illuſtrious actions; we may be ſure that he has ſomething more than ordinary in his compoſition, and has a heart filled with goodneſs and magnanimity.

There is not perhaps, in all hiſtory, a greater inſtance of this temper of mind, than what appeared in that excellent perſon, whoſe motto I have placed at the head of this paper. He had worn himſelf out in his application to ſuch ſtudies as made him uſeful or ornamental to the world, in concerting ſchemes for the welfare of his country, and in proſecuting ſuch meaſures as were neceſſary for making thoſe ſchemes effectual: but all this was done with a view to the public good that ſhould riſe out of theſe generous endeavours, and not to the fame which ſhould accrue to himſelf. Let the reputation of the action fall where it would; ſo his country reaped the benefit of it, he was ſatisfied. As this turn of mind threw off in a great meaſure the oppoſitions of envy and competition, it enabled him to gain the moſt vain and impracticable into his deſigns, and to bring about ſeveral great events for the ſafety and advantage of the public, which muſt have died in their birth, had he been as deſirous of appearing beneficial to mankind, as of being ſo.

As he was admitted into the ſecret and moſt retired thoughts and counſels of his Royal Maſter King *William*, a great ſhare in the plan of the proteſtant ſucceſſion is univerſally aſcribed to him. And if he did not entirely project the union of the two kingdoms, and the bill of regency, which ſeem to have been the only methods in human policy, for ſecuring to us ſo inеſtimable a bleſſing, there is none who will deny him to have been the chief conductor in both theſe glorious works. For poſterity are obliged to allow him that praiſe after his death, which he induſtriouſly declined while he was living. His life indeed ſeems to have been prolonged beyond its natural

tural term, under thoſe indiſpoſitions which hung upon the latter part of it, that he might have the ſatisfaction of ſeeing the happy ſettlement take place, which he had propoſed to himſelf as the principal end of all his public labors. Nor was it a ſmall addition to his happineſs, that by this means he ſaw thoſe who had been always his moſt intimate friends, and who had concerted with him ſuch meaſures for the guaranty of the proteſtant ſucceſſion, as drew upon them the diſpleaſure of men who were averſe to it, advanced to the higheſt poſts of truſt and honor under his preſent Majeſty. I believe there are none of theſe patriots, who will think it a derogation from their merit to have it ſaid, that they received many lights and advantages from their intimacy with my Lord *Somers:* who had ſuch a general knowledge of affairs, and ſo tender a concern for his friends, that whatever ſtation they were in, they uſually applied to him for his advice in every perplexity of buſineſs, and in affairs of the greateſt difficulty.

His life was, in every part of it, ſet off with that graceful modeſty and reſerve, which made his virtues more beautiful, the more they were caſt in ſuch agreeable ſhades.

His religion was ſincere, not oſtentatious; and ſuch as inſpired him with an univerſal benevolence towards all his fellow ſubjects, not with bitterneſs againſt any part of them. He ſhewed his firm adherence to it as modelled by our national conſtitution, and was conſtant to its offices of devotion, both in public and in his family. He appeared a champion for it with great reputation in the cauſe of the ſeven Biſhops, at a time when the Church was really in danger. To which we may add, that he held a ſtrict friendſhip and correſpondence with the great Archbiſhop *Tillotſon,* being acted by the ſame ſpirit of candor and moderation; and moved rather with pity than indignation towards the perſons of thoſe who differed from him in the uneſſential parts of chriſtianity.

His great humanity appeared in the minuteſt circumſtances of his converſation. You found it in the benevolence of his aſpect, the complacency of his behaviour, and the tone of his voice. His great application to the ſeverer ſtudies of the law, had not infected his temper with any thing poſitive or litigious. He did not know what it was to wrangle on indifferent points, to triumph in the ſuperiority of his underſtanding, or to be ſupercilious on the ſide of truth. He joined the greateſt delicacy of good breeding to the greateſt ſtrength of reaſon. By approving the ſentiments of a perſon, with whom he converſed, in ſuch particulars as were juſt, he won him over from thoſe points in which he was miſtaken; and had ſo agreeable a way of conveying knowledge, that whoever conferred with him grew the wiſer, without perceiving that he had been inſtructed. We may probably

bably aſcribe to this maſterly and engaging manner of converſation, the great eſteeem which he had gained with the late Queen, while ſhe purſued thoſe meaſures which had carried the *Britiſh* nation to the higheſt pitch of glory; notwithſtanding ſhe had entertained many unreaſonable prejudices againſt him, before ſhe was acquainted with his perſonal worth and behaviour.

As in his political capacity we have before ſeen how much he contributed to the eſtabliſhment of the proteſtant intereſt, and the good of his native country, he was always true to theſe great ends. His character was uniform and conſiſtent with itſelf, and his whole conduct of a piece. His principles were founded in reaſon, and ſupported by virtue; and therefore did not lie at the mercy of ambition, avarice, or reſentment. His notions were no leſs ſteady and unſhaken, than juſt and upright. In a word, he concluded his courſe among the ſame well choſen friendſhips and alliances, with which he began it.

This great man was not more conſpicuous as a Patriot and a Stateſman, than as a perſon of univerſal knowledge and learning. As by dividing his time between the public ſcenes of buſineſs, and the private retirements of life, he took care to keep up both the great and good man; ſo by the ſame means he accompliſhed himſelf, not only in the knowledge of men and things, but in the ſkill of the moſt refined arts and ſciences. That unwearied diligence, which followed him through all the ſtages of his life, gave him ſuch a thorough inſight into the laws of the land, that he paſſed for one of the greateſt maſters of his profeſſion, at his firſt appearance in it. Though he made a regular progreſs through the ſeveral honors of the long robe, he was always looked upon as one who deſerved a ſuperior ſtation to that he was poſſeſſed of; till he arrived at the higheſt dignity to which thoſe ſtudies could advance him.

He enjoyed in the higheſt perfection two talents, which do not often meet in the ſame perſon, the greateſt ſtrength of good ſenſe, and the moſt exquiſite taſte of politeneſs. Without the firſt, learning is but an incumbrance; and without the laſt, is ungraceful. My Lord *Somers* was maſter of theſe two qualifications in ſo eminent a degree, that all the parts of knowledge appeared in him with ſuch an additional ſtrength and beauty, as they want in the poſſeſſion of others. If he delivered his opinion of a piece of poetry, a ſtatue, or a picture, there was ſomething ſo juſt and delicate in his obſervations, as naturally produced pleaſure and aſſent in thoſe who heard him.

His ſolidity and elegance, improved by the reading of the fineſt authors both of the learned and modern languages, diſcovered itſelf in all his productions.

ductions. His oratory was maſculine and perſuaſive, free from every thing trivial and affected. His ſtyle in writing was chaſte and pure, but at the ſame time full of ſpirit and politeneſs; and fit to convey the moſt intricate buſineſs to the underſtanding of the Reader, with the utmoſt clearneſs and perſpicuity. And here it is to be lamented, that this extraordinary perſon, out of his natural averſion to vain-glory, wrote ſeveral pieces, as well as performed ſeveral actions, which he did not aſſume the honor of: though at the ſame time ſo many works of this nature have appeared, which every one has aſcribed to him, that I believe no author of the greateſt eminence would deny my Lord *Somers* to have been the beſt writer of the age in which he lived.

This noble Lord, for the great extent of his knowledge and capacity, has been often compared with the Lord *Verulam*, who had alſo been Chancellor of *England*. But the conduct of theſe two extraordinary perſons, under the ſame circumſtances, was vaſtly different. They were both impeached by a Houſe of Commons. One of them, as he had given juſt occaſion for it, ſunk under it; and was reduced to ſuch an abject ſubmiſſion, as very much diminiſhed the luſtre of ſo exalted a character: but my Lord *Somers* was too well fortified in his integrity to fear the impotence of an attempt upon his reputation; and though his accuſers would gladly have dropped their impeachment, he was inſtant with them for the proſecution of it, and would not let that matter reſt till it was brought to an iſſue. For the ſame virtue and greatneſs of mind which gave him a diſregard of fame, made him impatient of an undeſerved reproach.

There is no queſtion but this wonderful man will make one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed figures in the hiſtory of the preſent age; but we cannot expect that his merit will ſhine out in its proper light, ſince he wrote many things which are not publiſhed in his name; was at the bottom of many excellent counſels, in which he did not appear; did offices of friendſhip to many perſons, who knew not from whom they were derived; and performed great ſervices to his country, the glory of which was transferred to others: in ſhort, ſince he made it his endeavour rather to do worthy actions, than to gain an illuſtrious character.

N° 40. *Monday, May* 7.

Urit enim fulgore ſuo qui prægravat artes
Infra ſe poſitas: extinctus amabitur idem. Hor.

IT requires no ſmall degree of reſolution, to be an author in a country ſo facetious and ſatirical as this of *Great Britain*. Such a one raiſes a kind of alarm among his fellow ſubjects, and by pretending to diſtinguiſh himſelf from the herd, becomes a mark of public cenſure, and ſometimes a ſtanding object of rallery and ridicule. Writing is indeed a provocation to the envious, and an affront to the ignorant. How often do we ſee a perſon, whoſe intentions are viſibly to do good by the works which he publiſhes, treated in as ſcurrilous a manner, as if he were an enemy to mankind? All the little ſcramblers after fame fall upon him, publiſh every blot in his life, depend upon hear-ſay to defame him, and have recourſe to their own invention, rather than ſuffer him to erect himſelf into an author with impunity. Even thoſe who write on the moſt indifferent ſubjects, and are converſant only in works of taſte, are looked upon as men that make a kind of inſult upon ſociety, and ought to be humbled as diſturbers of the public tranquility. Not only the dull and the malicious, which make a formidable party in our iſland, but the whole fraternity of writers, riſe up in arms againſt every new intruder into the world of fame; and a thouſand to one, before they have done, prove him not only to be a fool, but a knave. Succeſsful authors do what they can to exclude a competitor, while the unſucceſsful with as much eagerneſs lay in their claim to him as a brother. This natural antipathy to a man who breaks his ranks, and endeavours to ſignaliſe his parts in the world, has very probably hindered many perſons from making their appearance in print, who might have enriched our country with better productions in all kinds than any that are now extant. The truth of it is, the active part of mankind, as they do moſt for the good of their contemporaries, very deſervedly gain the greateſt ſhare in their applauſes; whilſt men of ſpeculative endowments, who employ their talents in writing, as they may equally benefit or amuſe ſucceeding ages, have generally the greateſt ſhare in the admiration of poſterity. Both good and bad writers may receive great

great ſatisfaction from the proſpects of futurity; as in after-ages the former will be remembered and the latter forgotten.

Among all ſets of authors, there are none who draw upon themſelves more diſpleaſure, than thoſe who deal in political matters, which indeed is very often too juſtly incurred; conſidering that ſpirit of rancor and virulence, with which works of this nature generally abound. Theſe are not only regarded as authors, but as partiſans, and are ſure to exaſperate at leaſt one half of their readers. Other writers offend only the ſtupid or jealous among their countrymen; but theſe, let their cauſe be never ſo juſt, muſt expect to irritate a ſupernumerary party of the ſelf-intereſted, prejudiced, and ambitious. They may however comfort themſelves with conſidering, that if they gain any unjuſt reproach from one ſide, they generally acquire more praiſe than they deſerve from the other; and that writings of this kind, if conducted with candor and impartiality, have a more particular tendency to the good of their country, and of the preſent age, than any other compoſitions whatſoever.

To conſider an author farther, as the ſubject of obloquy and detraction. We may obſerve with what pleaſure a work is received by the invidious part of mankind, in which a writer falls ſhort of himſelf, and does not anſwer the character which he has acquired by his former productions. It is a fine ſimile in one of Mr. *Congreve*'s prologues, which compares a writer to a buttering gameſter, that ſtakes all his winnings upon every caſt: ſo that if he loſes the laſt throw, he is ſure to be undone. It would be well for all authors, if, like that Gentleman, they knew when to give over, and to deſiſt from any farther purſuits after fame, whilſt they are in the full poſſeſſion of it. On the other hand, there is not a more melancholy object in the learned world, than a man who has written himſelf down. As the public is more diſpoſed to cenſure than to praiſe, his readers will ridicule him for his laſt works, when they have forgot to applaud thoſe which preceded them. In this caſe, where a man has loſt his ſpirit by old age and infirmity, one could wiſh that his friends and relations would keep him from the uſe of pen, ink and paper, if he is not to be reclaimed by any other methods.

The author indeed often grows old before the man, eſpecially if he treats on ſubjects of invention, or ſuch as ariſe from reflections upon human nature: for in this caſe, neither his own ſtrength of mind, nor thoſe parts of life which are commonly unobſerved, will furniſh him with ſufficient materials to be at the ſame time both pleaſing and voluminous. We find even in the outward dreſs of poetry, that men, who write much without taking breath, very often return to the ſame phraſes and forms of expreſſion, as well as to the ſame manner of thinking. Authors, who have thus drawn

off the ſpirit of their thoughts, ſhould lie ſtill for ſome time, till their minds have gathered freſh ſtrength, and by reading, reflection and converſation, laid in a new ſtock of elegancies, ſentiments, and images of nature. The ſoil, that is worn with too frequent culture, muſt lie fallow for a while, till it has recruited its exhauſted ſalts, and again enriched itſelf by the ventilations of the air, the dews of Heaven, and the kindly influences of the ſun.

For my own part, notwithſtanding this general malevolence towards thoſe who communicate their thoughts in print, I cannot but look with a friendly regard on ſuch as do it, provided there is no tendency in their writings to vice and profaneneſs. If the thoughts of ſuch authors have nothing in them, they at leaſt do no harm, and ſhew an honeſt induſtry and a good intention in the compoſer. If they teach me any thing I did not know before, I cannot but look upon myſelf as obliged to the writer, and conſider him as my particular benefactor, if he conveys to me one of the greateſt gifts that is in the power of man to beſtow, an improvement of my underſtanding, an innocent amuſement, or an incentive to ſome moral virtue. Were not men of abilites thus communicative, their wiſdom would be in a great meaſure uſeleſs, and their experience uninſtructive. There would be no buſineſs in ſolitude, nor proper relaxations in buſineſs. By theſe aſſiſtances, the retired man lives in the world, if not above it; paſſion is compoſed; thought hindered from being barren; and the mind from preying upon itſelf. That eſteem, indeed, which is paid to good writers by their poſterity, ſufficiently ſhews the merit of perſons who are thus employed. Who does not now more admire *Cicero* as an author, than as a conſul of *Rome!* and does not oftner talk of the celebrated writers of our own country, who lived in former ages, than of any other particular perſons among their contemporaries and fellow ſubjects!

When I conſider myſelf as a *Britiſh* Free-holder, I am in a particular manner pleaſed with the labors of thoſe who have improved our language with the tranſlation of old *Latin* and *Greek* authors; and by that means let us into the knowledge of what paſſed in the famous governments of *Greece* and *Rome*. We have already moſt of their hiſtorians in our own tongue: and what is ſtill more for the honor of our language, it has been taught to expreſs with elegance the greateſt of their Poets in each nation. The illiterate among our countrymen, may learn to judge from *Dryden*'s *Virgil* of the moſt perfect epic performance: and thoſe parts of *Homer*, which have already been publiſhed by Mr. *Pope*, give us reaſon to think that the *Iliad* will appear in *Engliſh* with as little diſadvantage to that immortal Poem.

There is another author, whom I have long wiſhed to ſee well tranſlated into *Engliſh*, as his work is filled with a ſpirit of liberty, and more directly

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tends to raiſe the ſentiments of honor and virtue in his Reader, than any of the poetical writers of antiquity. I mean the *Pharſalia* of *Lucan*. This is the only author of conſideration among the *Latin* Poets, who was not explained for the uſe of the *Dauphin*, for a very obvious reaſon; becauſe the whole *Pharſalia* would have been no leſs than a ſatire upon the *French* form of government. The tranſlation of this author is now in the hands of Mr. *Rowe*, who has already given the world ſome admirable ſpecimens of it; and not only kept up the fire of the original, but delivered the ſentiments with greater perſpicuity, and in a finer turn of phraſe and verſe.

As undertakings of ſo difficult a nature require the greateſt encouragements, one cannot but rejoice to ſee thoſe general Subſcriptions which have been made to them; eſpecially ſince if the two works laſt mentioned are not finiſhed by thoſe maſterly hands, which are now employed in them, we may deſpair of ſeeing them attempted by others.

N° 41. *Friday, May* 11.

Diſſentientis conditionibus
Fœdis, et exemplo trahenti
Perniciem veniens in ævum. Hor.

AS the care of our national commerce redounds more to the riches and proſperity of the public, than any other act of government, it is pity that we do not ſee the ſtate of it marked out in every particular reign with greater diſtinction and accuracy, than what is uſual among our *Engliſh* hiſtorians. We may however obſerve in general, that the beſt and wiſeſt of our Monarchs have not been leſs induſtrious to extend their trade, than their dominions; as it manifeſtly turns in a much higher degree to the welfare of the people, if not to the glory of the Sovereign.

The firſt of our Kings who carried our commerce, and conſequently our navigation, to a very great height, was *Edward* the Third. This victorious Prince, by his many excellent laws for the encouragement of trade, enabled his ſubjects to ſupport him in his many glorious wars upon the continent, and turned the ſcale ſo much in favor of our *Engliſh* merchandiſe, that, by a balance of trade taken in his time, the exported commodities amounted to two hundred ninety four thouſand pounds, and the imported but to thirty eight thouſand.

Thoſe of his ſucceſſors, under whoſe regulations our trade floriſhed moſt, were *Henry* the Seventh, and Queen *Elizabeth*. As the firſt of theſe was for his great wiſdom very often ſtyled the *Engliſh Solomon*, he followed the example of that wiſe King in nothing more, than by advancing the traffic of his people. By this means he reconciled to him the minds of his ſubjects, ſtrengthened himſelf in their affections, improved very much the navigation of the kingdom, and repelled the frequent attempts of his enemies.

As for Queen *Elizabeth*, ſhe had always the trade of her kingdom very much at heart, and we may obſerve the effects of it through the whole courſe of her reign, in the love and obedience of her people, as well as in the defeats and diſappointments of her enemies.

It is with great pleaſure that we ſee our preſent Sovereign applying his thoughts ſo ſucceſsfully to the advancement of our traffic, and conſidering himſelf as the King of a trading iſland. His Majeſty has already gained very conſiderable advantages for his people, and is ſtill employed in concerting ſchemes, and forming treaties, for retrieving and enlarging our privileges in the world of commerce.

I ſhall only in this paper take notice of the treaty concluded at *Madrid* on the fourteenth of *December* laſt, 1715; and by comparing it with that concluded at *Utrecht* on the ninth of *December*, 1713, ſhew ſeveral particulars in which the treaty made with his preſent Majeſty is more advantageous to *Great Britain*, than that which was made in the laſt reign; after this general obſervation, that it is equally ſurpriſing how ſo bad a treaty came to be made at the end of a glorious and ſucceſsful war; and how ſo good a one has been obtained in the beginning of a reign diſturbed by ſuch inteſtine commotions. But we may learn from hence, that the wiſdom of a Sovereign, and the integrity of his Miniſters, are more neceſſary for bringing about works of ſuch conſequence for the public good, than any juncture of time, or any other the moſt favorable circumſtance.

We muſt here premiſe, that by the treaty concluded at *Madrid* in 1667, the duties of importation payable upon the manufactures and products of *Great Britain*, amounted upon the eſtabliſhed valuation in the *Spaniſh* book of rates, (after the deduction of the Gratias) in *Andaluſia* to 11 one third *per Cent.* in *Valentia* to 5 *per Cent.* and in *Catalonia* to about 7 *per Cent.* or leſs; and conſequently upon the whole aforeſaid trade, thoſe duties could not exceed 10 *per Cent.* in a medium.

After this ſhort account of the ſtate of our trade with *Spain*, before the treaty of *Utrecht* under the late Queen, we muſt obſerve, that by the explanatory articles of this laſt mentioned treaty, the duties of importation upon the products and manufactures of *Great Britain* were augmented in *Andaluſia* to 27 one fifth *per Cent.* at a medium.

But

But by the late treaty made with his preſent Majeſty at *Madrid,* the ſaid duties are again reduced according to the aforeſaid treaty of 1667; and the deduction of the Gratias is eſtabliſhed as an inviolable law, whereas before the Gratias of the farmers particularly were altogether precarious, and depended entirely upon courteſy.

That the common Reader may underſtand the nature of theſe Gratias, he muſt know, that when the King of *Spain* had laid higher duties upon our *Engliſh* goods, than what the Merchants were able or willing to comply with, he uſed to abate a certain part: which indulgence or abatement, went under the name of a Gratia. But when he had farmed out theſe his cuſtoms to ſeveral of his ſubjects, the farmers, in order to draw more merchandiſe to their reſpective ports, and thereby to increaſe their own particular profits, uſed to make new abatements, or Gratias, to the *Britiſh* Merchants, endeavouring ſometimes to outvy one another in ſuch indulgences, and by that means to get a greater proportion of cuſtom into their own hands.

But to proceed: the duties on exportation may be computed to be raiſed by the *Utrecht* treaty, near as much as the aforeſaid duties of importation: whereas, by the treaty made with his preſent Majeſty, they are reduced to their ancient ſtandard.

Complaint having been made, that the *Spaniards* after the ſuſpenſion of arms had taken ſeveral *New-England* and other *Britiſh* ſhips gathering ſalt at the iſland of *Tertuga;* a very full and juſt report concerning that affair was laid before her late Majeſty, of which I ſhall give the Reader the following extract:

" Your Majeſty's ſubjects have, from the firſt ſettlement of the continent " of *America,* had a free acceſs to this iſland; and have without interruptions, " unleſs in time of war, uſed to take what ſalt they pleaſed there: and we " have proofs of that uſage for above fifty years, as appears by certificates " of perſons who have been employed in that trade.

" It doth not appear, upon the ſtricteſt enquiry, that the *Spaniards* ever " inhabited or ſettled on the ſaid iſland; nor is it probable they ever did, " it being all either barren rock, or dry ſand, and having no freſh water " or proviſions in it.

" We take leave to lay before your Majeſty, the conſequence of your Ma- " jeſty's ſubjects being prohibited to fetch ſalt at *Tertuga;* which will in part " appear from the number of ſhips uſing that trade, being, as we are in- " formed, one year with another, about a hundred ſail.

" The ſalt carried from thence to *New-England* is uſed chiefly for curing " of fiſh, which is either *Cod, Scale-fiſh,* or *Mackrel:* the former of which is " the principal branch of the returns made from the continent to *Great Britain*

" *tain* by way of *Spain, Portugal,* and the *Straits,* for the woollen and other goods " ſent from this kingdom thither. Beſides which, the *Scale-fiſh* and *Mackrel* " are of ſuch conſequence, that the Sugar-Iſlands cannot ſubſiſt without " them, their Negroes being chiefly ſupported by this fiſh: ſo that if they " were not ſupplied therewith from *New-England,* (which they cannot be, if " your Majeſty's ſubjects are prohibited from getting ſalt at *Tertuga)* they " would not be able to carry on their Sugar-works. This hath been con- " firmed to us by ſeveral conſiderable planters concerned in thoſe parts.

" Upon the whole, your Majeſty's ſubjects having enjoyed an uninterrupted " uſage of gathering ſalt at *Tertuga* ever ſince the firſt ſettlement of the con- " tinent as aforeſaid, we humbly ſubmit to your Majeſty the conſequence " of preſerving that uſage and right upon which the trade of your Majeſty's " plantations ſo much depends.

Notwithſtanding it appears from what is above written, that our Sugar-Iſlands were like to ſuffer conſiderably for want of fiſh from *New-England,* no care was taken to have this matter remedied by the explanatory articles, which were poſterior to the above-mentioned report.

However in the third article of the treaty made with his preſent Majeſty, this buſineſs is fully ſettled to our advantage.

The *Britiſh* Merchants having had ſeveral hardſhips put upon them at *Bilboa,* which occaſioned the decay of our trade at that place, the ſaid Merchants did make and execute in the year 1700, a treaty of privileges with the magiſtrates and inhabitants of St. *Ander,* very much to the advantage of this kingdom, in order to their removing and ſettling there: the effect of which was prevented by the death of King *Charles* the Second of *Spain,* and the war which ſoon after enſued. This matter, it ſeems, was ſlighted or neglected by the managers of the *Utrecht* treaty: for, by the fourteenth article of that treaty, there is only *a liberty given to the* Britiſh *ſubjects to ſettle and dwell at St.* Ander, *upon the terms of the ninth and thirtieth articles of the treaty of* 1667, which are general. But no regard was had to the forementioned treaty of privileges in 1700; whereas by the ſecond article of the treaty now made with his preſent Majeſty, the forementioned treaty of privileges with St. *Ander* is confirmed and ratified.

Another conſiderable advantage is, that the *French,* by the treaty made with his preſent Majeſty, are to pay the ſame duties at the *Dry Ports,* through which they paſs by land carriage, as we pay upon importation or exportation by ſea; which was not provided for by the *Utrecht* treaty.

By the ſchedulas annexed to the treaty of 1667, the valuable privilege of having Judge-conſervators (appointed to make a more ſpeedy and leſs expenſive

penſive determination of all controverſies ariſing in trade) was fully eſtabliſhed. But by the fifteenth article of *Utrecht* that privilege was in effect given up. For it is therein only ſtipulated, *That in caſe any other nation have that privilege, we ſhall in like manner enjoy it.* But by the fifth article of the treaty now made with his preſent Majeſty it is ſtipulated, that *We ſhall enjoy all the rights, privileges, franchiſes, exemptions, and immunities whatſoever, which we enjoyed by virtue of the Royal ſchedulas or ordinances by the treaty of* 1667. So that hereby the privilege of Judge-conſervators is again confirmed to us.

As nothing but the reputation of his Majeſty in foreign countries, and of his fixed purpoſes to purſue the real good of his kingdoms, could bring about treaties of this nature: ſo it is impoſſible to reflect with patience on the folly and ingratitude of thoſe men, who labor to diſturb him in the midſt of theſe his royal cares, and to miſrepreſent his generous endeavours for the good of his people.

N° 42. *Monday May* 14.

O fortunatos mercatores!—— Hor.

SEVERAL authors have written on the advantage of trade in general; which is indeed ſo copious a ſubject, that as it is impoſſible to exhauſt it in a ſhort diſcourſe, ſo it is very difficult to obſerve any thing new upon it. I ſhall therefore only conſider trade in this paper, as it is abſolutely neceſſary and eſſential to the ſafety, ſtrength, and proſperity of our own nation.

In the firſt place, as we are an iſland accommodated on all ſides with convenient ports, and encompaſſed with navigable ſeas, we ſhould be inexcuſable, if we did not make theſe bleſſings of Providence and advantages of nature turn to their proper account. The moſt celebrated merchants in the world, and thoſe who make the greateſt figure in antiquity, were ſituated in the little iſland of *Tyre*, which, by the prodigious increaſe of its wealth and ſtrength at ſea, did very much influence the moſt conſiderable kingdoms and empires on the neighbouring continent, and gave birth to the *Carthaginians*, who afterwards exceeded all other nations in naval power. The old *Tyre* was indeed ſeated on the continent, from whence the inhabi-

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tants, after having been beſieged by the great King of *Aſſyria* for the ſpace of thirteen years, withdrew themſelves and their effects into the iſland of *Tyre;* where, by the benefit of ſuch a ſituation, a trading people were enabled to hold out for many ages againſt the attempts of their enemies, and became the merchants of the world.

Farther; as an iſland, we are acceſſible on every ſide, and expoſed to perpetual invaſions; againſt which it is impoſſible to fortify ourſelves ſufficiently, without ſuch a power at ſea, as is not to be kept up, but by a people who floriſh in commerce. To which we muſt add, that our inland towns being deſtitute of fortifications, it is our indiſpenſable concern to preſerve this our naval ſtrength, which is as a general bulwark to the *Britiſh* nation.

Beſides; as an iſland, it has not been thought agreeable to the true *Britiſh* policy to make acquiſitions upon the continent. In lieu, therefore, of ſuch an increaſe of dominion, it is our buſineſs to extend to the utmoſt our trade and navigation. By this means, we reap the advantages of conqueſt, without violence or injuſtice; we not only ſtrengthen ourſelves, but gain the wealth of our neighbours in an honeſt way; and, without any act of hoſtility, lay the ſeveral nations of the world under a kind of contribution.

Secondly, Trade is fitted to the nature of our country, as it abounds with a great profuſion of commodities of its own growth very convenient for other countries, and is naturally deſtitute of many things ſuited to the exigences, ornaments, and pleaſures of life, which may be fetched from foreign parts. But, that which is more particularly to be remarked, our *Britiſh* products are of ſuch kinds and quantities, as can turn the balance of trade to our advantage, and enable us to ſell more to foreigners, than we have occaſion to buy from them.

To this we muſt add, that by extending a well-regulated trade, we are as great gainers by the commodities of many other countries, as by thoſe of our own nation; and by ſupplying foreign markets with the growth and manufactures of the moſt diſtant regions, we receive the ſame profit from them, as if they were the produce of our own iſland.

Thirdly, We are not a little obliged to trade, as it has been a great means of civiliſing our nation, and baniſhing out of it all the remains of its ancient barbarity. There are many bitter ſayings againſt iſlanders in general, repreſenting them as fierce, treacherous, and inhoſpitable. Thoſe who live on the continent have ſuch opportunities of a frequent intercourſe with men of different religions and languages, and who live under different laws and governments, that they become more kind, benevolent, and open-hearted to their fellow creatures, than thoſe who are the inhabitants of an iſland, that hath

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not ſuch converſations with the reſt of the ſpecies. *Cæſar*'s obſervation upon our forefathers is very much to our preſent purpoſe; who remarks, that thoſe of them that lived upon the coaſt, or in ſea-port towns, were much more civiliſed, than thoſe who had their dwellings in the inland country, by reaſon of frequent communications with their neighbours on the continent.

In the laſt place, trade is abſolutely neceſſary for us, as our country is very populous. It employs multitudes of hands both by ſea and land, and furniſhes the pooreſt of our fellow ſubjects with the opportunities of gaining an honeſt livelihood. The ſkilful or induſtrious find their account in it: and many, who have no fixed property in the ſoil of our country, can make themſelves maſters of as conſiderable eſtates, as thoſe who have the greateſt portions of the land deſcending to them by inheritance.

If what has been often charged upon us by our neighbours has any truth in it, that we are prone to ſedition and delight in change, there is no cure more proper for this evil than trade, which thus ſupplies buſineſs to the active, and wealth to the indigent. When men are eaſy in their circumſtances, they are naturally enemies to innovations: and indeed we ſee in the courſe of our *Engliſh* hiſtories, many of our popular commotions have taken their riſe from the decay of ſome branch of commerce, which created diſcontents among perſons concerned in the manufactures of the kingdom. When men are ſoured with poverty, and unemployed, they eaſily give into any proſpect of change, which may better their condition, and cannot make it much worſe.

Since therefore it is manifeſt, that the promoting of our trade and commerce is neceſſary and eſſential to our ſecurity and ſtrength, our peace and proſperity, it is our particular happineſs to ſee a Monarch on the throne, who is ſenſible of the true intereſt of his kingdoms, and applies himſelf with ſo much ſucceſs to the advancement of our national commerce.

The Reader may ſee, in my laſt paper, the advantages which his Majeſty has gained for us in our *Spaniſh* trade. In this, I ſhall give a ſhort account of thoſe procured for us from the *Auſtrian* Low-countries, by virtue of the twenty ſixth article of the barrier treaty made at *Antwerp* the fifteenth of *November* laſt.

This branch of our trade was regulated by a *Tariff*, or declaration of the duties of import and export, in the year 1670, which was ſuperſeded by another made in 1680, that continued till this laſt *Tariff* ſettled in 1715 with his preſent Majeſty. As for the two former, thoſe who are at the pains of peruſing them will find, the *Tariff* of 1670 laid higher duties on ſeveral conſiderable branches of our trade, than that of 1680, but in many particulars

was more favorable to us than the latter. Now by the preſent *Tariff* of 1715, theſe duties are fixed and regulated for the future by thoſe which were moſt favorable in either of the former *Tariffs*, and all our products and manufactures (one only excepted, which I ſhall name by and by) ſettled upon rather an eaſier foot than ever.

Our woollen cloths, being the moſt profitable branch of our trade into theſe countries, have by this means gained a very conſiderable advantage. For the *Tariff* of 1680, having laid higher duties upon the finer ſorts, and lower duties on ordinary cloth, than what were ſetled in the *Tariff* of 1670, his Majeſty has, by the preſent treaty, reduced the duties on the finer ſorts to the *Tariff* of 1670, and confirmed the duties on ordinary cloth according to the *Tariff* of 1680. Inſomuch that this preſent *Tariff* of 1715, conſidered with relation to this valuable part of our trade, reduces the duties at leaſt one ſixth part, ſuppoſing the exportation of all ſorts to be equal. But as there is always a much greater exportation of the ordinary cloth, than of the finer ſorts, the reduction of theſe duties becomes ſtill much more conſiderable.

We muſt farther obſerve, that there had been ſeveral innovations made to the detriment of the *Engliſh* merchant ſince the *Tariff* of 1680; all which innovations are now entirely ſet aſide upon every ſpecies of goods, except butter, which is here particularly mentioned, becauſe we cannot be too minute and circumſtantial in accounts of this nature. This article however is moderated, and is rated in proportion to what has been, and is ſtill to be, paid by the *Dutch*.

As our commerce with the *Netherlands* is thus ſettled to the advantage of our *Britiſh* merchants, ſo it is much to their ſatisfaction: and if his Majeſty, in the ſeveral ſucceeding parts of his reign (which we hope may be many years prolonged) ſhould advance our commerce in the ſame proportion as he has already done, we may expect to ſee it in a more floriſhing condition, than under any of his Royal anceſtors. He ſeems to place his greatneſs in the riches and proſperity of his people; and what may we not hope from him in a time of quiet and tranquility? ſince, during the late diſtractions, he has done ſo much for the advantage of our trade, when we could not reaſonably expect he ſhould have been able to do any thing.

Friday,

N° 43. *Friday, May* 18.

Hoc fonte derivata clades
In patriam populumque fluxit. Hor.

ONE would wonder how any perſon, endowed with the ordinary principles of prudence and humanity, ſhould deſire to be King of a country, in which the eſtabliſhed religion is directly oppoſite to that which he himſelf profeſſes. Were it poſſible for ſuch a one to accompliſh his deſigns, his own reaſon muſt tell him, there could not be a more uneaſy Prince, nor a more unhappy people. But how it can enter into the wiſhes of any private perſons to be the ſubjects of a man, whoſe faith obliges him to uſe the moſt effectual means for extirpating their religion, is altogether incomprehenſible, but upon the ſuppoſition, that whatever principles they ſeem to adhere to, their intereſt, ambition, or revenge, is much more active and predominant in their minds, than the love of their country, or of its national worſhip.

I have never heard of any one particular benefit, which either the *Pretender* himſelf, or the favorers of his cauſe, could promiſe to the *Britiſh* nation from the ſucceſs of his pretenſions; though the evils which would ariſe from it, are numberleſs and evident. Theſe men content themſelves with one general aſſertion, which often appears in their writings, and in their diſcourſe; that the kingdom will never be quiet till he is upon the Throne. If by this poſition is meant, that thoſe will never be quiet who would endeavour to place him there, it may poſſibly have ſome truth in it; though we hope even theſe will be reduced to their obedience by the care of their ſafety, if not by the ſenſe of their duty. But on the other ſide, how ineffectual would this ſtrange expedient be, for eſtabliſhing the public quiet and tranquility, ſhould it ever take place! for, by way of argument, we may ſuppoſe impoſſibilities. Would that party of men which comprehends the moſt wealthy, and the moſt valiant of the kingdom, and which, were the cauſe put to a trial, would undoubtedly appear the moſt numerous, (for I am far from thinking all thoſe who are diſtinguiſhed by the name of *Tories*, to be favorers of the *Pretender*) can we, I ſay, ſuppoſe theſe men would live quiet under a reign which they have hitherto oppoſed, and from which they apprehend ſuch

a manifeſt deſtruction to their country? Can we ſuppoſe our preſent Royal Family, who are ſo powerful in foreign dominions, ſo ſtrong in their relations and alliances, and ſo univerſally ſupported by the proteſtant intereſt of *Europe*, would continue quiet, and not make vigorous and repeated attempts for the recovery of their right, ſhould it ever be wreſted out of their hands? Can we imagine that our *Britiſh* clergy would be quiet under a Prince, who is zealous for his religion, and obliged by it to ſubvert thoſe doctrines, which it is their duty to defend and propagate? Nay, would any of thoſe men themſelves, who are the champions of this deſperate cauſe, unleſs ſuch of them as are profeſſed *Roman* Catholics, or diſpoſed to be ſo, live quiet under a government, which at the beſt would make uſe of all indirect methods in favor of a religion that is inconſiſtent with our laws and liberties, and would impoſe on us ſuch a yoke, as neither we nor our fathers were able to bear? All the quiet that could be expected from ſuch a reign, muſt be the reſult of abſolute power on the one hand, and a deſpicable ſlavery on the other: and I believe every reaſonable man will be of the *Roman* hiſtorian's opinion, That a diſturbed liberty is better than a quiet ſervitude.

There is not indeed a greater abſurdity than to imagine the quiet of a nation can ariſe from an eſtabliſhment, in which the King would be of one communion, and the people of another; eſpecially when the religion of the Sovereign carries in it the utmoſt malignity to that of the ſubject. If any of our *Engliſh* Monarchs might have hoped to reign quietly under ſuch circumſtances, it would have been King *Charles* the Second, who was received with all the joy and good will that are natural to a people, newly reſcued from a tyranny which had long oppreſſed them in ſeveral ſhapes. But this Monarch was too wiſe to own himſelf a *Roman* Catholic, even in that juncture of time; or to imagine it practicable for an avowed Popiſh Prince to govern a proteſtant people. His brother tried the experiment, and every one knows the ſucceſs of it.

As ſpeculations are beſt ſupported by facts, I ſhall add to theſe domeſtic examples one or two parallel inſtances out of the *Swediſh* hiſtory, which may be ſufficient to ſhew us, that a ſcheme of government is impracticable in which the head does not agree with the body, in that point which is of the greateſt concern to reaſonable creatures. *Sweden* is the only proteſtant kingdom in *Europe* beſides this of *Great Britain*, which has had the misfortune to ſee Popiſh Princes upon the throne; and we find that they behaved themſelves as we did, and as it is natural for men to do, upon the ſame occaſion. Their King *Sigiſmond* having, contrary to the inclinations of his people, endeavoured by ſeveral clandeſtine methods to promote the *Roman* Catholic

Catholic religion among his ſubjects, and ſhewn ſeveral marks of favor to their Prieſts and Jeſuits, was, after a very ſhort reign, depoſed by the ſtates of that kingdom, being repreſented as one who could neither be held by oaths nor promiſes, and over-ruled by the influence of his religion, which diſpenſes with the violation of the moſt ſacred engagements that are oppoſite to its intereſts. The ſtates, to ſhew farther their apprehenſions of popery, and how incompatible they thought the principles of the church of *Rome* in a Sovereign were with thoſe of the reformed religion in his ſubjects, agreed that his ſon ſhould ſucceed to the throne, provided he were brought up a Proteſtant. This the father ſeemingly complied with; but afterwards refuſing to give him ſuch an education, the ſon was likewiſe ſet aſide, and for ever excluded from that ſucceſſion. The famous Queen *Chriſtina,* daughter to the great *Guſtavus,* was ſo ſenſible of thoſe troubles which would accrue both to herſelf and her people, ſhould ſhe avow the *Roman* Catholic religion while ſhe was upon the throne of *Sweden;* that ſhe did not make an open profeſſion of that faith, till ſhe had reſigned her crown, and was actually upon her journey to *Rome.*

In ſhort, if there be any political maxim, which may be depended upon as ſure and infallible, this is one; That it is impoſſible for a nation to be happy, where a people of the reformed religion are governed by a King that is a Papiſt. Were he indeed only a nominal *Roman* Catholic, there might be a poſſibility of peace and quiet under ſuch a reign; but if he is ſincere in the principles of his church, he muſt treat heretical ſubjects as that church directs him, and knows very well, that he ceaſes to be religious, when he ceaſes to be a perſecutor.

Monday,

N° 44. *Monday, May* 21.

Multaque præterea variarum monſtra ferarum
Centauri in foribus ſtabulant, ſcyllæque biformes,
Et centum-geminus Briareus, ac bellua Lernæ
Horrendum ſtridens, flammiſque armata Chimæra,
Gorgones, Harpyæque, et forma tricorporis umbræ.
Corripit hic ſubita trepidus formidine ferrum
AEneas, ſtrictamque aciem venientibus offert.
Et, ni docta comes tenues ſine corpore vitas
Admoneat volitare cava ſub imagine formæ,
Irruat, et fruſtra ferro diverberet umbras. Virg.

AS I was laſt *Friday* taking a walk in the Park, I ſaw a country Gentleman at the ſide of *Roſamond*'s pond, pulling a handful of oats out of his pocket, and, with a great deal of pleaſure, gathering the ducks about him. Upon my coming up to him, who ſhould it be but my friend the Fox-hunter, whom I gave ſome account of in my twenty ſecond paper! I immediately joined him, and partook of his diverſion, till he had not an oat left in his pocket. We then made the tour of the park together, when after having entertained me with the deſcription of a decoy-pond that lay near his ſeat in the country, and of a meeting-houſe that was going to be rebuilt in a neighbouring market town, he gave me an account of ſome very odd adventures which he had met with that morning; and which I ſhall lay together in a ſhort and faithful hiſtory, as well as my memory will give me leave.

My friend, who has a natural averſion to *London,* would never have come up, had not he been ſubpœnaed to it, as he told me, in order to give his teſtimony for one of the rebels, whom he knew to be a very fair ſportſman. Having travelled all night, to avoid the inconveniences of duſt and heat, he arrived with his guide, a little after break of day, at *Charing-Croſs;* where, to his great ſurpriſe, he ſaw a Running Footman carried in a chair, followed by a Water-man in the ſame kind of vehicle. He was wondering at the extravagance of their maſters that furniſhed them with ſuch dreſſes and

and accommodations, when on a ſudden he beheld a Chimney-ſweeper, conveyed after the ſame manner, with three footmen running before him. During his progreſs through the *Strand,* he met with ſeveral other figures no leſs wonderful and ſurpriſing. Seeing a great many in rich morning-gowns, he was amazed to find that perſons of quality were up ſo early: and was no leſs aſtoniſhed to ſee many lawyers in their bar-gowns, when he knew by his almanac the term was ended. As he was extremely puzzled and confounded in himſelf what all this ſhould mean, a hackney-coach chancing to paſs by him, four *Batts* popped out their heads all at once, which very much frighted both him and his horſe. My friend, who always takes care to cure his horſe of ſuch ſtarting fits, ſpurred him up to the very ſide of the coach, to the no ſmall diverſion of the *Batts;* who, ſeeing him with his long whip, horſe-hair periwig, jockey belt, and coat without ſleeves, fancied him to be one of the maſqueraders on horſeback, and received him with a loud peal of laughter. His mind being full of idle ſtories, which are ſpread up and down the nation by the diſaffected, he immediately concluded that all the perſons he ſaw in theſe ſtrange habits were foreigners, and conceived a great indignation againſt them, for pretending to laugh at an *Engliſh* country-gentleman. But he ſoon recovered out of his error, by hearing the voices of ſeveral of them, and particularly of a Shepherdeſs quarreling with her coachman, and threatening to break his bones in very intelligible *Engliſh,* though with a maſculine tone. His aſtoniſhment ſtill increaſed upon him, to ſee a continued proceſſion of Harlequins, Scaramouches, Punchinellos, and a thouſand other merry dreſſes, by which people of quality diſtinguiſh their wit from that of the vulgar.

Being now advanced as far as *Somerſet-houſe,* and obſerving it to be the great hive whence this ſwarm of chimeras iſſued forth from time to time, my friend took his ſtation among a cluſter of mob, who were making themſelves merry with their betters. The firſt that came out was a very venerable matron, with a noſe and chin, that were within a very little of touching one another. My friend, at the firſt view fancying her to be an old woman of quality, out of his good breeding put off his hat to her, when the perſon pulling off her maſque, to his great ſurpriſe appeared a ſmock-faced young fellow. His attention was ſoon taken off from this object, and turned to another that had very hollow eyes and a wrinkled face, which floriſhed in all the bloom of fifteen. The whiteneſs of the lily was blended in it with the bluſh of the roſe. He miſtook it for a very whimſical kind of maſque; but upon a nearer view he found that ſhe held her vizard in her hand, and that what he ſaw was only her natural countenance, touched up with the uſual improvements of an aged coquette.

The

The next who ſhewed herſelf was a female Quaker, ſo very pretty, that he could not forbear licking his lips, and ſaying to the mob about him, *It is ten thouſand pities ſhe is not a church-woman.* The Quaker was followed by half a dozen Nuns, who filed off one after another up *Catharine-ſtreet,* to their reſpective convents in *Drury-lane.*

The 'Squire obſerving the preciſeneſs of their dreſs, began now to imagine after all, that this was a neſt of ſectaries; for he had often heard that the town was full of them. He was confirmed in this opinion upon ſeeing a Conjurer, whom he gueſſed to be the holder-forth. However, to ſatisfy himſelf, he aſked a porter, who ſtood next him, what religion theſe people were of? the porter replied, *They are of no religion; it is a maſquerade.* Upon that, ſays my friend, I began to ſmoke that they were a parcel of mummers; and being himſelf one of the quorum in his own county, could not but wonder that none of the *Middleſex* Juſtices took care to lay ſome of them by the heels. He was the more provoked in the ſpirit of magiſtracy, upon diſcovering two very unſeemly objects: the firſt was a Judge, who rapped out a great oath at his footman; and the other a Big-bellied Woman, who, upon taking a leap into the coach, miſcarried of a cuſhion. What ſtill gave him greater offence, was a drunken Biſhop, who reeled from one ſide of the court to the other, and was very ſweet upon an *Indian* Queen. But his worſhip, in the midſt of his auſterity, was mollified at the ſight of a very lovely Milk-maid, whom he began to regard with an eye of mercy, and conceived a particular affection for her, until he found, to his great amazement, that the ſtanders-by ſuſpected her to be a Dutcheſs.

I muſt not conclude this narrative without mentioning one diſaſter which happened to my friend on this occaſion. Having for his better convenience diſmounted, and mixed among the crowd, he found, upon his arrival at the inn, that he had loſt his purſe and his almanac. And though it is no wonder ſuch a trick ſhould be played him by ſome of the curious ſpectators, he cannot beat it out of his head, but that it was a Cardinal who picked his pocket, and that this Cardinal was a Preſbyterian in diſguiſe.

Friday,

N° 45. *Friday, May* 25.

Nimium riſus pretium eſt ſi probitatis impendio conſtat. Quintil.

I Have lately read, with much pleaſure, the Eſſays upon ſeveral ſubjects publiſhed by Sir *Richard Blackmore;* and though I agree with him in many of his excellent obſervations, I cannot but take that reaſonable freedom, which he himſelf makes uſe of with regard to other writers, to diſſent from him in ſome few particulars. In his reflections upon works of wit and humor, he obſerves how unequal they are to combat vice and folly; and ſeems to think, that the fineſt rallery and ſatire, though directed by theſe generous views, never reclaimed one vicious man, or made one fool depart from his folly.

This is a poſition very hard to be contradicted, becauſe no author knows the number or names of his converts. As for the *Tatlers* and *Spectators* in particular, which are obliged to this ingenious and uſeful author for the character he has given of them, they were ſo generally diſperſed in ſingle ſheets, and have ſince been printed in ſo great numbers, that it is to be hoped they have made ſome proſelytes to the intereſts, if not to the practice of wiſdom and virtue, among ſuch a multitude of readers.

I need not remind this learned Gentleman, that *Socrates,* who was the greateſt propagator of morality in the heathen world, and a martyr for the unity of the Godhead, was ſo famous for the exerciſe of this talent among the politeſt people of antiquity, that he gained the name of (ὁ Εἴρων) *the Droll.*

There are very good effects which viſibly aroſe from the above-mentioned performances, and others of the like nature; as, in the firſt place, they diverted rallery from improper objects, and gave a new turn to ridicule, which for many years had been exerted on perſons and things of a ſacred and ſerious nature. They endeavoured to make mirth inſtructive, and if they failed in this great end, they muſt be allowed at leaſt to have made it innocent. If wit and humor begin again to relapſe into their former licentiouſneſs, they can never hope for approbation from thoſe who know that rallery is uſeleſs when it has no moral under it, and pernicious when it attacks any thing that is either unblameable or praiſe-worthy. To this

we may add, what has been commonly obſerved, that it is not difficult to be merry on the ſide of vice, as ſerious objects are the moſt capable of ridicule; as the party, which naturally favors ſuch a mirth, is the moſt numerous; and as there are the moſt ſtanding jeſts and patterns for imitation in this kind of writing.

In the next place: ſuch productions of wit and humor, as have a tendency to expoſe vice and folly, furniſh uſeful diverſions to all kinds of readers. The good or prudent man may, by theſe means, be diverted, without prejudice to his diſcretion, or morality. Rallery, under ſuch regulations, unbends the mind from ſerious ſtudies and ſeverer contemplations, without throwing it off from its proper bias. It carries on the ſame deſign that is promoted by authors of a graver turn, and only does it in another manner. It alſo awakens reflection in thoſe who are the moſt indifferent in the cauſe of virtue or knowledge, by ſetting before them the abſurdity of ſuch practices as are generally unobſerved, by reaſon of their being common or faſhionable: nay, it ſometimes catches the diſſolute and abandoned before they are aware of it; who are often betrayed to laugh at themſelves, and upon reflection find, that they are merry at their own expence. I might farther take notice, that by entertainments of this kind, a man may be chearful in ſolitude, and not be forced to ſeek for company every time he has a mind to be merry.

The laſt advantage I ſhall mention from compoſitions of this nature, when thus reſtrained, is, that they ſhew wiſdom and virtue are far from being inconſiſtent with politeneſs and good humor. They make morality appear amiable to people of gay diſpoſitions, and refute the common objection againſt religion, which repreſents it as only fit for gloomy and melancholy tempers. It was the motto of a Biſhop very eminent for his piety and good works in King *Charles* the Second's reign, *Inſervi Deo et lætare, Serve God and be chearful.* Thoſe therefore who ſupply the world with ſuch entertainments of mirth as are inſtructive, or at leaſt harmleſs, may be thought to deſerve well of mankind; to which I ſhall only add, that they retrieve the honor of polite learning, and anſwer thoſe four enthuſiaſts who affect to ſtigmatiſe the fineſt and moſt elegant authors, both ancient and modern (which they have never read) as dangerous to religion, and deſtructive of all ſound and ſaving knowledge.

Our nation are ſuch lovers of mirth and humor, that it is impoſſible for detached papers, which come out on ſtated days, either to have a general run, or long continuance, if they are not diverſified, and enlivened from time to time, with ſubjects and thoughts, accommodated to this taſte, which ſo prevails among our countrymen. No periodical author, who always maintains

maintains his gravity, and does not ſometimes ſacrifice to the Graces, muſt expect to keep in vogue for any conſiderable time. Political ſpeculations in particular, however juſt and important, are of ſo dry and auſtere a nature, that they will not go down with the public without frequent ſeaſonings of this kind. The work may be well performed, but will never take, if it is not ſet off with proper ſcenes and decorations. A mere politician is but a dull companion, and, if he is always wiſe, is in great danger of being tireſome or ridiculous.

Beſides, papers of entertainment are neceſſary to increaſe the number of readers, eſpecially among thoſe of different notions and principles; who by this means may be betrayed to give you a fair hearing, and to know what you have to ſay for yourſelf. I might likewiſe obſerve, that in all political writings there is ſomething that grates upon the mind of the moſt candid Reader, in opinions which are not conformable to his own way of thinking; and that the harſhneſs of reaſoning is not a little ſoftened and ſmoothed by the infuſions of mirth and pleaſantry.

Political ſpeculations do likewiſe furniſh us with ſeveral objects that may very innocently be ridiculed, and which are regarded as ſuch by men of ſenſe in all parties; of this kind are the paſſions of our ſtateſwomen, and the reaſonings of our fox-hunters.

A writer who makes fame the chief end of his endeavours, and would be more deſirous of pleaſing than of improving his Readers, might find an inexhauſtible fund of mirth in politics. Scandal and ſatire are never-failing gratifications to the public. Detraction and obloquy are received with as much eagerneſs as wit and humor. Should a writer ſingle out particular perſons, or point his rallery at any order of men, who by their profeſſion ought to be exempt from it; ſhould he ſlander the innocent, or ſatiriſe the miſerable; or ſhould he, even on the proper ſubjects of deriſion, give the full play to his mirth, without regard to decency and good manners; he might be ſure of pleaſing a great part of his Readers, but muſt be a very ill man, if by ſuch a proceeding he could pleaſe himſelf.

N° 46. *Monday, May* 28.

———*malè ominatis*
Parcite verbis:
Hic dies, verè mihi feſtus, atras
Eximet curas; ego nec tumultum
Nec mori per vim metuam, tenente
Cæſare terras. Hor.

THE uſual ſalutation to a man upon his birth-day among the ancient *Romans,* was *Multos et felices;* in which they wiſhed him many happy returns of it. When *Auguſtus* celebrated the ſecular year, which was kept but once in a century, and received the congratulations of his people on that account, an eminent Court-wit ſaluted him in the birth-day form *(Multos et felices)* which is recorded as a beautiful turn of compliment, expreſſing a deſire that he might enjoy a happy life of many hundreds of years. This ſalutation cannot be taxed with flattery, ſince it was directed to a Prince, of whom it is ſaid by a great hiſtorian, *It had been happy for* Rome, *if he had never been born, or if he had never died.* Had he never been born, *Rome* would, in all probability, have recovered its former liberty: had he never died, it would have been more happy under his government, than it could have been in the poſſeſſion of its ancient freedom.

It is our good fortune that our Sovereign whoſe nativity is celebrated on this day, gives us a proſpect, which the *Romans* wanted under the reign of their *Auguſtus,* of his being ſucceeded by an heir, both to his virtues and his dominions. In the mean time it happens very luckily, for the eſtabliſhment of a new race of Kings upon the *Britiſh* throne, that the firſt of this Royal line has all thoſe high qualifications which are neceſſary to fix the crown upon his own head, and to tranſmit it to his poſterity. We may indeed obſerve, that every ſeries of Kings who have kept up the ſucceſſion in their reſpective families, in ſpite of all pretenſions and oppoſitions formed againſt them, has been headed by Princes famous for valor and wiſdom. I need only mention the names of *William* the Conqueror, *Henry* the Second, *Henry* the Fourth, *Edward* the Fourth, and *Henry* the Seventh. As for King *James* the Firſt, the founder of the *Stuart* race, had he been as well turned for

for the camp, as the cabinet, and not confined all his views to the peace and tranquility of his own reign, his ſon had not been involved in ſuch fatal troubles and confuſions.

Were an honeſt *Briton* to wiſh for a Sovereign, who in the preſent ſituation of affairs would be moſt capable of advancing our national happineſs, what could he deſire more than a Prince mature in wiſdom and experience; renowned for his valor and reſolution; ſucceſsful and fortunate in his undertakings; zealous for the reformed religion; related or allied to all the moſt conſiderable Proteſtant powers of *Europe;* and bleſſed with a numerous iſſue! A failure in any one of theſe particulars has been the cauſe of infinite calamities to the *Britiſh* nation; but when they all thus happily concur in the ſame perſon, they are as much as can be ſuggeſted, even by our wiſhes, for making us a happy people, ſo far as the qualifications of a Monarch can contribute to it.

I ſhall not attempt a character of his preſent Majeſty, having already given an imperfect ſketch of it in my ſecond paper; but ſhall chooſe rather to obſerve that cruel treatment which this excellent Prince has met with from the tongues and pens of ſome of his diſaffected ſubjects. The baſeneſs, ingratitude, and injuſtice of which practice will appear to us, if we conſider,

Firſt, that it reflects highly upon the good ſenſe of the *Britiſh* nation, who do not know how to ſet a juſt value upon a Prince, whoſe virtues have gained him the univerſal eſteem of foreign countries. Thoſe Potentates who, as ſome may ſuppoſe, do not wiſh well to his affairs, have ſhewn the greateſt reſpect to his perſonal character, and teſtified their readineſs to enter into ſuch friendſhips and alliances as may be advantageous to his people. The northern Kings ſolicit him with impatience to come among them, as the only perſon capable of ſettling the ſeveral claims and pretenſions, which have produced ſuch unſpeakable calamities in that part of the world. Two of the moſt remote and formidable powers of *Europe* have entertained thoughts of ſubmitting their diſputes to his arbitration. Every one knows his ancient ſubjects had ſuch a long experience of his ſovereign virtues, that at his departure from them his whole people were in tears; which were anſwered with all thoſe ſentiments of humanity, that ariſe in the heart of a good Prince on ſo moving an occaſion. What a figure therefore muſt we make among mankind, if we are the only people of *Europe* who derogate from his merit, that may be made happy by it! and if in a kingdom which is grown glorious by the reputation of ſuch a Sovereign, there are multitudes who would endeavour to leſſon and undervalue it.

In the next place; ſuch a treatment from any part of our fellow ſubjects, is by no means anſwerable to what we receive from his Majeſty. His love and

and regard for our conſtitution is ſo remarkable, that, as we are told by thoſe whoſe office it is to lay the buſineſs of the nation before him, it is his firſt queſtion, upon any matter of the leaſt doubt or difficulty, whether it be in every point according to the laws of the land? He is eaſy of acceſs to thoſe who deſire it, and is ſo gracious in his behaviour and condeſcenſion on ſuch occaſions, that none of his ſubjects retire from his preſence without the greateſt idea of his wiſdom and goodneſs. His continued application to ſuch public affairs as may conduce to the benefit of his kingdoms, diverts him from thoſe pleaſures and entertainments which may be indulged by perſons in a lower ſtation, and are purſued with eagerneſs by Princes who have not the care of the public ſo much at heart. The leaſt return, which we can make to ſuch a Sovereign, is that tribute which is always paid by honeſt men, and is always acceptable to great minds, the praiſe and approbation that are due to a virtuous and noble character. Common decency forbids opprobrious language, even to a bad Prince; and common juſtice will exact from us towards a good Prince, the ſame benevolence and humanity with which he treats his ſubjects. Thoſe who are influenced by duty and gratitude, will riſe much higher in all the expreſſions of affection and reſpect, and think they can never do too much to advance the glory of a Sovereign, who takes ſo much pains to advance their happineſs.

When we have a King, who has gained the reputation of the moſt unblemiſhed probity and honor, and has been famed through the whole courſe of his life, for an inviolable adherence to his promiſes, we may acquieſce (after his many ſolemn declarations) in all thoſe meaſures which it is impoſſible for us to judge rightly of, unleſs we were let into ſuch ſchemes of council and intelligence as produce them; and therefore we ſhould rather turn our thoughts upon the reaſonableneſs of his proceedings, than buſy ourſelves to form objections againſt them. The conſideration of his Majeſty's character ſhould at all times ſuppreſs our cenſure of his conduct: and ſince we have never yet ſeen, or heard of any falſe ſteps in his behaviour, we ought in juſtice to think, that he governs himſelf by his uſual rules of wiſdom and honor, until we diſcover ſomething to the contrary.

Theſe conſiderations ought to reconcile to his Majeſty the hearts and tongues of all his people: but as for thoſe who are the obſtinate, irreclaimable, profeſſed enemies to our preſent eſtabliſhment, we muſt expect their calumnies will not only continue, but riſe againſt him in proportion as he purſues ſuch meaſures as are likely to prove ſucceſsful, and ought to recommend him to his people.

Friday,

N° 47. *Friday, June* 1.

——— *ceſſit furor, et rabida ora quierunt.* Virg.

I Queſtion not but moſt of my Readers will be very well pleaſed to hear, that my friend the fox-hunter, of whoſe arrival in town I gave notice in my forty-fourth paper, is become a convert to the preſent eſtabliſhment, and a good ſubject to King *George*. The motives to his converſion ſhall be the ſubject of this paper, as they may be of uſe to other perſons who labor under thoſe prejudices and prepoſſeſſions, which hung ſo long upon the mind of my worthy friend. Theſe I had an opportunity of learning the other day, when, at his requeſt, we took a ramble together to ſee the curioſities of this great town.

The firſt circumſtance, as he ingenuouſly confeſſed to me (while we were in the coach together) which helped to diſabuſe him, was ſeeing King *Charles* I. on horſeback, at *Charing-Croſs;* for he was ſure that Prince could never have kept his ſeat there, had the ſtories been true he had heard in the country, that *forty-one* was come about again.

He owned to me that he looked with horror on the new Church that is half built in the *Strand,* as taking it at firſt ſight to he half demoliſhed: but upon enquiring of the workmen, was agreeably ſurpriſed to find, that inſtead of pulling it down, they were building it up; and that fifty more were raiſing in other parts of the town.

To theſe I muſt add a third circumſtance, which I find had no ſmall ſhare in my friend's converſion. Since his coming to town, he chanced to look into the church of St. *Paul,* about the middle of ſermon time, where having firſt examined the dome, to ſee if it ſtood ſafe (for the ſcrew-plot ran ſtill in his head) he obſerved that the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and city ſword were a part of the congregation. This ſight had the more weight with him, as by good luck not above two of that venerable body were fallen aſleep.

This diſcourſe held us till we came to the Tower; for our firſt viſit was to the Lions. My friend, who had a great deal of talk with their keeper, enquired very much after their health, and whether none of them had fallen

ſick

ſick upon the taking of *Perth,* and the flight of the *Pretender?* and hearing they were never better in their lives, I found he was extremely ſtartled: for he had learned from his cradle, that the Lions in the Tower were the beſt judges of the title of our *Britiſh* Kings, and always ſympathiſed with our ſovereigns.

After having here ſatiated our curioſity, we repaired to the *Monument,* where my fellow traveller, being a well-breathed man, mounted the aſcent with much ſpeed and activity. I was forced to halt ſo often in this perpendicular march, that, upon my joining him on the top of the pillar, I found he had counted all the ſteeples and towers that were diſcernable from this advantageous ſituation, and was endeavouring to compute the number of acres they ſtood upon. We were both of us very well pleaſed with this part of the proſpect; but I found he caſt an evil eye upon ſeveral warehouſes, and other buildings that looked like barns, and ſeemed capable of receiving great multitudes of people. His heart miſgave him that theſe were ſo many meeting-houſes, but, upon communicating his ſuſpicions to me, I ſoon made him eaſy in this particular.

We then turned our eyes upon the river, which gave me an occaſion to inſpire him with ſome favorable thoughts of trade and merchandiſe, that had filled the *Thames* with ſuch crowds of ſhips, and covered the ſhore with ſuch ſwarms of people.

We deſcended very leiſurely, my friend being careful to count the ſteps, which he regiſtered in a blank leaf of his new almanac. Upon our coming to the bottom, obſerving an *Engliſh* inſcription upon the baſis, he read it over ſeveral times, and told me he could ſcarce believe his own eyes, for that he had often heard from an old attorney, who lived near him in the country, that it was the preſbyterians who burned down the city; whereas, ſays he, this pillar poſitively affirms in ſo many words, that *the burning of this ancient city was begun and carried on by the treachery and malice of the popiſh faction, in order to their carrying on their horrid plot for extirpating the Proteſtant religion, and old* Engliſh *liberty, and introducing popery and ſlavery.* This account, which he looked upon to be more authentic, than if it had been in print, I found, made a very great impreſſion upon him.

We now took coach again, and made the beſt of our way for the *Royal-Exchange,* though I found he did not much care to venture himſelf into the throng of that place; for he told me he had heard they were, generally ſpeaking, republicans, and was afraid of having his pocket picked amongſt them. But he ſoon conceived a better opinion of them, when he ſpied the ſtatue of King *Charles* II. ſtanding up in the middle of the crowd, and moſt of the Kings in *Baker*'s chronicle ranged in order over their heads; from whence

whence he very juſtly concluded, that an antimonarchial aſſembly could never chooſe ſuch a place to meet in once a day.

To continue this good diſpoſition in my friend, after a ſhort ſtay at *Stocks Market*, we drove away directly for the *Meuſe*, where he was not a little edified with the ſight of thoſe fine ſets of horſes which have been brought over from *Hanover*, and with the care that is taken of them. He made many good remarks upon this occaſion, and was ſo pleaſed with his company, that I had much ado to get him out of the ſtable.

In our progreſs to St. *James*'s *Park* (for that was the end of our journey) he took notice, with great ſatisfaction, that, contrary to his intelligence in the country, the ſhops were all open and full of buſineſs; that the ſoldiers walked civilly in the ſtreets; that clergymen, inſtead of being affronted, had generally the wall given them; and that he had heard the bells ring to prayers from morning to night, in ſome part of the town or another.

As he was full of theſe honeſt reflections, it happened very luckily for us that one of the King's coaches paſſed by with the three young Princeſſes in it, whom by an accidental ſtop we had an opportunity of ſurveying for ſome time: my friend was raviſhed with the beauty, innocence, and ſweetneſs, that appeared in all their faces. He declared ſeveral times, that they were the fineſt children he had ever ſeen in all his life; and aſſured me that, before this ſight, if any one had told him it had been poſſible for three ſuch pretty children to have been born out of *England*, he ſhould never have believed them.

We were now walking together in the park, and as it is uſual for men who are naturally warm and heady, to be tranſported with the greateſt fluſh of good-nature when they are once ſweetened; he owned to me very frankly, he had been much impoſed upon by thoſe falſe accounts of things he had heard in the country; and that he would make it his buſineſs, upon his return thither, to ſet his neighbours right, and give them a more juſt notion of the preſent ſtate of affairs.

What confirmed my friend in this excellent temper of mind, and gave him an inexpreſſible ſatisfaction, was a meſſage he received, as we were walking together, from the priſoner, for whom he had given his teſtimony in his late trial. This perſon having been condemned for his part in the late rebellion, ſent him word that his Majeſty had been graciouſly pleaſed to reprieve him, with ſeveral of his friends, in order, as it was thought, to give them their lives; and that he hoped before he went out of town they ſhould have a chearful meeting, and drink health and proſperity to King *George*.

N° 48. *Monday, June* 4.

Tu tamen, ſi habes aliquam ſpem de Republica, ſive deſperas; ea para, meditare, cogita, quæ eſſe in eo cive ac viro debent, qui ſit Rempublicam afflictam et oppreſſam miſeris temporibus ac perditis moribus in veterem dignitatem ac libertatem vindicaturus. Cicero.

THE condition of a Miniſter of State is only ſuited to perſons, who, out of a love to their King and country, deſire rather to be uſeful to the public, than eaſy to themſelves. When a man is poſted in ſuch a ſtation, whatever his behaviour may be, he is ſure, beſide the natural fatigue and trouble of it, to incur the envy of ſome, and the diſpleaſure of others; as he will have many rivals, whoſe ambition he cannot ſatisfy, and many dependants whoſe wants he cannot provide for. Theſe are misfortunes inſeparable from ſuch public employments in all countries; but there are ſeveral others which hang upon this condition of life in our *Britiſh* government, more than any other ſovereignty in *Europe:* as in the firſt place, there is no other nation which is ſo equally divided into two oppoſite parties, whom it is impoſſible to pleaſe at the ſame time. Our notions of the public good, with relation both to ourſelves and foreigners, are of ſo different a nature, that thoſe meaſures which are extolled by one half of the kingdom, are naturally decried by the other. Beſides, that in a *Britiſh* adminiſtration, many acts of government are abſolutely neceſſary, in which one of the parties muſt be favored and obliged, in oppoſition to their antagoniſts. So that the moſt perfect adminiſtration, conducted by the moſt conſummate wiſdom and probity, muſt unavoidably produce oppoſition, enmity, and defamation, from multitudes who are made happy by it.

Farther, it is peculiarly obſerved of our nation, that almoſt every man in it is a politician, and hath a ſcheme of his own, which he thinks preferable to that of any other perſon. Whether this may proceed from that ſpirit of liberty which reigns among us, or from thoſe great numbers of all ranks and conditions, who from time to time are concerned in the *Britiſh* legiſlature, and by that means are let into the buſineſs of this nation, I ſhall not take upon me to determine. But for this reaſon it is certain, that a

Britiſh

Britiſh miniſtry muſt expect to meet with many cenſurers, even in their own party, and ought to be ſatisfied, if, allowing to every particular man that his private ſcheme is wiſeſt, they can perſuade him that next to his own plan that of the government is the moſt eligible.

Beſides, we have a ſet of very honeſt and well meaning gentlemen in *England,* not to be met with in other countries, who take it for granted they can never be in the wrong, ſo long as they oppoſe Miniſters of State. Thoſe, whom they have admired through the whole courſe of their lives for their honor and integrity, though they ſtill perſiſt to act in their former character, and change nothing but their ſtations, appear to them in a diſadvantageous light, as ſoon as they are placed upon ſtate-eminences. Many of theſe gentlemen have been uſed to think there is a kind of ſlavery in concurring with the meaſures of great men, and that the good of the country is inconſiſtent with the inclinations of the court: by the ſtrength of theſe prejudices, they are apt to fancy a man loſes his honeſty, from the very moment that it is made the moſt capable of being uſeful to the public; and will not conſider that it is every whit as honorable to aſſiſt a good miniſter, as to oppoſe a bad one.

In the laſt place, we may obſerve, that there are greater numbers of perſons who ſolicit for places, and perhaps are fit for them, in our own country, than in any other. To which we muſt add, That, by the nature of our conſtitution, it is in the power of more particular perſons in this kingdom, than in any other, to diſtreſs the government when they are diſobliged. A *Britiſh* Miniſter muſt therefore expect to ſee many of thoſe friends and dependants fall off from him, whom he cannot gratify in their demands upon him; ſince, to uſe the phraſe of a late ſtateſman, who knew very well how to form a party, *The paſture is not large enough.*

Upon the whole: the condition of a *Britiſh* Miniſter labors under ſo many difficulties, that we find in almoſt every reign ſince the conqueſt, the chief miniſters have been new men, or ſuch as have raiſed themſelves to the greateſt poſts in the government, from the ſtate of private gentlemen. Several of them neither roſe from any conſpicuous family, nor left any behind them, being of that claſs of eminent perſons, whom Sir *Francis Bacon* ſpeaks of, who, like comets or blazing-ſtars, draw upon them the whole attention of the age in which they appear, though nobody knows whence they came, nor where they are loſt. Perſons of hereditary wealth and title have not been over forward to engage in ſo great a ſcene of cares and perplexities, nor to run all the riſques of ſo dangerous a ſituation. Nay, many whoſe greatneſs and fortune were not made to their hands, and had ſufficient qualifications and opportunities of riſing to theſe high poſts of truſt and honor,

have been deterred from ſuch purſuits, by the difficulties that attend them, and choſe rather to be eaſy than powerful; or, if I may uſe the expreſſion, to be carried in the chariot, than to drive it.

As the condition of a Miniſter of State in general is ſubject to many burdens and vexations; and as that of a *Britiſh* Miniſter in particular is involved in ſeveral hazards and difficulties peculiar to our own country: ſo is this high ſtation expoſed more than ordinary to ſuch inconveniences in the preſent juncture of affairs; firſt, as it is the beginning of a new eſtabliſhment among us; and ſecondly, as this eſtabliſhment hath been diſturbed by a dangerous rebellion.

If we look back into our *Engliſh* hiſtory, we ſhall always find the firſt monarch of a new line received with the greateſt oppoſition, and reconciling to himſelf by degrees the duty and affection of his people. The government, on ſuch occaſions, is always ſhaken before it ſettles. The inveteracy of the people's prejudices, and the artifices of domeſtic enemies, compelled their rulers to make uſe of all means for reducing them to their allegiance, which perhaps, after all, was brought about rather by time than by policy. When commotions and diſturbances are of an extraordinary and unuſual nature, the proceedings of the government muſt be ſo too. The remedy muſt be ſuited to the evil, and I know no juncture more difficult to a Miniſter of State, than ſuch as requires uncommon methods to be made uſe of; when at the ſame time no others can be made uſe of, than what are preſcribed by the known laws of our conſtitution. Several meaſures may be abſolutely neceſſary in ſuch a juncture, which may be repreſented as hard and ſevere, and would not be proper in a time of public peace and tranquility. In this caſe *Virgil*'s excuſe, which he put in the mouth of a fictitious Sovereign upon a complaint of this nature, hath the utmoſt force of reaſon and juſtice on its ſide.

Res dura et regni novitas me talia cogunt.

The difficulties I meet with in the beginning of my reign make ſuch a proceeding neceſſary.

In the next place: as this eſtabliſhment has been diſturbed by a dangerous rebellion, the miniſtry has been involved in many additional and ſupernumerary difficulties. It is a common remark, that *Engliſh* Miniſters never fare ſo well as in a time of war with a foreign power, which diverts the private feuds and animoſities of the nation, and turns their efforts upon the common enemy. As a foreign war is favorable to a miniſtry, a rebellion is

is no leſs dangerous; if it ſucceeds, they are the firſt perſons who muſt fall a ſacrifice to it; if it is defeated, they naturally become odious to all the ſecret favorers and abettors of it. Every method they make uſe of for preventing or ſuppreſſing it, and for deterring others from the like practices for the future, muſt be unacceptable and diſpleaſing to the friends, relations and accomplices, of the guilty. In caſes where it is thought neceſſary to make examples, it is the humor of the multitude to forget the crime and remember the puniſhment. However, we have already ſeen, and ſtill hope to ſee, ſo many inſtances of mercy in his Majeſty's government, that our chief miniſters have more to fear from the murmurs of their too violent friends, than from the reproaches of their enemies.

N° 49. *Friday, June* 8.

——jam nunc ſolennes ducere pompas
Ad delubra juvat—— Virg.

YESTERDAY was ſet apart as a day of public Thankſgiving for the late extraordinary ſucceſſes, which have ſecured to us every thing that can be eſteemed, and delivered us from every thing that can be apprehended, by a proteſtant and free people. I cannot but obſerve, upon this occaſion, the natural tendency in ſuch a national devotion, to inſpire men with ſentiments of religious gratitude, and to ſwell their hearts with inward tranſports of joy and exultation.

When inſtances of divine favor are great in themſelves, when they are freſh upon the memory, when they are peculiar to a certain country, and commemorated by them in large and ſolemn aſſemblies; a man muſt be of a very cold or degenerate temper, whoſe heart doth not burn within him in the midſt of that praiſe and adoration, which ariſes at the ſame hour in all the different parts of the nation, and from the many thouſands of the people.

It is impoſſible to read of extraordinary and national acts of worſhip, without being warmed with the deſcription, and feeling ſome degree of that divine enthuſiaſm, which ſpreads itſelf among a joyful and religious multitude. A part of that exuberant devotion, with which the whole aſſembly raiſed and animated one another, catches a Reader at the greateſt diſtance of time, and makes him a kind of ſharer in it.

Among

Among all the public ſolemnities of this nature, there is none in hiſtory ſo glorious as that under the reign of King *Solomon*, at the dedication of the Temple. Beſides the great Officers of State, and the inhabitants of *Jeruſalem*, all the elders and heads of tribes, with the whole body of the people ranged under them, from one end of the kingdom to the other, were ſummoned to aſſiſt in it. We may gueſs at the prodigious number of this aſſembly from the ſacrifice on which they feaſted, conſiſting of a hundred and twenty thouſand ſheep, and two hundred and twenty hecatombs of oxen. When this vaſt congregation was formed into a regular proceſſion to attend the ark of the covenant, the King marched at the head of his people, with hymns and dances, to the new temple, which he had erected for its reception. *Joſephus* tells us, that the *Levites* ſprinkled the way as they paſſed with the blood of ſacrifices, and burned the holy incenſe in ſuch quantities as refreſhed the whole multitude with its odors, and filled all the region about them with perfume. When the ark was depoſited under the wings of the cherubims in the holy place, the great concert of praiſe began. It was enlivened with a hundred and twenty trumpets, aſſiſted with a proportionable number of other kinds of muſical inſtruments, and accompanied with innumerable voices of all the ſingers of *Iſrael*, who were inſtructed and ſet apart to religious performances of this kind. As this mighty chorus was extolling their Maker, and exciting the whole nation thus aſſembled to the praiſe of his never-ceaſing goodneſs and mercy, the *Shekinah* deſcended: or, to tell it in the more emphatical words of Holy Writ, *It came to paſs, as the trumpets and ſingers were as one, to make one ſound to be heard in praiſing and thanking the Lord, and when they lift up their voice with the trumpets and cymbals, and inſtruments of muſic, and praiſed the Lord, ſaying,* For he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever; *that then the houſe was filled with a cloud.* The Prieſts themſelves, not able to bear the awfulneſs of the appearance, retired into the court of the temple, where the King being placed upon a brazen ſcaffold, ſo as to be ſeen by the whole multitude, bleſſed the congregation of *Iſrael*, and afterwards ſpreading forth his hands to Heaven, offered up that divine prayer which is twice recorded at length in Scripture, and has always been looked upon as a compoſition fit to have proceeded from the wiſeſt of men. He had no ſooner finiſhed his prayer, when a flaſh of fire fell from Heaven and burned up the ſacrifice which lay ready upon the altar. The people, whoſe hearts were gradually moved by the ſolemnity of the whole proceeding, having been exalted by the religious ſtrains of muſic, and awed by the appearance of that glory which filled the temple, ſeeing now the miraculous conſumption of the ſacrifice, and obſerving the piety of their King, who lay proſtrate before his Maker, *bowed themſelves with their*

their faces to the ground upon the pavement, and worſhipped and praiſed the Lord, ſaying, For he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever.

What happineſs might not ſuch a kingdom promiſe to itſelf, where the ſame elevated ſpirit of religion ran through the Prince, the prieſts, and the people! But I ſhall quit this head, to obſerve that ſuch an uncommon fervor of devotion ſhewed itſelf among our own countrymen, and in the perſons of three princes, who were the greateſt conquerors in our *Engliſh* hiſtory. Theſe are *Edward* the Third, his ſon the *Black Prince,* and *Henry* the Fifth. As for the firſt, we are told that, before the famous battle of *Creſſy,* he ſpent the greateſt part of the night in prayer, and in the morning received the ſacrament with his ſon, the chief of his officers and nobility. The night of that glorious day was no leſs piouſly diſtinguiſhed by the orders, which he gave out to his army, that they ſhould forbear all inſulting of their enemies, or boaſting of their own valor, and employ their time in returning thanks to the Great Giver of the victory. The *Black Prince,* before the battle of *Poictiers*, declared, that his whole confidence was in the Divine aſſiſtance; and after that great victory, behaved himſelf in all particulars like a truly chriſtian conqueror. Eight days ſucceſſively were appointed by his father in *England,* for a ſolemn and public thankſgiving; and when the young Prince returned in triumph with a King of *France* as his priſoner, the pomp of the day conſiſted chiefly in extraordinary proceſſions, and acts of devotion. The behaviour of the *Black Prince,* after a battle in *Spain,* whereby he reſtored the King of *Caſtile* to his dominions, was no leſs remarkable. When that King, tranſported with his ſucceſs, flung himſelf upon his knees to thank him, the generous Prince ran to him, and, taking him by the hand, told him it was not he who could lay any claim to his gratitude, but deſired they might go to the altar together, and jointly return their thanks to whom only it was due.

Henry the Fifth, (who at the beginning of his reign, made a public prayer in the preſence of his Lords and Commons, that he might be cut off by an immediate death, if Providence foreſaw he would not prove a juſt and good Governor, and promote the welfare of his people) manifeſtly derived his courage from his piety, and was ſcrupulouſly careful not to to aſcribe the ſucceſs of it to himſelf. When he came within ſight of that prodigious army, which offered him battle at *Agincourt,* he ordered all his cavalry to diſmount, and with the reſt of his forces, to implore upon their knees a bleſſing on their undertaking. In a noble ſpeech, which he made to his ſoldiers immediately before the firſt onſet, he took notice of a very remarkable circumſtance, namely, that this very day of battle was the day appointed in his own kingdom, to offer up public devotions for the proſperity of his arms,

arms, and therefore bid them not doubt of victory, ſince at the ſame time that they were fighting in the field, all the people of *England* were lifting up their hands to heaven for their ſucceſs. Upon the cloſe of that memorable day, in which the King had performed wonders with his own hand, he ordered the hundred and fifteenth pſalm to be repeated in the midſt of his victorious army, and at the words, *Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name be the praiſe,* he himſelf, with his whole hoſt, fell to the earth upon their faces, aſcribing to Omnipotence the whole glory of ſo great an action.

I ſhall conclude this paper with a reflection, which naturally riſes out of it. As there is nothing more beautiful in the ſight of God and man, than a King and his people concurring in ſuch extraordinary acts of devotion, one cannot ſuppoſe a greater contradiction and abſurdity in a government, than where the King is of one religion and the people of another. What harmony or correſpondence can be expected between a Sovereign and his ſubjects, when they cannot join together in the moſt joyful, the moſt ſolemn, and moſt laudable action of reaſonable creatures; in a word, where the Prince conſiders his people as heretics, and the people look upon their Prince as an idolater.

N° 50. *Monday, June* 11.

O quiſquis volet impias
Cædes, et rabiem tollere civicam:
Si quæret pater urbium
Subſcribi ſtatuis; indomitam audeat
Refrænare licentiam
Clarus poſt genitis——— Hor.

WHEN *Mahomet* had for many years endeavoured to propagate his impoſture among his fellow citizens, and, inſtead of gaining any number of proſelytes, found his ambition fruſtrated, and his notions ridiculed; he forbad his followers the uſe of argument and diſputation in the advancing of his doctrines, and to rely only upon the ſcimitar for their ſucceſs. Chriſtianity, he obſerved, had made its way by reaſon and miracles, but he profeſſed it was his deſign to ſave men by the ſword. From that time he

he began to knock down his fellow citizens with a great deal of zeal, to plunder caravans with a moſt exemplary ſanctity, and to fill all *Arabia* with an unnatural medley of religion and bloodſhed.

The enemies of our happy eſtabliſhment ſeem at preſent to copy out the piety of this ſeditious Prophet, and to have recourſe to his laudable method of club-law, when they find all other means of enforcing the abſurdity of their opinions to be ineffectual. It was uſual among the ancient *Romans,* for thoſe, who had ſaved the life of a citizen, to be dreſſed in an oaken garland; but among us, This has been a mark of ſuch well-intentioned perſons, as would betray their country, if they were able, and beat out the brains of their fellow ſubjects. Nay, the leaders of this poor unthinking rabble, to ſhew their wit, have lately decked them out of their kitchen-gardens in a moſt inſipid pun, very well ſuited to the capacity of ſuch followers.

This manner of proceeding has had an effect quite contrary to the intention of theſe ingenious demagogues: for by ſetting ſuch an unfortunate mark on their followers, they have expoſed them to innumerable drubs and contuſions. They have been cudgelled moſt unmercifully in every part of *London* and *Weſtminſter;* and over all the nation have avowed their principles to the unſpeakable damage of their bones. In ſhort, if we may believe our accounts both from town and country, the noſes and ears of the party are very much diminiſhed, ſince they have appeared under this unhappy diſtinction.

The truth of it is, there is ſuch an unaccountable phrenſy and licentiouſneſs ſpread through the baſeſt of the people, of all parties and denominations, that if their ſkirmiſhes did not proceed to too great an extremity, one would not be ſorry to ſee them beſtowing ſo liberally, upon one another, a chaſtiſement which they ſo richly deſerve. Their thumps and bruiſes might turn to account, and ſave the government a great deal of trouble, if they could beat each other into good manners.

Were not advice thrown away on ſuch a thoughtleſs rabble, one would recommend to their ſerious conſideration what is ſuſpected, and indeed known to be the cauſe of theſe popular tumults and commotions in this great city. They are the *Popiſh* miſſionaries, that lie concealed under many diſguiſes in all quarters of the town, who mix themſelves in theſe dark ſcuffles, and animate the mob to ſuch mutual outrages and inſults. This profligate ſpecies of modern apoſtles divert themſelves at the expence of a government, which is oppoſite to their intereſts, and are pleaſed to ſee the broken heads of heretics, in what party ſoever they have liſted themſelves. Their treatment of our ſilly countrymen, puts me in mind of an account in *Tavernier*'s travels through the *Eaſt-Indies.* This author tells us, there is a great wood

in thoſe parts very plentifully ſtocked with monkies; that a large highway runs through the middle of this wood; and that the monkies who live on the one ſide of this highway, are declared enemies to thoſe who live on the other. When the inhabitants of that country have a mind to give themſelves a diverſion, it is uſual for them to ſet theſe poor animals together by the ears; which they do after this manner. They place ſeveral pots of rice in the middle of the road, with great heaps of cudgels in the neighbourhood of every pot. The monkies, on the firſt diſcovery of theſe proviſions, deſcend from the trees on either ſide in prodigious numbers, take up the arms, with which their good friends have furniſhed them, and belabor one another with a ſtorm of thwacks, to the no ſmall mirth and entertainment of the beholders. This mob of monkies act however ſo far reaſonably in this point, as the victorious ſide of the wood find, upon the repulſe of their enemies, a conſiderable booty on the field of battle; whereas our party-mobs are betrayed into the fray without any proſpect of the feaſt.

If our common people have not virtue enough left among them, to lay aſide this wicked and unnatural hatred which is crept into their hearts againſt one another, nor ſenſe enough to reſiſt the artifice of thoſe incendiaries, who would animate them to the deſtruction of their country; it is high time for the government to exert itſelf in the repreſſing of ſuch ſeditious tumults and commotions. If that extraordinary lenity and forbearance which has been hitherto ſhewn on thoſe occaſions, proves ineffectual to that purpoſe, theſe miſcreants of the community ought to be made ſenſible, that our conſtitution is armed with a ſufficient force for the reformation of ſuch diſorders, and the ſettlement of the public peace.

There cannot be a greater affront to religion, than ſuch a tumultuous riſing of the people, who diſtinguiſh the times ſet apart for the national devotions by the moſt brutal ſcenes of violence, clamor, and intemperance. The day begins with a thankſgiving, and ends in a riot. Inſtead of the voice of mutual joy and gladneſs, there is nothing heard in our ſtreets but opprobrious language, ribaldry and contention.

As ſuch a practice is ſcandalous to our religion, ſo it is no leſs a reproach to our government. We are become a by-word among the nations for our ridiculous feuds and animoſities, and fill all the public prints of *Europe* with the accounts of our midnight brawls and confuſions.

The miſchiefs ariſing to private perſons, from theſe vile diſturbers of the commonwealth, are too many to be enumerated. The great and innocent are inſulted by the ſcum and refuſe of the people. Several poor wretches, who have engaged in theſe commotions, have been diſabled, for their lives, from doing any good to their families and dependants? nay, ſeveral of them have

have fallen a ſacrifice to their own inexcuſable folly and madneſs. Should the government be wearied out of its preſent patience and forbearance, and forced to execute all thoſe powers with which it is inveſted for the preſervation of the public peace; what is to be expected by ſuch heaps of turbulent and ſeditious men!

Theſe and the like conſiderations, though they may have no influence on the headſtrong unruly multitude, ought to ſink into the minds of thoſe who are their abettors, and who, if they eſcape the puniſhment here due to them, muſt very well know that theſe ſeveral miſchiefs will be one day laid to their charge.

N° 51. *Friday, June* 15.

Quod ſi in hoc erro, libenter erro; nec mihi hunc errorem, quo delector, dum vivo, extorqueri volo. Cicero.

AS there is nothing which more improves the mind of man, than the reading of ancient authors, when it is done with judgment and diſcretion; ſo there is nothing which gives a more unlucky turn to the thoughts of a Reader, when he wants diſcernment, and loves and admires the characters and actions of men in a wrong place. *Alexander* the Great was ſo inflamed with falſe notions of glory, by reading the ſtory of *Achilles* in the Iliad, that after having taken a town, he ordered the Governor, who had made a gallant defence, to be bound by the feet to his chariot, and afterwards dragged the brave man round the city, becauſe *Hector* had been treated in the ſame barbarous manner by his admired hero.

Many *Engliſhmen* have proved very pernicious to their own country, by following blindly the examples of perſons to be met with in *Greek* and *Roman* hiſtory, who acted in conformity with their own governments, after a quite different manner, than they would have acted in a conſtitution like that of ours. Such a method of proceeding is as unreaſonable in a politician, as it would be in a huſbandman to make uſe of *Virgil*'s precepts of agriculture, in managing the ſoil of our country, that lies in a quite different climate, and under the influence of almoſt another Sun.

Our regicides in the commiſſion of the moſt execrable murder uſed to juſtify themſelves from the conduct of *Brutus,* not conſidering that *Cæſar,* from the condition of a fellow citizen, had riſen by the moſt indirect methods, and broken through all the laws of the community, to place himſelf at the head of the government, and enſlave his country. On the other ſide, ſeveral of our *Engliſh* Readers, having obſerved that a paſſive and unlimited obedience, was paid to *Roman* Emperors, who were poſſeſſed of the whole legiſlative, as well as executive power, have formerly endeavoured to inculcate the ſame kind of obedience, where there is not the ſame kind of authority.

Inſtructions therefore to be learned from hiſtories of this nature, are only ſuch as ariſe from particulars agreeable to all communities, or from ſuch as are common to our own conſtitution, and to that of which we read. A tenacious adherence to the rights and liberties tranſmitted from a wiſe and virtuous anceſtry, public ſpirit and a love of one's country, ſubmiſſion to eſtabliſhed laws, impartial adminiſtrations of juſtice, a ſtrict regard to national faith, with ſeveral other duties, which are the ſupports and ornaments of government in general, cannot be too much admired among the States of *Greece* and *Rome,* nor too much imitated by our own community.

But there is nothing more abſurd, than for men, who are converſant in theſe ancient authors, to contract ſuch a prejudice in favor of *Greeks* and *Romans,* as to fancy we are in the wrong in every circumſtance whereby we deviate from their moral or political conduct. Yet nothing hath been more uſual, than for men of warm heads to refine themſelves up into this kind of State Pedantry: like the country ſchoolmaſter, who, being uſed for many years to admire *Jupiter, Mars, Bacchus,* and *Apollo,* that appear with ſo much advantage in claſſic authors, made an attempt to revive the worſhip of the heathen gods. In ſhort, we find many worthy Gentlemen, whoſe brains have been as much turned by this kind of reading, as the grave Knight's of *Mancha* were by his unwearied application to books of Knight-errantry.

To prevent ſuch miſchiefs from ariſing out of ſtudies, which, when rightly conducted, may turn very much to our advantage, I ſhall venture to aſſert, that in our peruſal of *Greek* or *Roman* authors, it is impoſſible to find a religious or civil conſtitution, any way comparable to that which we enjoy in our own country. Had not our religion been infinitely preferable to that of the ancient heathens, it would never have made its way through Paganiſm, with that amazing progreſs and activity. Its victories were the victories of reaſon unaſſiſted by the force of human power, and as gentle as the triumphs of light over darkneſs. The ſudden reformation which it made among mankind, and which was ſo juſtly and frequently boaſted of by the firſt apologiſts for

for Chriſtianity, ſhews how infinitely preferable it is to any ſyſtem of religion, that prevailed in the world before its appearance. This pre-eminence of Chriſtianity to any other general religious ſcheme, which preceded it, appears likewiſe from this particular, that the moſt eminent and the moſt enlightened among the Pagan philoſophers, diſclaimed many of thoſe ſuperſtitious follies, which are condemned by revealed religion, and preached up ſeveral of thoſe doctrines which are ſome of the moſt eſſential parts of it.

And here I cannot but take notice of that ſtrange motive which is made uſe of in the hiſtory of free-thinking, to incline us to depart from the revealed doctrines of Chriſtianity, as adhered to by the people of *Great Britain,* becauſe *Socrates,* with ſeveral other eminent *Greeks*, and *Cicero,* with many other learned *Romans*, did in the like manner depart from the religious notions of their own countrymen. Now this author ſhould have conſidered, that thoſe very points, in which theſe wiſe men diſagreed from the bulk of the people, are points in which they agreed with the received doctrines of our nation. Their free-thinking conſiſted in aſſerting the unity and immateriality of the Godhead, the immortality of the Soul, a ſtate of future rewards and puniſhments, and the neceſſity of virtue, excluſive of all ſilly and ſuperſtitious practices, to procure the happineſs of a ſeparate ſtate. They were therefore only free-thinkers, ſo far forth as they approached to the doctrines of Chriſtianity, that is, to thoſe very doctrines which this kind of authors would perſuade us, as free-thinkers, to doubt the truth of. Now I would appeal to any reaſonable perſon, whether theſe great men ſhould not have been propoſed to our imitation, rather as they embraced theſe divine truths, than only upon the account of their breaking looſe from the common notions of their fellow citizens. But this would diſappoint the general tendency of ſuch writings.

I ſhall only add under this head, that as Chriſtianity recovered the law of nature out of all thoſe errors and corruptions, with which it was overgrown in the times of Paganiſm, our national religion has reſtored Chriſtianity itſelf to that purity and ſimplicity in which it appeared, before it was gradually diſguiſed and loſt among the vanities and ſuperſtitions of the *Romiſh* Church.

That our civil conſtitution is preferable to any among the *Greeks* or *Romans,* may appear from this ſingle conſideration; that the greateſt theoriſts in matters of this nature, among thoſe very people, have given the preference to ſuch a form of government, as that which obtains in this kingdom, above any other form whatſoever. I ſhall mention *Ariſtotle, Polybius* and *Cicero,* that is, the greateſt Philoſopher, the moſt impartial Hiſtorian, and the moſt

moſt conſummate Stateſman of all antiquiiy. Theſe famous authors give the pre-eminence to a mixed government conſiſting of three branches, the regal, the noble and the popular. It would be very eaſy to prove, not only the reaſonableneſs of this poſition, but to ſhew, that there was never any conſtitution among the *Greeks* or *Romans*, in which theſe three branches were ſo well diſtinguiſhed from each other, inveſted with ſuch ſuitable proportions of power, and concurred together in the legiſlature, that is, in the moſt ſovereign acts of government, with ſuch a neceſſary conſent and harmony, as are to be met with in the conſtitution of this kingdom. But I have obſerved, in a foregoing paper, how defective the *Roman* commonwealth was in this particular, when compared with our own form of government; and it will not be difficult for the Reader, upon ſingling out any other ancient ſtate, to find how far it will ſuffer in the parallel.

N° 52. *Monday, June* 18.

An tu populum Romanum eſſe illum putas qui conſtat ex iis, qui mercede conducuntur? qui impelluntur, ut vim afferant magiſtratibus? ut obſideant ſenatum? optent quotidiè cædem, incendia, rapinas? quem tu tamen populum, niſi tabernis clauſis, frequentare non poteras: cui populo duces Lentidios, Lollios, Sergios, præfeceras. O ſpeciem, dignitatemque populi Romani, quam Reges, quam nationes exteræ, quam gentes ultimæ pertimeſcunt; multitudinem hominum ex ſervis conductis, ex facinoroſis, ex egentibus congregatam! Cicero.

THERE is in all governments a certain temper of mind, natural to the patriots and lovers of their conſtitution, which may be called State Jealouſy. It is this which makes them apprehenſive of every tendency in the people, or in any particular member of the community, to endanger or diſturb that form of rule, which is eſtabliſhed by the laws and cuſtoms of their country. This political jealouſy is abſolutely requiſite in ſome degree for the preſervation of a government, and very reaſonable in perſons who are perſuaded of the excellency of their conſtitution, and believe that they derive from it the moſt valuable bleſſings of ſociety.

This public-ſpirited paſſion is more ſtrong and active under ſome governments, than others. The commonwealth of *Venice*, which hath ſubſiſted by it

it for near fourteen hundred years, is ſo jealous of all its members, that it keeps continual ſpies upon their actions; and if any one of them preſume to cenſure the eſtabliſhed plan of that republic, or touch upon any of its fundamentals, he is brought before a ſecret council of ſtate, tried in a moſt rigorous manner, and put to death without mercy. The uſual way of proceeding with perſons who diſcover themſelves unſatisfied with the title of their Sovereign in deſpotic governments, is to confine the malecontent, if his crimes are not capital, to ſome caſtle or dungeon for life. There is indeed no conſtitution, ſo tame and careleſs of their own defence, where any perſon dares to give the leaſt ſign or intimation of being a traitor in his heart. Our *Engliſh* hiſtory furniſhes us with many examples of great ſeverities during the diſputes between the houſes of *York* and *Lancaſter,* inflicted on ſuch perſons as ſhewed their diſaffection to the Prince who was on the throne. Every one knows, that a factious inn-keeper, in the reign of *Henry* the Seventh, was hanged, drawn, and quartered, for a ſaucy pun, which reflected, in a very dark and diſtant manner, upon the title of that Prince to the crown. I do not mention the practice of other governments, as what ſhould be imitated in ours, which, God be thanked, affords us all the reaſonable liberty of ſpeech and action, ſuited to a free people; nor do I take notice of this laſt inſtance of ſeverity in our own country, to juſtify ſuch a proceeding, but only to diſplay the mildneſs and forbearance made uſe of under the reign of his preſent Majeſty. It may, however, turn to the advantage of thoſe who have been inſtrumental in ſtirring up the late tumults and ſeditions among the people, to conſider the treatment which ſuch a lawleſs ungoverned rabble would have met with in any other country, and under any other Sovereign.

Theſe incendiaries have had the art to work up into the moſt unnatural ferments, the moſt heavy and ſtupid part of the community; and if I may uſe a fine ſaying of *Terence* upon another occaſion, *to convert fools into madmen.* This phrenſy hath been raiſed among them to ſuch a degree, that it has lately diſcovered itſelf in a ſedition which is without a parallel. They have had the fool-hardineſs to ſet a mark upon themſelves on the *Pretender*'s birthday, as the declared friends to his cauſe, and profeſſed enemies to their King and country. How fatal would ſuch a diſtinction, of which every one knew the meaning, have proved in former reigns, when many a circumſtance of leſs ſignificancy has been conſtrued into an overt-act of high-treaſon! This unexampled piece of inſolence will appear under its juſt aggravations, if we conſider in the firſt place, that it was aimed perſonally at the King.

I do not remember among any of our popular commotions, when marks of this nature have been in faſhion, that either ſide were ſo void of common ſenſe,

ſenſe, as to intimate by them an averſion to their Sovereign. His perſon was ſtill held as ſacred by both parties. The contention was not who ſhould be the Monarch over them, but whoſe ſcheme of policy ſhould take place in his adminiſtration. This was the conduct of Whigs and Tories under King *Charles* the Second's reign, when men hung out their principles in different colored ribbons. Nay, in the times of the great rebellion, the avowed diſaffection of the people always terminated in evil counſellors. Such an open outrage upon Majeſty, ſuch an oſtentation of diſloyalty, was reſerved for that infamous rabble of *Engliſhmen,* who may be juſtly looked upon as the ſcandal of the preſent age, and the moſt ſhameleſs and abandoned race of men that our nation has yet produced.

In the next place. It is very peculiar to this mob of malecontents, that they did not only diſtinguiſh themſelves againſt their King, but againſt a King poſſeſſed of all the power of the nation, and one who had ſo very lately cruſhed all thoſe of the ſame principles, that had bravery enough to avow them in the field of battle. Whenever was there an inſtance of a King who was not contemptible for his weakneſs, and want of power to reſent, inſulted by a few of his unarmed daſtard ſubjects?

It is plain, from this ſingle conſideration, that ſuch a baſe ungenerous race of men could rely upon nothing for their own ſafety in this affront to his Majeſty, but the known gentleneſs and lenity of his government. Inſtead of being deterred by knowing that he had in his hands the power to puniſh them, they were encouraged by knowing that he had not the inclination. In a word, they preſumed upon that mercy, which in all their converſations they endeavour to depreciate and miſrepreſent.

It is a very ſenſible concern to every one, who has a true and unfeigned reſpect for our national religion, to hear theſe vile miſcreants calling themſelves ſons of the Church of *England,* amidſt ſuch impious tumults and diſorders; and joining in the cry of High-church, at the ſame time that they wear a badge, which implies their inclination to deſtroy the reformed religion. Their concern for the church always riſes higheſt, when they are acting in direct oppoſition to its doctrines. Our ſtreets are filled at the ſame time with zeal and drunkenneſs, riots and religion. We muſt confeſs, if noiſe and clamor, ſlander and calumny, treaſon and perjury, were articles of their communion, there would be none living more punctual in the performance of their duties; but if a peaceable behaviour, a love of truth, and a ſubmiſſion to ſuperiors, are the genuine marks of our profeſſion, we ought to be very heartily aſhamed of ſuch a profligate brotherhood. Or if we will ſtill think and own theſe men to be true ſons of the Church of *England,* I dare ſay there

there is no church in *Europe* which will envy her the glory of ſuch diſciples. But it is to be hoped we are not ſo fond of party, as to look upon a man, becauſe he is a bad chriſtian, to be a good Church of *England* man.

N° 53. *Friday, June* 22.

——— *Bellua Centiceps.* Hor.

THERE is ſcarce any man in *England*, of what denomination ſoever, that is not a Free-thinker in politics, and hath not ſome particular notions of his own, by which he diſtinguiſhes himſelf from the reſt of the community. Our iſland, which was formerly called a nation of ſaints, may now be called a nation of ſtateſmen. Almoſt every age, profeſſion, and ſex among us, has its favorite ſet of miniſters, and ſcheme of government.

Our children are initiated into factions before they know their right hand from their left. They no ſooner begin to ſpeak, but Whig and Tory are the firſt words they learn. They are taught in their infancy to hate one half of the nation; and contract all the virulence and paſſion of a party, before they come to the uſe of their reaſon.

As for our nobility, they are politicians by birth; and though the commons of the nation delegate their power in the community to certain repreſentatives, every one reſerves to himſelf a private juriſdiction, or privilege, of cenſuring their conduct, and rectifying the legiſlature. There is ſcarce a freſh-man in either univerſity, who is not able to mend the conſtitution in ſeveral particulars. We ſee 'ſquires and yeomen coming up to town every day, ſo full of politics, that, to uſe the thought of an ingenious gentleman, we are frequently put in mind of *Roman* Dictators, who were called from the plough. I have often heard of a ſenior alderman in *Buckinghamſhire,* who, at all public meetings, grows drunk in praiſe of ariſtocracy, and is as often encountered by an old juſtice of the peace who lives in the neighbourhood, and will talk you from morning till night on the *Gothic* balance. Who hath not obſerved ſeveral pariſh clerks, that have ranſacked *Hopkins* and *Sternhold,* for ſtaves in favor of the race of *Jacob;* after the example of their politic predeceſſors in *Oliver*'s days, who on every ſabbath were for binding kings in chains, and nobles in links of iron! You can ſcarce ſee

a bench of porters without two or three caſuiſts in it, that will ſettle you the right of princes, and ſtate the bounds of the civil and eccleſiaſtical power, in the drinking of a pot of ale. What is more uſual, than on a rejoicing night to meet with a drunken cobler bawling out for the church, and perhaps knocked down a little after, by an enemy in his own profeſſion, who is a lover of moderation?

We have taken notice in former papers of this political ferment being got into the female ſex, and of the wild work it makes among them. We have had a late moſt remarkable inſtance of it in the conteſt between a ſiſter of the *White Roſe,* and a beautiful and loyal young Lady, who, to ſhew her zeal for Revolution principles, had adorned her pretty boſom with a *Sweet William.* The rabble of the ſex have not been aſhamed very lately to gather about bonfires, and to ſcream out their principles in the public ſtreets. In ſhort, there is hardly a female in this our metropolis, who is not a competent judge of our higheſt controverſies in church and ſtate. We have ſeveral oiſter-women that hold the unlawfulneſs of epiſcopacy; and cinder-wenches that are great ſticklers for indefeaſible right.

Of all the ways and means by which this political humor hath been propagated among the people of *Great Britain,* I cannot ſingle out any ſo prevalent and univerſal, as the late conſtant application of the preſs to the publiſhing of ſtate-matters. We hear of ſeveral that are newly erected in the country, and ſet apart for this particular uſe. For, it ſeems, the people of *Exeter, Saliſbury,* and other large towns, are reſolved to be as great politicians as the inhabitants of *London* and *Weſtminſter;* and deal out ſuch news of their own printing, as is beſt ſuited to the genius of the market-people, and the taſte of the country.

One cannot but be ſorry, for the ſake of theſe places, that ſuch a pernicious machine is erected among them; for it is very well known here, that the making of the politician is the breaking of the tradeſman. When a citizen turns a *Machiavel,* he grows too cunning to mind his own buſineſs; and I have heard a curious obſervation, that the woollen manufacture has of late years decayed in proportion as the paper manufacture has increaſed. Whether the one may not properly be looked upon as the occaſion of the other, I ſhall leave to the judgment of perſons more profound in political enquiries.

As our news-writers record many facts, which, to uſe their own phraſe, *afford great matter of ſpeculation,* their Readers ſpeculate accordingly, and by their variety of conjectures, in a few years become conſummate ſtateſmen; beſides, as their papers are filled with a different party ſpirit, they naturally divide the people into different ſentiments, who generally conſider rather the principles,

principles, than the truth of the news-writer. This humor prevails to ſuch a degree, that there are ſeveral well-meaning perſons in the nation, who have been ſo miſled by their favorite authors of this kind, that in the preſent contention between the *Turk* and the Emperor, they are gone over inſenſibly from the intereſts of chriſtianity, and become well-wiſhers to the *Mahometan* cauſe. In a word, almoſt every news-writer has his ſect, which (conſidering the natural genius of our countrymen to mix, vary, or refine in notions of ſtate) furniſhes every man, by degrees, with a particular ſyſtem of policy. For, however any one may concur in the general ſcheme of his party, it is ſtill with certain reſerves and deviations, and with a ſalvo to his own private judgment.

Among this innumerable herd of politicians, I cannot but take notice of one ſet, who do not ſeem to play fair with the reſt of the fraternity, and make a very conſiderable claſs of men. Theſe are ſuch as we may call the *Afterwiſe*, who, when any project fails, or hath not had its deſired effect, foreſaw all the inconveniencies that would ariſe from it, though they kept their thoughts to themſelves till they diſcovered the iſſue. Nay, there is nothing more uſual than for ſome of theſe wiſe men, who applauded public meaſures, before they were put in execution, to condemn them upon their proving unſucceſsful. The dictators in Coffee-houſes are generally of this rank, who often give ſhrewd intimations that things would have taken another turn, had they been members of the cabinet.

How difficult muſt it be for any form of government to continue undiſturbed, or any ruler to live uncenſured, where every one of the community is thus qualified for modelling the conſtitution, and is ſo good a judge in matters of ſtate! A famous *French* wit, to ſhew how the Monarch of that nation, who has no partners in his ſovereignty, is better able to make his way through all the difficulties of government, than an Emperor of *Germany*, who acts in concert with many inferior fellow ſovereigns; compares the firſt to a ſerpent with many tails to one head; and the other to a ſerpent with one tail to many heads; and puts the queſtion, which of them is like to glide with moſt eaſe and activity through a thicket? The ſame compariſon will hold in the buſineſs of a nation conducted by a miniſtry, or a whole kingdom of politicians.

N° 54. *Monday, June* 25.

——— *Tu, niſi ventis*
Debes ludibrium, cave.
Nuper ſollicitum quæ mihi tædium,
Nunc deſiderium, curaque non levis. Hor.

THE general diviſion of the *Britiſh* nation is into Whigs and Tories, there being very few, if any, who ſtand neuters in the diſpute, without ranging themſelves under one of theſe denominations. One would therefore be apt to think, that every member of the community, who embraces with vehemence the principles of either of theſe parties, had thoroughly ſifted and examined them, and was ſecretly convinced of their preference to thoſe of that party which he rejects. And yet is certain, that moſt of our fellow ſubjects are guided in this particular, either by the prejudice of education, private intereſt, perſonal friendſhips, or a deference to the judgment of thoſe, who perhaps in their own hearts diſapprove the opinions which they induſtriouſly ſpread among the multitude. Nay, there is nothing more undoubtedly true, than that great numbers of one ſide concur in reality with the notions of thoſe whom they oppoſe, were they able to explain their implicit ſentiments, and to tell their own meaning.

However, as it becomes every reaſonable man to examine thoſe principles by which he acts, I ſhall in this paper ſelect ſome conſiderations, out of many, that might be inſiſted on, to ſhew the preference of what is generally called the Whig-ſcheme, to that which is eſpouſed by the Tories.

This will appear in the firſt place, if we reflect upon the tendency of their reſpective principles, ſuppoſing them carried to their utmoſt extremity. For, if in this caſe, the worſt conſequences of the one are more eligible than the worſt conſequences of the other, it is a plain argument, that thoſe principles are the moſt eligible of the two, whoſe effects are the leaſt pernicious. Now the tendency of theſe two different ſets of principles, as they are charged upon each party by its antagoniſts, is as follows. The Tories tell us, that the Whig-ſcheme would end in preſbyterianiſm and a commonwealth. The Whigs tell us, on the other ſide, that the Tory-ſcheme would terminate in popery and arbitrary government. Were theſe reproaches

proaches mutually true; which would be moſt preferable to any man of common ſenſe, preſbyterianiſm and a republican form of government, or popery and tyranny? Both extremes are indeed dreadful, but not equally ſo; both to be regarded with the utmoſt averſion by the friends of our conſtitution, and lovers of our country: but if one of them were inevitable, who would not rather chooſe to live under a ſtate of exceſſive liberty, than of ſlavery, and not prefer a religion that differs from our own in the circumſtantials, before one that differs from it in the eſſentials of chriſtianity!

Secondly, Let us look into the hiſtory of *England*, and ſee under which of theſe two ſchemes the nation hath enjoyed moſt honor and proſperity. If we obſerve the reigns of Queen *Elizabeth* and King *James* the firſt (which an impudent *Frenchman* calls the reigns of King *Elizabeth* and Queen *James)* we find the Whig-ſcheme took place under the firſt, and the Tory-ſcheme under the latter. The firſt, in whom the Whigs have always gloried, oppoſed and humbled the moſt powerful among the *Roman* Catholic Princes; raiſed and ſupported the *Dutch;* aſſiſted the *French* proteſtants; and made the reformed religion an over-balance for popery through all *Europe.* On the contrary, her ſucceſſor aggrandiſed the Catholic King; alienated himſelf from the *Dutch;* ſuffered the *French* power to increaſe, till it was too late to remedy it; and abandoned the intereſts of the King of *Bohemia,* grandfather to his preſent Majeſty, which might have ſpread the reformed religion through all *Germany.* I need not deſcribe to the Reader the different ſtate of the kingdom, as to its reputation, trade, and wealth, under theſe two reigns. We might, after this, compare the figure in which theſe kingdoms, and the whole proteſtant intereſt of *Europe,* were placed by the conduct of King *Charles* the Second, and that of King *William;* and every one knows which of the ſchemes prevailed in each of thoſe reigns. I ſhall not impute to any Tory-ſcheme the adminiſtration of King *James* the ſecond, on condition that they do not reproach the Whigs with the uſurpation of *Oliver;* as being ſatisfied that the principles of thoſe governments are reſpectively diſclaimed and abhorred by all the men of ſenſe and virtue in both parties, as they now ſtand. But we have a freſh inſtance which will be remembered with grief by the preſent age and all our poſterity, of the influence both of Whig and Tory principles in the late reign. Was *England* ever ſo glorious in the eyes of *Europe,* as in that part of it, when the firſt prevailed? or was it ever more contemptible than when the laſt took place?

I ſhall add, under this head, the preference of the Whig-ſcheme, with regard to foreigners. All the proteſtant ſtates of *Europe*, who may be conſidered as neutral judges between both parties, and are well-wiſhers to us in general, as to a Proteſtant people, rejoice upon the ſucceſs of a Whig-ſcheme; whilſt

whilſt all of the church of *Rome*, who contemn, hate and deteſt us as the great bulwark of hereſy, are as much pleaſed when the oppoſite party triumphs in its turn. And here let any impartial man put this queſtion to his own heart, whether that party doth not act reaſonably, who look upon the *Dutch* as their genuine friends and allies, conſidering that they are of the reformed religion, that they have aſſiſted us in the greateſt times of neceſſity, and that they can never entertain a thought of reducing us under their power. Or, on the other hand, let him conſider whether that party acts with more reaſon, who are the avowed friends of a nation, that are of the *Roman* Catholic religion, that have cruelly perſecuted our brethren of the reformation, that have made attempts in all ages to conquer this iſland, and ſupported the intereſt of that Prince, who abdicated the throne, and had endeavoured to ſubvert our civil and religious liberties.

Thirdly, let us compare theſe two ſchemes from the effects they produce among ourſelves within our own iſland; and theſe we may conſider, firſt, with regard to the King, and ſecondly, with regard to the people.

Firſt, With regard to the King. The Whigs have always profeſſed and practiſed an obedience which they conceive agreeable to the conſtitution; whereas the Tories have concurred with the Whigs in their practice, though they differ from them in their profeſſions; and have avowed a principle of paſſive-obedience, to the temptation, and afterwards to the deſtruction of thoſe who have relied upon it. Nor muſt I here omit to take notice of that firm and zealous adherence which the Whig party have ſhewn to the proteſtant ſucceſſion, and to the cauſe of his preſent Majeſty. I have never heard of any in this principle, who was either guilty or ſuſpected of meaſures to defeat this eſtabliſhment, or to overturn it, ſince it has taken effect. A conſideration, which, it is hoped, may put to ſilence thoſe who upbraid the Whig-ſchemes of government, with an inclination to a commonwealth, or a diſaffection to Kings.

Secondly, With regard to the people. Every one muſt own that thoſe laws which have moſt conduced to the eaſe and happineſs of the ſubject, have always paſſed in thoſe parliaments, which their enemies branded with the name of Whig, and during the time of a Whig miniſtry. And what is very remarkable, the Tories are now forced to have recourſe to thoſe laws for ſhelter and protection: by which they tacitly do honor to the Whig-ſcheme, and own it more accommodated to the happineſs of the people, than that which they eſpouſe.

I hope I need not qualify theſe remarks with a ſuppoſition which I have gone upon through the whole courſe of my papers, that I am far from conſidering a great part of thoſe who call themſelves Tories, as enemies to the preſent

preſent eſtabliſhment; and that by the Whigs I always mean thoſe who are friends to our conſtitution both in church and ſtate. As we may look upon theſe to be, in the main, true lovers of their religion and country, they ſeem rather to be divided by accidental friendſhips and circumſtances, than by any eſſential diſtinction.

N° 55. *Friday, June* 29.

——*cæſtus artemque repono.* Virg.

A Riſing of parliament being a kind of ceſſation from politics, the *Free-holder* cannot let his paper drop at a more proper juncture. I would not be acceſſary to the continuing of our political ferment, when occaſions of diſpute are not adminiſtered to us by matters depending before the legiſlature; and when debates without doors naturally fall with thoſe in the two houſes of parliament. At the ſame time a *Britiſh* Free-holder would very ill diſcharge his part, if he did not acknowledge, with becoming duty and gratitude, the excellency and ſeaſonableneſs of thoſe laws, by which the repreſentatives of men in his rank have recovered their country in a great meaſure out of its confuſions, and provided for its future peace and happineſs under the preſent eſtabliſhment. Their unanimous and regular proceeding, under the conduct of that honorable perſon who fills their chair with the moſt conſummate abilities, and hath juſtly gained the eſteem of all ſides by the impartiality of his behaviour; the abſolute neceſſity of ſome acts which they have paſſed, and their diſ-inclination to extend them any longer, than that neceſſity required; their manifeſt averſion to enter upon ſchemes, which the enemies of our peace had inſinuated to have been their deſign; together with that temper ſo ſuitable to the dignity of ſuch an aſſembly, at a juncture when it might have been expected that very unuſual heats would have ariſen in a Houſe of Commons, ſo zealous for their King and country; will be ſufficient to quiet thoſe groundleſs jealouſies and ſuſpicions, which have been induſtriouſly propagated by the ill-wiſhers to our conſtitution.

The undertaking, which I am now laying down, was entered upon in the very criſis of the late rebellion, when it was the duty of every *Briton* to contri-

contribute his utmoſt aſſiſtance to the government, in a manner ſuitable to his ſtation and abilities. All ſervices which had a tendency to this end, had a degree of merit in them, in proportion as the event of that cauſe which they eſpouſed was then doubtful. But at preſent they might be regarded, not as duties of private men to their endangered country, but as inſults of the ſucceſsful over their defeated enemies.

Our nation indeed continues to be agitated with confuſions and tumults; but, God be thanked, theſe are only the impotent remains of an unnatural rebellion, and are no more than the after-toſſings of a ſea when the ſtorm is laid. The enemies of his preſent Majeſty, inſtead of ſeeing him driven from his throne, as they vainly hoped, find him in a condition to viſit his dominions in *Germany,* without any danger to himſelf or to the public; whilſt his dutiful ſubjects would be in no ordinary concern upon this occaſion, had they not the conſolation to find themſelves left under the protection of a Prince, who makes it his ambition to copy out his Royal father's example; and who, by his duty to his Majeſty and affection to his people, is ſo well qualified to be the guardian of the realm.

It would not be difficult to continue a paper of this kind, if one were diſpoſed to reſume the ſame ſubjects, and weary out the Reader with the ſame thoughts in a different phraſe, or to ramble through the cauſe of Whig and Tory without any certain aim or method, in every particular diſcourſe. Such a practice in political writers, is like that of ſome preachers taken notice of by Dr. *South,* who being prepared only upon two or three points of doctrine, run the ſame round with their audience, from one end of the year to the other, and are always forced to tell them, by way of preface, Theſe are particulars of ſo great importance, that they cannot be ſufficiently *inculcated.* To avoid this method of tautology, I have endeavoured to make every paper a diſtinct eſſay upon ſome particular ſubject, without deviating into points foreign to the tenor of each diſcourſe. They are indeed moſt of them eſſays upon government, but with a view to the preſent ſituation of affairs in *Great Britain;* ſo that if they have the good fortune to live longer than works of this nature generally do, future readers may ſee in them, the complexion of the times in which they were written. However, as there is no employment ſo irkſome, as that of tranſcribing out of one's ſelf, next to that of tranſcribing out of others, I ſhall let drop the work, ſince there do not occur to me any material points ariſing from our preſent ſituation, which I have not already touched upon.

As

As to the reaſonings in theſe ſeveral papers, I muſt leave them to the judgment of others. I have taken particular care that they ſhould be conformable to our conſtitution, and free from that mixture of violence and paſſion, which ſo often creeps into the works of political writers. A good cauſe doth not want any bitterneſs to ſupport it, as a bad one cannot ſubſiſt without it. It is indeed obſervable, that an author is ſcurrilous in proportion as he is dull; and ſeems rather to be in a paſſion, becauſe he cannot find out what to ſay for his own opinion, than becauſe he has diſcovered any pernicious abſurdities in that of his antagoniſts. A man ſatiriſed by writers of this claſs, is like one burnt in the hand with a cold iron: there may be ignominious terms and words of infamy in the ſtamp, but they leave no impreſſion behind them.

It would indeed have been an unpardonable inſolence for a fellow ſubject to treat in a vindictive and cruel ſtyle, thoſe perſons whom his Majeſty has endeavoured to reduce to obedience by *gentle methods,* which he has declared from the throne to be *moſt agreeable to his inclinations.* May we not hope that all of this kind, who have the leaſt ſentiments of honor or gratitude, will be won over to their duty by ſo many inſtances of Royal clemency, in the midſt of ſo many repeated provocations! May we not expect that *Cicero*'s words to *Cæſar*, in which he ſpeaks of thoſe who were *Cæſar*'s enemies, and of his conduct towards them, may be applied to his Majeſty; *Omnes enim qui fuerunt, aut ſuâ pertinaciâ vitam amiſerunt, aut tuâ miſericordiâ retinuerunt; ut aut nulli ſuperſint de inimicis, aut qui ſuperfuerunt, amiciſſimi ſint.——Quare gaude tuo iſto tam excellenti bono, et fruere cum fortunâ et gloriâ, tum etiam naturâ, et moribus tuis. Ex quo quidem maximus eſt fructus, jucunditaſque ſapienti——Nihil habet nec fortuna tua majus, quàm ut poſſis, nec natura tua melius, quàm ut velis, quamplurimos conſervare.*

As for thoſe papers of a gayer turn, which may be met with in this collection, my Reader will of himſelf, conſider how requiſite they are to gain and keep up an audience to matters of this nature; and will perhaps be the more indulgent to them, if he obſerves, that they are none of them without a moral, nor contain any thing but what is conſiſtent with decency and good manners.

It is obvious that the deſign of the whole work has been to free the people's minds from thoſe prejudices conveyed into them, by the enemies to the preſent eſtabliſhment, againſt the King and Royal Family, by opening and explaining their real characters; to ſet forth his Majeſty's proceedings, which have been very groſly miſrepreſented, in a fair and impartial light; to ſhew the reaſonableneſs and neceſſity of our oppoſing the Pretender to his dominions, if we have any regard to our religion and liberties: and, in

a word, to incline the minds of the people to the deſire and enjoyment of their own happineſs. There is no queſtion, humanly ſpeaking, but theſe great ends will be brought about inſenſibly, as men will grow weary of a fruitleſs oppoſition; and be convinced by experience, of a neceſſity to acquieſce under a government which daily gathers ſtrength, and is able to diſappoint the utmoſt efforts of its enemies. In the mean while, I would recommend to our malecontents, the advice given by a great moraliſt to his friend upon another occaſion; that he would ſhew it was in the power of wiſdom to compoſe his paſſions; and let that be the work of reaſon which would certainly be the effect of time.

I ſhall only add, that if any writer ſhall do this paper ſo much honor, as to inſcribe the title of it to others, which may be publiſhed upon the laying down of this work; the whole praiſe or diſpraiſe of ſuch a performance, will belong to ſome other author; this fifty fifth being the laſt paper that will come from the hand of the *Free-holder*.

OF

OF THE

CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

SECTION I.

I. *General diviſion of the following diſcourſe, with regard to* Pagan *and* Jewiſh *authors, who mention particulars relating to our Saviour.*
II. *Not probable that any ſuch ſhould be mentioned by* Pagan *writers who lived at the ſame time, from the nature of ſuch tranſactions:*
III. *Eſpecially when related by the* Jews:
IV. *And heard at a diſtance by thoſe who pretended to as great miracles of their own.*
V. *Beſides that, no* Pagan *writers of that age lived in* Judæa *or its confines.*
VI. *And becauſe many books of that age are loſt.*
VII. *An inſtance of one record proved authentic.*
VIII. *A ſecond record of probable, though not undoubted, authority.*

THAT I may lay before you a full ſtate of the ſubject under our conſideration, and methodiſe the ſeveral particulars that I touched upon in diſcourſe with you; I ſhall firſt take notice of ſuch *Pagan* authors, as have given their teſtimony to the hiſtory of our Saviour; reduce theſe authors under their reſpective claſſes, and ſhew what authority their teſtimonies carry with them. Secondly, I ſhall take notice of *Jewiſh* authors in the ſame light.

II. There are many reaſons, why you ſhould not expect that matters of ſuch a wonderful nature ſhould be taken notice of by thoſe eminent *Pagan* writers

ters, who were contemporaries with *Jeſus Chriſt,* or by thoſe who lived before his diſciples had perſonally appeared among them, and aſcertained the report which had gone abroad concerning a life ſo full of miracles.

Suppoſing ſuch things had happened at this day in *Switzerland,* or among the *Griſons,* who make a greater figure in *Europe* than *Judæa* did in the *Roman* Empire, would they be immediately believed by thoſe who live at a great diſtance from them? or would any certain account of them be tranſmitted into foreign countries, within ſo ſhort a ſpace of time as that of our Saviour's public miniſtry? Such kinds of news, though never ſo true, ſeldom gain credit, till ſome time after they are tranſacted and expoſed to the examination of the curious, who by laying together circumſtances, atteſtations, and characters of thoſe who are concerned in them, either receive or reject what at firſt none but eye-witneſſes could abſolutely believe or diſbelieve. In a caſe of this ſort, it was natural for men of ſenſe and learning to treat the whole account as fabulous, or at fartheſt to ſuſpend their belief of it, until all things ſtood together in their full light.

III. Beſides, the *Jews* were branded not only for ſuperſtitions different from all the religions of the *Pagan* world, but in a particular manner ridiculed for being a credulous people; ſo that whatever reports of ſuch a nature came out of that country, were looked upon by the heathen world as falſe, frivolous, and improbable.

IV. We may further obſerve, that the ordinary practice of magic in thoſe times, with the many pretended prodigies, divinations, apparitions, and local miracles among the Heathens, made them leſs attentive to ſuch news from *Judæa,* till they had time to conſider the nature, the occaſion, and the end of our Saviour's miracles, and were awakened by many ſurpriſing events to allow them any conſideration at all.

V. We are indeed told by St. *Matthew,* that the fame of our Saviour during his life, went throughout all *Syria,* and that there followed him great multitudes of people from *Galilee, Judæa, Decapolis, Idumæa,* from beyond *Jordan,* and from *Tyre* and *Sidon.* Now had there been any hiſtorians of thoſe times and places, we might have expected to have ſeen in them ſome account of thoſe wonderful tranſactions in *Judæa;* but there is not any ſingle author extant, in any kind, of that age, in any of thoſe countries.

VI. How many books have periſhed in which poſſibly there might have been mention of our Saviour? Look among the *Romans,* how few of their writings are come down to our times? In the ſpace of two hundred years from our Saviour's birth, when there was ſuch a multitude of writers in all kinds, how ſmall is the number of authors that have made their way to the preſent age?

VII. One

VII. One authentic record, and that the moſt authentic heathen record, we are pretty ſure is loſt. I mean the account ſent by the Governor of *Judæa*, under whom our Saviour was judged, condemned, and crucified. It was the cuſtom in the *Roman* empire, as it is to this day in all the governments of the world, for the præfects and viceroys of diſtant provinces to tranſmit to their Sovereign a ſummary relation of every thing remarkable in their adminiſtration. That *Pontius Pilate*, in his account, would have touched on ſo extraordinary an event in *Judæa*, is not to be doubted; and that he actually did, we learn from *Juſtin Martyr*, who lived about a hundred years after our Saviour's death, reſided, made converts, and ſuffered martyrdom at *Rome*, where he was engaged with philoſophers, and in a particular manner with *Creſcens* the *Cynic*, who could eaſily have detected, and would not fail to have expoſed him, had he quoted a record not in being, or made any falſe citation out of it. Would the great apologiſt have challenged *Creſcens* to diſpute the cauſe of Chriſtianity with him before the *Roman* Senate, had he forged ſuch an evidence? or would *Creſcens* have refuſed the challenge, could he have triumphed over him in the detection of ſuch a forgery? To which we muſt add, that the apology, which appeals to this record, was preſented to a learned Emperor, and to the whole body of the *Roman* Senate. This father in his apology, ſpeaking of the death and ſuffering of our Saviour, refers the Emperor for the truth of what he ſays to the acts of *Pontius Pilate*, which I have here mentioned. *Tertullian*, who wrote his apology about fifty years after *Juſtin*, doubtleſs referred to the ſame record, when he tells the Governor of *Rome*, that the Emperor *Tiberius* having received an account out of *Paleſtine* in *Syria* of the Divine Perſon, who had appeared in that country, paid him a particular regard, and threatened to puniſh any who ſhould accuſe the chriſtians; nay, that the Emperor would have adopted him among the deities whom they worſhipped, had not the Senate refuſed to come into his propoſal. *Tertullian*, who gives us this hiſtory, was not only one of the moſt learned men of his age, but, what adds a greater weight to his authority in this caſe, was eminently ſkilful and well read in the laws of the *Roman* empire. Nor can it be ſaid, that *Tertullian* grounded his quotation upon the authority of *Juſtin Martyr*, becauſe we find he mixes it with matters of fact which are not related by that author. *Euſebius* mentions the ſame ancient record, but as it was not extant in his time, I ſhall not inſiſt upon his authority in this point. If it be objected that this particular is not mentioned in any *Roman* hiſtorian, I ſhall uſe the ſame argument in a parallel caſe, and ſee whether it will carry any force with it. *Ulpian* the great *Roman* lawyer gathered together all the imperial edicts that had been made againſt the chriſtians.

chriſtians. But did any one ever ſay that there had been no ſuch edicts, becauſe they were not mentioned in the hiſtories of thoſe Emperors? Beſides, who knows but this circumſtance of *Tiberius* was mentioned in other hiſtorians that have been loſt, though not to be found in any ſtill extant? Has not *Suetonius* many particulars of this Emperor omitted by *Tacitus*, and *Herodian* many that are not ſo much as hinted at by either? As for the ſpurious *Acts* of *Pilate*, now extant, we know the occaſion and time of their writing, and had there not been a true and authentic record of this nature, they would never have been forged.

VIII. The ſtory of *Agbarus* King of *Edeſſa*, relating to the letter which he ſent to our Saviour, and to that which he received from him, is a record of great authority; and though I will not inſiſt upon it, may venture to ſay, that had we ſuch an evidence for any fact in *Pagan* hiſtory, an author would be thought very unreaſonable who ſhould reject it. I believe you will be of my opinion, if you will peruſe, with other authors, who have appeared in vindication of theſe letters as genuine, the additional arguments which have been made uſe of by the late famous and learned Dr. *Grabe*, in the ſecond volume of his *Spicilegium*.

SECTION II.

I. *What facts in the hiſtory of our Saviour might be taken notice of by* Pagan *authors.*
II. *What particular facts are taken notice of, and by what* Pagan *authors.*
III. *How* Celſus *repreſented our Saviour's miracles.*
IV. *The ſame repreſentations made of them by other unbelievers, and proved unreaſonable.*
V. *What facts in our Saviour's hiſtory not to be expected from* Pagan *writers.*

I. WE now come to conſider what undoubted authorities are extant among *Pagan* writers; and here we muſt premiſe, that ſome parts of our Saviour's hiſtory may be reaſonably expected from *Pagans*. I mean ſuch parts as might be known to thoſe who lived at a diſtance from *Judæa*, as well as to thoſe who were the followers and eye-witneſſes of *Chriſt*.

II. Such

II. Such particulars are moſt of theſe which follow, and which are all atteſted by ſome one or other of thoſe heathen authors, who lived in or near the age of our Saviour and his diſciples. *That* Auguſtus Cæſar *had ordered the whole empire to be cenſed or taxed,* which brought our Saviour's reputed parents to *Bethlehem:* This is mentioned by ſeveral *Roman* hiſtorians, as *Tacitus, Suetonius* and *Dion. That a great light, or a new ſtar appeared in the Eaſt, which directed the wiſe men to our Saviour:* This is recorded by *Chalcidius. That* Herod, *the King of* Paleſtine, *ſo often mentioned in the* Roman *hiſtory, made a great ſlaughter of innocent children,* being ſo jealous of his ſucceſſor, that he put to death his own ſons on that account: This character of him is given by ſeveral hiſtorians, and this cruel fact mentioned by *Macrobius,* a heathen author, who tells it as a known thing, without any mark or doubt upon it. *That our Saviour had been in* Egypt: This *Celſus,* though he raiſes a monſtrous ſtory upon it, is ſo far from denying, that he tells us our Saviour learned the arts of magic in that country. *That* Pontius Pilate *was Governor of* Judæa, *that our Saviour was brought in judgment before him, and by him condemned and crucified:* This is recorded by *Tacitus. That many miraculous cures and works out of the ordinary courſe of nature were wrought by him:* This is confeſſed by *Julian* the Apoſtate, *Porphyry,* and *Hierocles,* all of them not only *Pagans,* but profeſſed enemies and perſecutors of Chriſtianity. *That our Saviour foretold ſeveral things which came to paſs according to his predictions:* This was atteſted by *Phlegon* in his annals, as we are aſſured by the learned *Origen* againſt *Celſus. That at the time when our Saviour died, there was a miraculous darkneſs and a great earthquake:* This is recorded by the ſame *Phlegon* the *Trallian,* who was likewiſe a *Pagan* and freeman to *Adrian* the Emperor. We may here obſerve, that a native of *Trallium,* which was not ſituate at ſo great a diſtance from *Paleſtine,* might very probably be informed of ſuch remarkable events as had paſſed among the *Jews* in the age immediately preceding his own times, ſince ſeveral of his countrymen with whom he had converſed, might have received a confuſed report of our Saviour before his crucifixion, and probably lived within the ſhake of the earthquake, and the ſhadow of the eclipſe, which are recorded by this author. *That* Chriſt *was worſhipped as a God among the Chriſtians; that they would rather ſuffer death than blaſpheme him; that they received a ſacrament, and by it entered into a vow of abſtaining from ſin and wickedneſs,* conformable to the advice given by St. *Paul; that they had private aſſemblies of worſhip, and uſed to join together in hymns:* This is the account which *Pliny* the younger gives of Chriſtianity in his days, about ſeventy years after the death of *Chriſt,* and which agrees in all its circumſtances with the accounts we have in holy writ, of the firſt ſtate of Chriſtianity after the crucifixion of our Bleſſed Saviour. *That St.* Peter,

whoſe miracles are many of them recorded in holy writ, did many wonderful works, is owned by *Julian* the apoſtate, who therefore repreſents him as a great magician, and one who had in his poſſeſſion a book of magical ſecrets left him by our Saviour. *That the devils or evil ſpirits were ſubject to them*, we may learn from *Porphyry*, who objects to chriſtianity, that ſince *Jeſus* had begun to be worſhipped, *AEſculapius* and the reſt of the gods did no more converſe with men. Nay, *Celſus* himſelf affirms the ſame thing in effect, when he ſays, that the power which ſeemed to reſide in chriſtians, proceeded from the uſe of certain names, and the invocation of certain dæmons. *Origen* remarks on this paſſage, that the author doubtleſs hints at thoſe chriſtians who put to flight evil ſpirits, and healed thoſe who were poſſeſſed with them; a fact which had been often ſeen, and which he himſelf had ſeen, as he declares in another part of his diſcourſe againſt *Celſus*. But at the ſame time, he aſſures us, that this miraculous power was exerted by the uſe of no other name but that of *Jeſus*, to which were added ſeveral paſſages in his hiſtory, but nothing like any invocation to dæmons.

III. *Celſus* was ſo hard ſet with the report of our Saviour's miracles, and the confident atteſtations concerning him, that though he often intimates he did not believe them to be true, yet knowing he might be ſilenced in ſuch an anſwer, provides himſelf with another retreat, when beaten out of this: namely, that our Saviour was a magician. Thus he compares the feeding of ſo many thouſands at two different times with a few loaves and fiſhes, to the magical feaſts of thoſe *Egyptian* impoſtors, who would preſent their ſpectators with viſionary entertainments that had in them neither ſubſtance nor reality: which, by the way, is to ſuppoſe, that a hungry and fainting multitude were filled by an apparition, or ſtrengthened and refreſhed with ſhadows. He knew very well that there were ſo many witneſſes and actors, if I may call them ſuch, in theſe two miracles, that it was impoſſible to refute ſuch multitudes, who had doubtleſs ſufficiently ſpread the fame of them, and was therefore in this place forced to reſort to the other ſolution, that it was done by magic. It was not enough to ſay that a miracle which appeared to ſo many thouſand eye-witneſſes was a forgery of *Chriſt*'s diſciples, and therefore ſuppoſing them to be eye-witneſſes, he endeavours to ſhew how they might be deceived.

IV. The unconverted heathens, who were preſſed by the many authorities that confirmed our Saviour's miracles, as well as the unbelieving *Jews*, who had actually ſeen them, were driven to account for them after the ſame manner: for, to work by magic in the heathen way of ſpeaking, was in the language of the *Jews* to caſt out devils by *Beelzebub* the Prince of the devils. Our Saviour, who knew that unbelievers in all ages would put this perverſe

verſe interpretation on his miracles, has branded the malignity of thoſe men, who contrary to the dictates of their own hearts ſtarted ſuch an unreaſonable objection, as a blaſphemy againſt the Holy Ghoſt, and declared not only the guilt, but the puniſhment of ſo black a crime. At the ſame time he condeſcended to ſhew the vanity and emptineſs of this objection againſt his miracles, by repreſenting that they evidently tended to the deſtruction of thoſe powers, to whoſe aſſiſtance the enemies of his doctrine then aſcribed them. An argument, which, if duly weighed, renders the objection ſo very frivolous and groundleſs, that we may venture to call it even blaſphemy againſt common ſenſe. Would magic endeavour to draw off the minds of men from the worſhip which was paid to ſtocks and ſtones, to give them an abhorrence of thoſe evil ſpirits who rejoiced in the moſt cruel ſacrifices, and in offerings of the greateſt impurity; and in ſhort to call upon mankind to exert their whole ſtrength in the love and adoration of that one Being, from whom they derived their exiſtence, and on whom only they were taught to depend every moment for the happineſs and continuance of it? Was it the buſineſs of magic to humaniſe our natures with compaſſion, forgiveneſs, and all the inſtances of the moſt extenſive charity? Would evil ſpirits contribute to make men ſober, chaſte, and temperate, and in a word to produce that reformation, which was wrought in the moral world by thoſe doctrines of our Saviour, that received their ſanction from his miracles? Nor is it poſſible to imagine, that evil ſpirits would enter into a combination with our Saviour to cut off all their correſpondence and intercourſe with mankind, and to prevent any for the future from addicting themſelves to thoſe rites and ceremonies, which had done them ſo much honor. We ſee the early effect which chriſtianity had on the minds of men in this particular, by that number of books, which were filled with the ſecrets of magic, and made a ſacrifice to chriſtianity by the converts mentioned in the *Acts* of the apoſtles. We have likewiſe an eminent inſtance of the inconſiſtency of our religion with magic, in the hiſtory of the famous *Aquila*. This perſon, who was a kinſman of the Emperor *Trajan*, and likewiſe a man of great learning, notwithſtanding he had embraced chriſtianity, could not be brought off from the ſtudies of magic, by the repeated admonitions of his fellow chriſtians: ſo that at length they expelled him their ſociety, as rather chooſing to loſe the reputation of ſo conſiderable a proſelyte, than communicate with one who dealt in ſuch dark and infernal practices. Beſides we may obſerve, that all the favorers of magic were the moſt profeſſed and bitter enemies to the chriſtian religion. Not to mention *Simon Magus* and many others, I ſhall only take notice of thoſe two great perſecutors of chriſtianity, the Emperors *Adrian* and *Julian* the apoſtate,

both of them initiated in the myſteries of divination, and ſkilled in all the depths of magic. I ſhall only add, that evil ſpirits cannot be ſuppoſed to have concurred in the eſtabliſhment of a religion, which triumphed over them, drove them out of the places they poſſeſſed, and diveſted them of their influence on mankind; nor would I mention this particular, though it be unanimouſly reported by all the ancient chriſtian authors, did it not appear from the authorities above cited, that this was a fact confeſſed by heathens themſelves.

V. We now ſee what a multitude of *Pagan* teſtimonies may be produced for all thoſe remarkable paſſages, which might have been expected from them: and indeed of ſeveral, that, I believe, do more than anſwer your expectation, as they were not ſubjects in their own nature ſo expoſed to public notoriety. It cannot be expected they ſhould mention particulars, which were tranſacted amongſt the diſciples only, or among ſome few even of the diſciples themſelves; ſuch as the transfiguration, the agony in the garden, the appearance of Chriſt after his reſurrection, and others of the like nature. It was impoſſible for a heathen author to relate theſe things; becauſe if he had believed them, he would no longer have been a heathen, and by that means his teſtimony would not have been thought of ſo much validity. Beſides, his very report of facts ſo favorable to chriſtianity would have prompted men to ſay that he was probably tainted with their doctrine. We have a parallel caſe in *Hecatæus*, a famous *Greek* hiſtorian, who had ſeveral paſſages in his book conformable to the hiſtory of the *Jewiſh* writers, which when quoted by *Joſephus*, as a confirmation of the *Jewiſh* hiſtory, when his heathen adverſaries could give no other anſwer to it, they would needs ſuppoſe that *Hecatæus* was a *Jew* in his heart, though they had no other reaſon for it, but becauſe his hiſtory gave greater authority to the *Jewiſh* than the *Egyptian* records.

SECTION III.

I. *Introduction to a ſecond liſt of* Pagan *authors, who gave teſtimony of our Saviour.*
II. *A paſſage concerning our Saviour, from a learned* Athenian.
III. *His converſion from* Paganiſm *to Chriſtianity makes his evidence ſtronger than if he had continued a* Pagan.
IV. *Of another* Athenian *philoſopher converted to Chriſtianity.*
V. *Why their converſion, inſtead of weakening, ſtrengthens their evidence in defence of Chriſtianity.*

VI. *Their*

VI. *Their belief in our Saviour's hiſtory founded at firſt upon the principles of hiſtorical faith.*
VII. *Their teſtimonies extended to all the particulars of our Saviour's hiſtory,*
VIII. *As related by the four Evangeliſts.*

I. TO this liſt of heathen writers, who make mention of our Saviour, or touch upon any particulars of his life, I ſhall add thoſe authors who were at firſt heathens, and afterwards converted to chriſtianity; upon which account, as I ſhall here ſhew, their teſtimonies are to be looked upon as the more authentic. And in this liſt of evidences, I ſhall confine myſelf to ſuch learned *Pagans* as came over to chriſtianity in the three firſt centuries, becauſe thoſe were the times in which men had the beſt means of informing themſelves of the truth of our Saviour's hiſtory, and becauſe among the great number of philoſophers who came in afterwards, under the reigns of chriſtian Emperors, there might be ſeveral who did it partly out of worldly motives.

II. Let us now ſuppoſe, that a learned heathen writer who lived within 60 years of our Saviour's crucifixion, after having ſhewn that falſe miracles were generally wrought in obſcurity, and before few or no witneſſes, ſpeaking of thoſe which were wrought by our Saviour, has the following paſſage: "But his works were always ſeen, becauſe they were true, they were "ſeen by thoſe who were healed, and by thoſe who were raiſed from the "dead. Nay, theſe perſons who were thus healed, and raiſed, were ſeen "not only at the time of their being healed, and raiſed, but long after-"wards. Nay they were ſeen not only all the while our Saviour was upon "earth, but ſurvived after his departure out of this world, nay ſome of "them were living in our days.

III. I dare ſay you would look upon this as a glorious atteſtation for the cauſe of chriſtianity, had it come from the hand of a famous *Athenian* philoſopher. Theſe forementioned words however are actually the words of one who lived about ſixty years after our Saviour's crucifixion, and was a famous philoſopher in *Athens:* but it will be ſaid, he was a convert to chriſtianity. Now conſider this matter impartially, and ſee if his teſtimony is not much more valid for that reaſon. Had he continued a *Pagan* philoſopher, would not the world have ſaid that he was not ſincere in what he writ, or did not believe it; for, if ſo, would not they have told us he would have embraced chriſtianity? This was indeed the caſe of this excellent man: he had ſo thoroughly examined the truth of our Saviour's hiſtory, and the excellency of that religion which he taught, and was ſo entirely convinced of both, that he became a proſelyte and died a martyr.

IV. *Ariſtides*

IV. *Ariſtides* was an *Athenian* philoſopher, at the ſame time, famed for his learning and wiſdom, but converted to chriſtianity. As it cannot be queſtioned that he peruſed and approved the apology of *Quadratus,* in which is the paſſage juſt now cited, he joined with him in an apology of his own, to the ſame Emperor, on the ſame ſubject. This apology, though now loſt, was extant in the time of *Ado Vinnenſis, A. D.* 870, and highly eſteemed by the moſt learned *Athenians,* as that author witneſſes. It muſt have contained great arguments for the truth of our Saviour's hiſtory, becauſe in it he aſſerted the divinity of our Saviour, which could not but engage him in the proof of his miracles.

V. I do allow that, generally ſpeaking, a man is not ſo acceptable and unqueſtioned an evidence in facts, which make for the advancement of his own party. But we muſt conſider that, in the caſe before us, the perſons to whom we appeal, were of an oppoſite party, till they were perſuaded of the truth of thoſe very facts which they report. They bear evidence to a hiſtory in defence of chriſtianity, the truth of which hiſtory was their motive to embrace chriſtianity. They atteſt facts which they had heard while they were yet heathens, and had they not found reaſon to believe them, they would ſtill have continued heathens, and have made no mention of them in their writings.

VI. When a man is born under chriſtian parents, and trained up in the profeſſion of that religion from a child, he generally guides himſelf by the rules of *Chriſtian Faith* in believing what is delivered by the Evangeliſts; but the learned *Pagans* of antiquity, before they became Chriſtians, were only guided by the common rules of *Hiſtorical Faith:* that is, they examined the nature of the evidence which was to be met with in common fame, tradition, and the writings of thoſe perſons who related them, together with the number, concurrence, veracity, and private characters of thoſe perſons; and being convinced upon all accounts that they had the ſame reaſon to believe the hiſtory of our Saviour, as that of any other perſon to which they themſelves were not actually eye-witneſſes, they were bound by all the rules of hiſtorical faith, and of right reaſon, to give credit to this hiſtory. This they did accordingly, and in conſequence of it publiſhed the ſame truth themſelves, ſuffered many afflictions, and very often death itſelf, in the aſſertion of them. When I ſay, that an hiſtorical belief of the acts of our Saviour induced theſe learned *Pagans* to embrace his doctrine, I do not deny that there were many other motives, which conduced to it, as the excellency of his precepts, the fulfilling of prophecies, the miracles of his diſciples, the irreproachable lives and magnanimous ſufferings of their followers, with other conſiderations of the ſame nature; but whatever other collateral

collateral arguments wrought more or leſs with philoſophers of that age, it is certain that a belief in the hiſtory of our Saviour was one motive with every new convert, and that upon which all others turned, as being the very baſis and foundation of chriſtianity.

VII. To this I muſt further add, that as we have already ſeen many particular facts which are recorded in holy writ, atteſted by particular *Pagan* authors: the teſtimony of thoſe I am now going to produce, extends to the whole hiſtory of our Saviour, and to that continued ſeries of actions, which are related of him and his diſciples in the books of the *New Teſtament.*

VIII. This evidently appears from their quotations out of the Evangeliſts, for the confirmation of any doctrine or account of our bleſſed Saviour. Nay, a learned man of our nation, who examined the writings of the moſt ancient fathers in another view, refers to ſeveral paſſages in *Irenæus, Tertullian, Clemens* of *Alexandria, Origen,* and *Cyprian,* by which he plainly ſhews that each of theſe early writers aſcribed to the four Evangeliſts by name their reſpective hiſtories; ſo that there is not the leaſt room for doubting of their belief in the hiſtory of our Saviour, as recorded in the Goſpels. I ſhall only add, that three of the five fathers here mentioned, and probably four, were *Pagans* converted to chriſtianity, as they were all of them very inquiſitive and deep in the knowledge of heathen learning and philoſophy.

SECTION IV.

I. *Character of the times in which the Chriſtian religion was propagated:*
II. *And of many who embraced it.*
III. *Three eminent and early inſtances.*
IV. *Multitudes of learned men who came over to it.*
V. *Belief in our Saviour's hiſtory, the firſt motive to their converſion.*
VI. *The names of ſeveral* Pagan *philoſophers, who were Chriſtian converts.*

I. IT happened very providentially to the honor of the chriſtian religion, that it did not take its riſe in the dark illiterate ages of the world, but at a time when arts and ſciences were at their height, and when there were men who made it the buſineſs of their lives to ſearch after truth, and ſift the ſeveral opinions of philoſophers and wiſe men, concerning the duty, the end, and chief happineſs of reaſonable creatures.

II. Several

II. Several of theſe therefore, when they had informed themſelves of our Saviour's hiſtory, and examined with unprejudiced minds the doctrines and manners of his diſciples and followers, were ſo ſtruck and convinced, that they profeſſed themſelves of that ſect; notwithſtanding, by this profeſſion in that juncture of time, they bid farewel to all the pleaſures of this life, renounced all the views of ambition, engaged in an uninterrupted courſe of ſeverities, and expoſed themſelves to public hatred and contempt, to ſufferings of all kinds, and to death itſelf.

III. Of this ſort we may reckon thoſe three early converts to chriſtianity, who each of them was a member of a ſenate famous for its wiſdom and learning. *Joſeph* the *Arimathean* was of the *Jewiſh Sanhedrim, Dionyſius* of the *Athenian Areopagus,* and *Flavius Clemens* of the *Roman* Senate; nay, at the time of his death, Conſul of *Rome.* Theſe three were ſo thoroughly ſatisfied of the truth of the Chriſtian religion, that the firſt of them, according to all the reports of antiquity, died a martyr to it; as did the ſecond, unleſs we diſbelieve *Ariſtides,* his fellow citizen and contemporary; and the third, as we are informed both by *Roman* and Chriſtian authors.

IV. Among thoſe innumerable multitudes, who in moſt of the known nations of the world came over to chriſtianity at its firſt appearance, we may be ſure there were great numbers of wiſe and learned men, beſide thoſe whoſe names are in the Chriſtian records, who without doubt took care to examine the truth of our Saviour's hiſtory, before they would leave the religion of their country and of their forefathers, for the ſake of one that would not only cut them off from the allurements of this world, but ſubject them to every thing terrible or diſagreeable in it. *Tertullian* tells the *Roman* Governors, that their corporations, councils, armies, tribes, companies, the palace, ſenate, and courts of judicature, were filled with chriſtians; as *Arnobius* aſſerts, that men of the fineſt parts and learning, orators, grammarians, rhetoricians, lawyers, phyſicians, philoſophers, deſpiſing the ſentiments they had been once fond of, took up their reſt in the chriſtian religion.

V. Who can imagine that men of this character did not thoroughly inform themſelves of the hiſtory of that perſon, whoſe doctrines they embraced? for however conſonant to reaſon his precepts appeared, how good ſoever were the effects which they produced in the world, nothing could have tempted men to acknowledge him as their God and Saviour, but their being firmly perſuaded of the miracles he wrought, and the many atteſtations of his divine miſſion, which were to be met with in the hiſtory of his life. This was the ground-work of the chriſtian religion, and, if this failed, the whole ſuperſtructure ſunk with it. This point therefore, of the truth of

of our Saviour's hiſtory, as recorded by the Evangeliſts, is every where taken for granted in the writings of thoſe, who from *Pagan* philoſophers became Chriſtian authors, and who, by reaſon of their converſion, are to be looked upon as of the ſtrongeſt collateral teſtimony for the truth of what is delivered concerning our Saviour.

VI. Beſides innumerable authors that are loſt, we have the undoubted names, works, or fragments of ſeveral *Pagan* philoſophers, which ſhew them to have been as learned as any unconverted heathen authors of the age in which they lived. If we look into the greateſt nurſeries of learning in thoſe ages of the world, we find in *Athens, Dionyſius, Quadratus, Ariſtides, Athenagoras;* and in *Alexandria, Dionyſius, Clemens, Ammonius, Arnobius,* and *Anatolius,* to whom we may add *Origen;* for though his father was a Chriſtian martyr, he became, without all controverſy, the moſt learned and able philoſopher of his age, by his education at *Alexandria,* in that famous ſeminary of arts and ſciences.

SECTION V.

I. *The learned* Pagans *had means and opportunities of informing themſelves of the truth of our Saviour's hiſtory;*
II. *From the proceedings,*
III. *The characters, ſufferings,*
IV. *And miracles of the perſons who publiſhed it.*
V. *How theſe firſt apoſtles perpetuated their tradition, by ordaining perſons to ſucceed them.*
VI. *How their ſucceſſors in the three firſt centuries preſerved their tradition.*
VII. *That five generations might derive this tradition from* Chriſt, *to the end of the third century.*
VIII. *Four eminent Chriſtians that delivered it down ſucceſſively to the year of our Lord* 254.
IX. *The faith of the four above-mentioned perſons, the ſame with that of the churches of the Eaſt, of the Weſt, and of* Egypt.
X. *Another perſon added to them, who brings us to the year* 343, *and that many other liſts might be added in as direct and ſhort a ſucceſſion.*
XI. *Why the tradition of the three firſt centuries, more authentic than that of any other age, proved from the converſation of the primitive Chriſtians.*

XII. *From the manner of initiating men into their religion.*
XIII. *From the correſpondence between the churches.*
XIV. *From the long lives of ſeveral of* Chriſt's *diſciples, of which two inſtances.*

I. IT now therefore only remains to conſider, whether theſe learned men had means and opportunities of informing themſelves of the truth of our Saviour's hiſtory; for unleſs this point can be made out, their teſtimonies will appear invalid, and their enquiries ineffectual.

II. As to this point, we muſt conſider, that many thouſands had ſeen the tranſactions of our Saviour in *Judæa*, and that many hundred thouſands had received an account of them from the mouths of thoſe who were actually eye-witneſſes. I ſhall only mention among theſe eye-witneſſes the twelve apoſtles, to whom we muſt add St. *Paul*, who had a particular call to this high office, though many other diſciples and followers of *Chriſt* had alſo their ſhare in the publiſhing this wonderful hiſtory. We learn from the ancient records of Chriſtianity, that many of the apoſtles and diſciples made it the expreſs buſineſs of their lives, travelled into the remoteſt parts of the world, and in all places gathered multitudes about them, to acquaint them with the hiſtory and doctrines of their crucified Maſter. And indeed, were all chriſtian records of theſe proceedings entirely loſt, as many have been, the effect plainly evinces the truth of them; for how elſe during the apoſtles lives could chriſtianity have ſpread itſelf with ſuch an amazing progreſs through the ſeveral nations of the *Roman* empire? how could it fly like lightning, and carry conviction with it, from one end of the earth to the other?

III. Heathens therefore of every age, ſex and quality, born in the moſt different climates, and bred up under the moſt different inſtitutions, when they ſaw men of plain ſenſe, without the help of learning, armed with patience and courage, inſtead of wealth, pomp, or power, expreſſing in their lives thoſe excellent doctrines of morality, which they taught as delivered to them from our Saviour, avering that they had ſeen his miracles during his life, and converſed with him after his death; when, I ſay, they ſaw no ſuſpicion of falſehood, treachery, or worldly intereſt, in their behaviour and converſation, and that they ſubmitted to the moſt ignominious and cruel deaths, rather than retract their teſtimony, or even be ſilent in matters which they were to publiſh by their Saviour's eſpecial command, there was no reaſon to doubt of the veracity of thoſe facts which they related, or of the Divine Miſſion in which they were employed.

IV. But even theſe motives to faith in our Saviour would not have been ſufficient to have brought about in ſo few years ſuch an incredible number of

of converſions, had not the apoſtles been able to exhibit ſtill greater proofs of the truths which they taught. A few perſons of an odious and deſpiſed country could not have filled the world with believers, had they not ſhewn undoubted credentials from the Divine Perſon who ſent them on ſuch a meſſage. Accordingly we are aſſured, that they were inveſted with the power of working miracles, which was the moſt ſhort and the moſt convincing argument that could be produced, and the only one that was adapted to the reaſon of all mankind, to the capacities of the wiſe and ignorant, and could overcome every cavil and every prejudice. Who would not believe that our Saviour healed the ſick, and raiſed the dead, when it was publiſhed by thoſe who themſelves often did the ſame miracles, in their preſence, and in his name? Could any reaſonable perſon imagine, that God Almighty would arm men with ſuch power to authoriſe a lie, and eſtabliſh a religion in the world which was diſpleaſing to him, or that evil ſpirits would lend them ſuch an effectual aſſiſtance to beat down vice and idolatry?

V. When the apoſtles had formed many aſſemblies in ſeveral parts of the *Pagan* world, who gave credit to the glad tidings of the Goſpel, that, upon their departure, the memory of what they had related might not periſh, they appointed out of theſe new converts, men of the beſt ſenſe, and of the moſt unblemiſhed lives, to preſide over theſe ſeveral aſſemblies, and to inculcate without ceaſing what they had heard from the mouths of theſe eye-witneſſes.

VI. Upon the death of any of thoſe ſubſtitutes to the apoſtles and diſciples of *Chriſt*, his place was filled up with ſome other perſon of eminence for his piety and learning, and generally a member of the ſame church, who after his deceaſe was followed by another, in the ſame manner, by which means the ſucceſſion was continued in an uninterrupted line. *Irenæus* informs us, that every church preſerved a catalogue of its biſhops in the order that they ſucceeded one another, and (for an example) produces the catalogue of thoſe who governed the church of *Rome* in that character, which contains eight or nine perſons, though but a very ſmall remove from the times of the apoſtles.

Indeed the liſts of biſhops, which are come down to us in other churches, are generally filled with greater numbers than one would expect. But the ſucceſſion was quick in the three firſt centuries, becauſe the biſhop very often ended in the martyr: for when a perſecution aroſe in any place, the firſt fury of it fell upon this order of holy men, who abundantly teſtified by their deaths and ſufferings, that they did not undertake theſe offices out of any temporal views, that they were ſincere and ſatisfied in the belief of what they taught, and that they firmly adhered to what they had received from the apoſtles, as laying down their lives in the ſame hope, and upon

the ſame principles. None can be ſuppoſed ſo utterly regardleſs of their own happineſs, as to expire in torment, and hazard their eternity, to ſupport any fables and inventions of their own, or any forgeries of their predeceſſors who had preſided in the ſame church, and which might have been eaſily detected by the tradition of that particular church, as well as by the concurring teſtimony of others. To this purpoſe, I think it is very remarkable, that there was not a ſingle martyr among thoſe many heretics, who diſagreed with the apoſtolical church, and introduced ſeveral wild and abſurd notions into the doctrines of Chriſtianity. They durſt not ſtake their preſent and future happineſs on their own chimerical imaginations, and did not only ſhun perſecution, but affirmed that it was unneceſſary for their followers to bear their religion through ſuch fiery trials.

VII. We may fairly reckon, that this firſt age of apoſtles and diſciples, with that ſecond generation of many who were their immediate converts, extended itſelf to the middle of the ſecond century, and that ſeveral of the third generation from theſe laſt mentioned, which was but the fifth from *Chriſt*, continued to the end of the third century. Did we know the age and numbers of the members in every particular church, which was planted by the apoſtles, I doubt not but in moſt of them there might be found five perſons who in a continued ſeries would reach through theſe three centuries of years, that is, till the 265th from the death of our Saviour.

VIII. Among the accounts of thoſe very few out of innumerable multitudes, who had embraced Chriſtianity, I ſhall ſingle out four perſons eminent for their lives, their writings, and their ſufferings, that were ſucceſſively contemporaries, and bring us down as far as to the year of our Lord 254. St. *John*, who was the beloved diſciple, and converſed the moſt intimately with our Saviour, lived till *Anno Dom.* 100. *Polycarp*, who was the diſciple of St. *John*, and had converſed with others of the apoſtles and diſciples of our Lord, lived till *Anno Dom.* 167, though his life was ſhortened by martyrdom. *Irenæus*, who was the diſciple of *Polycarp*, and had converſed with many of the immediate diſciples of the apoſtles, lived, at the loweſt computation of his age, till the year 202, when he was likewiſe cut off by martyrdom; in which year the great *Origen* was appointed regent of the Catechetic ſchool in *Alexandria*, and as he was the miracle of that age, for induſtry, learning, and philoſophy, he was looked upon as the champion of chriſtianity, till the year 254, when, if he did not ſuffer martyrdom, as ſome think he did, he was certainly actuated by the ſpirit of it, as appears in the whole courſe of his life and writings; nay, he had often been put to the torture, and had undergone trials worſe than death. As he converſed with the moſt eminent chriſtians of his time in *Egypt*, and in the Eaſt, brought over

over multitudes both from hereſy and heatheniſm, and left behind him ſeveral diſciples of great fame and learning, there is no queſtion but there were conſiderable numbers of thoſe who knew him, and had been his hearers, ſcholars, or proſelytes, that lived till the end of the third century, and to the reign of *Conſtantine* the Great.

IX. It is evident to thoſe, who read the lives and writings of *Polycarp, Irenæus* and *Origen,* that theſe three fathers believed the accounts which are given of our Saviour in the four Evangeliſts, and had undoubted arguments that not only St. *John,* but many others of our Saviour's diſciples, publiſhed the ſame accounts of him. To which we muſt ſubjoin this further remark, that what was believed by theſe fathers on this ſubject, was likewiſe the belief of the main body of chriſtians in thoſe ſucceſſive ages when they floriſhed; ſince *Polycarp* cannot but be looked upon, if we conſider the reſpect that was paid him, as the repreſentative of the eaſtern churches in this particular, *Irenæus* of the weſtern upon the ſame account, and *Origen* of thoſe eſtabliſhed in *Egypt.*

X. To theſe I might add *Paul* the famous hermit, who retired from the *Decian* perſecution five or ſix years before *Origen*'s death, and lived till the year 343. I have only diſcovered one of thoſe channels by which the hiſtory of our Saviour might be conveyed pure and unadulterated, through thoſe ſeveral ages that produced thoſe *Pagan* philoſophers, whoſe teſtimonies I make uſe of for the truth of our Saviour's hiſtory. Some or other of theſe philoſophers came into the chriſtian faith during its infancy, in the ſeveral periods of theſe three firſt centuries, when they had ſuch means of informing themſelves in all the particulars of our Saviour's hiſtory. I muſt further add, that though I have here only choſen this ſingle link of martyrs, I might find out others among thoſe names which are ſtill extant, that delivered down this account of our Saviour in a ſucceſſive tradition, till the whole *Roman* empire became chriſtian; as there is no queſtion but numberleſs ſeries of witneſſes might follow one another in the ſame order, and in as ſhort a chain, and that perhaps in every ſingle church, had the names and ages of the moſt eminent primitive chriſtians been tranſmitted to us with the like certainty.

XI. But to give this conſideration more force, we muſt take notice, that the tradition of the firſt ages of chriſtianity had ſeveral circumſtances peculiar to it, which made it more authentic than any other tradition in any other age of the world. The chriſtians, who carried their religion through ſo many general and particular perſecutions, were inceſſantly comforting and ſupporting one another, with the example and hiſtory of our Saviour and his apoſtles. It was the ſubject not only of their ſolemn aſſemblies, but

but of their private viſits and converſations. *Our virgins,* ſays *Tatian,* who lived in the ſecond century, *diſcourſe over their diſtaffs on divine ſubjects.* Indeed, when religion was woven into the civil government, and floriſhed under the protection of the Emperors, men's thoughts and diſcourſes were, as they are now, full of ſecular affairs; but in the three firſt centuries of chriſtianity, men who embraced this religion, had given up all their intereſts in this world, and lived in a perpetual preparation for the next, as not knowing how ſoon they might be called to it: ſo that they had little elſe to talk of but the life and doctrines of that Divine Perſon, which was their hope, their encouragement, and their glory. We cannot therefore imagine, that there was a ſingle perſon arrived at any degree of age or conſideration, who had not heard and repeated above a thouſand times in his life, all the particulars of our Saviour's birth, life, death, reſurrection, and aſcenſion.

XII. Eſpecially if we conſider, that they could not then be received as chriſtians, till they had undergone ſeveral examinations. Perſons of riper years, who flocked daily into the church during the three firſt centuries, were obliged to paſs through many repeated inſtructions, and give a ſtrict account of their proficiency, before they were admitted to baptiſm. And as for thoſe who were born of chriſtian parents, and had been baptiſed in their infancy, they were with the like care prepared and diſciplined for confirmation, which they could not arrive at, till they were found upon examination to have made a ſufficient progreſs in the knowledge of chriſtianity.

XIII. We muſt farther obſerve, that there was not only in thoſe times this religious converſation among private chriſtians, but a conſtant correſpondence between the churches that were eſtabliſhed by the apoſtles or their ſucceſſors, in the ſeveral parts of the world. If any new doctrine was ſtarted, or any fact reported of our Saviour, a ſtrict enquiry was made among the churches, eſpecially thoſe planted by the apoſtles themſelves, whether they had received any ſuch doctrine or account of our Saviour, from the mouths of the apoſtles, or the tradition of thoſe chriſtians, who had preceded the preſent members of the churches which were thus conſulted. By this means, when any novelty was publiſhed, it was immediately detected and cenſured.

XIV. St. *John,* who lived ſo many years after our Saviour, was appealed to in theſe emergencies as the living oracle of the church; and as his oral teſtimony laſted the firſt century, many have obſerved that, by a particular providence of God, ſeveral of our Saviour's diſciples, and of the early converts of his religion, lived to a very great age, that they might perſonally convey the truth of the Goſpel to thoſe times, which were very remote from the firſt publication of it. Of theſe, beſides St. *John,* we have a remarkable inſtance

inſtance in *Simeon,* who was one of the ſeventy ſent forth by our Saviour to publiſh the Goſpel before his crucifixion, and a near kinſman of the Lord. This venerable perſon, who had probably heard with his own ears our Saviour's prophecy of the deſtruction of *Jeruſalem*, preſided over the church eſtabliſhed in that city, during the time of its memorable ſiege, and drew his congregation out of thoſe dreadful and unparalleled calamities which befel his countrymen, by following the advice our Saviour had given, when they ſhould ſee *Jeruſalem* encompaſſed with armies, and the *Roman* ſtandards, or abomination of deſolation, ſet up. He lived till the year of our Lord 107, when he was martyred under the Emperor *Trajan.*

SECTION VI.

I. *The tradition of the apoſtles ſecured by other excellent inſtitutions;*
II. *But chiefly by the writings of the Evangeliſts.*
III. *The diligence of the diſciples and firſt Chriſtian converts, to ſend abroad theſe writings.*
IV. *That the written account of our Saviour was the ſame with that delivered by tradition;*
V. *Proved from the reception of the Goſpel by thoſe churches which were eſtabliſhed before it was written;*
VI. *From the uniformity of what was believed in the ſeveral churches;*
VII. *From a remarkable paſſage in* Irenæus.
VIII. *Records which are now loſt, of uſe to the three firſt centuries, for confirming the hiſtory of our Saviour.*
IX. *Inſtances of ſuch records.*

I. THUS far we ſee how the learned *Pagans* might appriſe themſelves from oral information of the particulars of our Saviour's hiſtory. They could hear, in every church planted in every diſtant part of the earth, the account which was there received and preſerved among them, of the hiſtory of our Saviour. They could learn the names and characters of thoſe firſt miſſionaries that brought to them theſe accounts, and the miracles by which God Almighty atteſted their reports. But the apoſtles and diſciples of *Chriſt,* to preſerve the hiſtory of his life, and to ſecure their accounts of him from error and oblivion, did not only ſet aſide certain perſons for that purpoſe, as has been already ſhewn, but appropriated certain days to the

the commemoration of thoſe facts which they had related concerning him. The firſt day of the week was in all its returns a perpetual memorial of his reſurrection, as the devotional exerciſes adapted to *Friday* and *Saturday*, were to denote to all ages that he was crucified on the one of thoſe days, and that he reſted in the grave on the other. You may apply the ſame remark to ſeveral of the annual feſtivals inſtituted by the apoſtles themſelves, or at furtheſt by their immediate ſucceſſors, in memory of the moſt important particulars in our Saviour's hiſtory; to which we muſt add the ſacraments inſtituted by our Lord himſelf, and many of thoſe rites and ceremonies which obtained in the moſt early times of the church. Theſe are to be regarded as ſtanding marks of ſuch facts as were delivered by thoſe, who were eye-witneſſes to them, and which were contrived with great wiſdom to laſt till time ſhould be no more. Theſe, without any other means, might have, in ſome meaſure, conveyed to poſterity, the memory of ſeveral tranſactions in the hiſtory of our Saviour, as they were related by his diſciples. At leaſt, the reaſon of theſe inſtitutions, though they might be forgotten, and obſcured by a long courſe of years, could not but be very well known by thoſe who lived in the three firſt centuries, and a means of informing the inquiſitive *Pagans* in the truth of our Saviour's hiſtory, that being the view in which I am to conſider them.

II. But leſt ſuch a tradition, though guarded by ſo many expedients, ſhould wear out by the length of time, the four Evangeliſts, within about fifty, or, as *Theodoret* affirms, thirty years, after our Saviour's death, while the memory of his actions was freſh among them, conſigned to writing that hiſtory, which for ſome years had been publiſhed only by the mouth of the apoſtles and diſciples. The farther conſideration of theſe holy penmen will fall under another part of this diſcourſe.

III. It will be ſufficient to obſerve here, that in the age which ſucceeded the apoſtles, many of their immediate diſciples ſent or carried in perſon the books of the four Evangeliſts, which had been written by apoſtles, or at leaſt approved by them, to moſt of the churches which they had planted in the different parts of the world. This was done with ſo much diligence, that when *Pantænus*, a man of great learning and piety, had travelled into *India* for the propagation of chriſtianity, about the year of our Lord 200, he found among that remote people the Goſpel of St. *Matthew*, which upon his return from that country he brought with him to *Alexandria*. This Goſpel is generally ſuppoſed to have been left in thoſe parts by St. *Bartholomew* the apoſtle of the *Indies*, who probably carried it with him before the writings of the three other Evangeliſts were publiſhed.

IV. That

IV. That the hiſtory of our Saviour, as recorded by the Evangeliſts, was the ſame with that which had been before delivered by the apoſtles and diſciples, will further appear in the proſecution of this diſcourſe, and may be gathered from the following conſiderations.

V. Had theſe writings differed from the ſermons of the firſt planters of chriſtianity, either in hiſtory or doctrine, there is no queſtion but they would have been rejected by thoſe churches which they had already formed. But ſo conſiſtent and uniform was the relation of the apoſtles, that theſe hiſtories appeared to be nothing elſe but their tradition and oral atteſtations made fixed and permanent. Thus was the fame of our Saviour, which in ſo few years had gone through the whole earth, confirmed and perpetuated by ſuch records, as would preſerve the traditionary account of him to after ages; and rectify it, if at any time, by paſſing through ſeveral generations, it might drop any part that was material, or contract any thing that was falſe or fictitious.

VI. Accordingly we find the ſame *Jeſus Chriſt*, who was born of a virgin, who had wrought many miracles in *Paleſtine*, who was crucified, roſe again, and aſcended into Heaven; I ſay, the ſame *Jeſus Chriſt* had been preached, and was worſhipped, in *Germany*, *France*, *Spain*, and *Great Britain*, in *Parthia*, *Media*, *Meſopotamia*, *Armenia*, *Phrygia*, *Aſia*, and *Pamphilia*, in *Italy*, *Egypt*, *Afric*, and beyond *Cyrene*, *India* and *Perſia*, and, in ſhort, in all the iſlands and provinces that are viſited by the riſing or ſetting ſun. The ſame account of our Saviour's life and doctrine was delivered by thouſands of preachers, and believed in thouſands of places, who all, as faſt as it could be conveyed to them, received the ſame account in writing from the four Evangeliſts.

VII. *Irenæus* to this purpoſe very aptly remarks, that thoſe barbarous nations, who in his time were not poſſeſſed of the written Goſpels, and had only learned the hiſtory of our Saviour from thoſe who had converted them to chriſtianity before the Goſpels were written, had among them the ſame accounts of our Saviour, which are to be met with in the four Evangeliſts. An inconteſtable proof of the harmony and concurrence between the holy ſcripture and the tradition of the churches in thoſe early times of chriſtianity.

VIII. Thus we ſee what opportunities the learned and inquiſitive heathens had of informing themſelves of the truth of our Saviour's hiſtory, during the three firſt centuries, eſpecially as they lay nearer one than another to the fountain head: beſide which, there were many uncontroverted traditions, records of chriſtianity, and particular hiſtories, that then threw light into theſe matters, but are now entirely loſt, by which, at that time, any

appearance of contradiction, or ſeeming difficulties, in the hiſtory of the Evangeliſts, were fully cleared up and explained: though we meet with fewer appearances of this nature in the hiſtory of our Saviour, as related by the four Evangeliſts, than in the accounts of any other perſon, publiſhed by ſuch a number of different hiſtorians who lived at ſo great a diſtance from the preſent age.

IX. Among theſe records which are loſt, and were of great uſe to the primitive chriſtians, is the letter to *Tiberius,* which I have already mentioned; that of *Marcus Aurelius,* which I ſhall take notice of hereafter; the writings of *Hegeſippus,* who had drawn down the hiſtory of chriſtianity to his own time, which was not beyond the middle of the ſecond century; the genuine *Sibylline* oracles, which in the firſt ages of the church were eaſily diſtinguiſhed from the ſpurious; the records preſerved in particular churches, with many other of the ſame nature.

SECTION VII.

I. *The ſight of miracles in thoſe ages a further confirmation of* Pagan *philoſophers in the Chriſtian faith.*
II. *The credibility of ſuch miracles.*
III. *A particular inſtance.*
IV. *Martyrdom, why conſidered as a ſtanding miracle.*
V. *Primitive Chriſtians thought many of the martyrs were ſupported by a miraculous power.*
VI. *Proved from the nature of their ſufferings.*
VII. *How martyrs further induced the* Pagans *to embrace Chriſtianity.*

I. THERE were other means, which I find had a great influence on the learned of the three firſt centuries, to create and confirm in them the belief of our bleſſed Saviour's hiſtory, which ought not to be paſſed over in ſilence. The firſt was, the opportunity they enjoyed of examining thoſe miracles, which were on ſeveral occaſions performed by chriſtians, and appeared in the church, more or leſs, during theſe firſt ages of chriſtianity. Theſe had great weight with the men I am now ſpeaking of, who, from learned *Pagans,* became fathers of the church; for they frequently boaſt of them in their writings, as atteſtations given by God himſelf to the truth of their religion.

II. At

II. At the ſame time, that theſe learned men declare how diſingenuous, baſe, and wicked it would be, how much beneath the dignity of philoſophy, and contrary to the precepts of chriſtianity, to utter falſehoods or forgeries in the ſupport of a cauſe, though never ſo juſt in itſelf, they confidently aſſert this miraculous power, which then ſubſiſted in the church, nay tell us that they themſelves had been eye-witneſſes of it at ſeveral times, and in ſeveral inſtances; nay appeal to the heathens themſelves for the truth of ſeveral facts they relate, nay challenge them to be preſent at their aſſemblies, and ſatisfy themſelves, if they doubt of it; nay we find that *Pagan* authors have in ſome inſtances confeſſed this miraculous power.

III. The letter of *Marcus Aurelius,* whoſe army was preſerved by a refreſhing ſhower, at the ſame time that his enemies were diſcomfited by a ſtorm of lightning, and which the heathen hiſtorians themſelves allow to have been ſupernatural and the effect of magic: I ſay, this letter, which aſcribed this unexpected aſſiſtance to the prayers of the chriſtians, who then ſerved in the army, would have been thought an unqueſtionable teſtimony of the miraculous power I am ſpeaking of, had it been ſtill preſerved. It is ſufficient for me in this place to take notice, that this was one of thoſe miracles which had its influence on the learned converts, becauſe it is related by *Tertullian,* and the very letter appealed to. When theſe learned men ſaw ſickneſs and phrenſy cured, the dead raiſed, the oracles put to ſilence, the dæmons and evil ſpirits forced to confeſs themſelves no Gods, by perſons who only made uſe of prayer and adjurations in the name of their crucified Saviour; how could they doubt of their Saviour's power on the like occaſions, as repreſented to them by the traditions of the church, and the writings of the Evangeliſts?

IV. Under this head, I cannot omit that which appears to me a ſtanding miracle in the three firſt centuries, I mean that amazing and ſupernatural courage or patience, which was ſhewn by innumerable multitudes of martyrs, in thoſe ſlow and painful torments that were inflicted on them. I cannot conceive a man placed in the burning iron chair at *Lyons,* amid the inſults and mockeries of a crowded amphitheatre, and ſtill keeping his ſeat; or ſtretched upon a grate of iron, over coals of fire, and breathing out his ſoul among the exquiſite ſufferings of ſuch a tedious execution, rather than renounce his religion, or blaſpheme his Saviour. Such trials ſeem to me above the ſtrength of human nature, and able to overbear duty, reaſon, faith, conviction, nay, and the moſt abſolute certainty of a future ſtate. Humanity, unaſſiſted in an extraordinary manner, muſt have ſhaken off the preſent preſſure, and have delivered itſelf out of ſuch a dreadful diſtreſs, by any means that could have been ſuggeſted to it. We can eaſily imagine,

that many perſons, in ſo good a cauſe, might have laid down their lives at the gibbet, the ſtake, or the block: but to expire leiſurely among the moſt exquiſite tortures, when they might come out of them, even by a mental reſervation, or an hypocriſy which was not without a poſſibility of being followed by repentance and forgiveneſs, has ſomething in it ſo far beyond the force and natural ſtrength of mortals, that one cannot but think there was ſome miraculous power to ſupport the ſufferer.

V. We find the church of *Smyrna,* in that admirable letter which gives an account of the death of *Polycarp* their beloved biſhop, mentioning the cruel torments of other early martyrs for chriſtianity, are of opinion, that our Saviour ſtood by them in a viſion, and perſonally converſed with them, to give them ſtrength and comfort during the bitterneſs of their long continued agonies; and we have the ſtory of a young man, who, having ſuffered many tortures, eſcaped with life, and told his fellow chriſtians, that the pain of them had been rendered tolerable, by the preſence of an Angel who ſtood by him, and wiped off the tears and ſweat, which ran down his face whilſt he lay under his ſufferings. We are aſſured at leaſt, that the firſt martyr for chriſtianity was encouraged in his laſt moments, by a viſion of that Divine Perſon for whom he ſuffered, and into whoſe preſence he was then haſtening.

VI. Let any man calmly lay his hand upon his heart, and after reading theſe terrible conflicts in which the ancient martyrs and confeſſors were engaged, when they paſſed through ſuch new inventions and varieties of pain, as tired their tormentors; and aſk himſelf, however zealous and ſincere he is in his religion, whether under ſuch acute and lingring tortures he could ſtill have held faſt his integrity, and have profeſſed his faith to the laſt, without a ſupernatural aſſiſtance of ſome kind or other. For my part, when I conſider that it was not an unaccountable obſtinacy in a ſingle man, or in any particular ſet of men, in ſome extraordinary juncture; but that there were multitudes of each ſex, of every age, of different countries and conditions, who for near 300 years together made this glorious confeſſion of their faith, in the midſt of tortures, and in the hour of death: I muſt conclude, that they were either of another make than men are at preſent, or that they had ſuch miraculous ſupports as were peculiar to thoſe times of chriſtianity, when without them perhaps the very name of it might have been extinguiſhed.

VII. It is certain, that the deaths and ſufferings of the primitive chriſtians had a great ſhare in the converſion of thoſe learned *Pagans,* who lived in the ages of perſecution, which with ſome intervals and abatements laſted near 300 years after our Saviour. *Juſtin Martyr, Tertullian, Lactantius, Arnobius,* and others, tell us, that this firſt of all alarmed their curioſity, rouſed their

their attention, and made them ſeriouſly inquiſitive into the nature of that religion, which could endue the mind with ſo much ſtrength, and overcome the fear of death, nay raiſe an earneſt deſire of it, though it appeared in all its terrors. This they found had not been effected by all the doctrines of thoſe philoſophers, whom they had thoroughly ſtudied, and who had been laboring at this great point. The ſight of theſe dying and tormented martyrs engaged them to ſearch into the hiſtory and doctrines of him for whom they ſuffered. The more they ſearched, the more they were convinced; till their conviction grew ſo ſtrong, that they themſelves embraced the ſame truths, and either actually laid down their lives, or were always in a readineſs to do it, rather than depart from them.

SECTION VIII.

I. *The completion of our Saviour's prophecies confirmed* Pagans *in their belief of the Goſpel.*
II. Origen's *obſervation on that of his diſciples being brought before Kings and Governors;*
III. *On their being perſecuted for their religion;*
IV. *On their preaching the Goſpel to all nations;*
V. *On the deſtruction of* Jeruſalem, *and ruin of the* Jewiſh *œconomy.*
VI. *Theſe arguments ſtrengthened by what has happened ſince* Origen's *time.*

I. THE ſecond of thoſe extraordinary means, of great uſe to the learned and inquiſitive *Pagans* of the three firſt centuries, for evincing the truth of the hiſtory of our Saviour, was the completion of ſuch prophecies as are recorded of him in the Evangeliſts. They could not indeed form any arguments from what he foretold, and was fulfilled during his life, becauſe both the prophecy and the completion were over before they were publiſhed by the Evangeliſts; though, as *Origen* obſerves, what end could there be in forging ſome of theſe predictions, as that of St. *Peter*'s denying his maſter, and all his diſciples forſaking him in the greateſt extremity, which reflects ſo much ſhame on the great apoſtle, and on all his companions? Nothing but a ſtrict adherence to truth, and to matters of fact, could have prompted the Evangeliſts to relate a circumſtance ſo diſadvantageous to their own reputation; as that father has well obſerved.

II. But to purſue his reflections on this ſubject. There are predictions of our Saviour recorded by the Evangeliſts, which were not completed till after

after their deaths, and had no likelihood of being ſo, when they were pronounced by our bleſſed Saviour. Such was that wonderful notice he gave them, that they ſhould be brought before Governors and Kings for his ſake, for a teſtimony againſt them and the *Gentiles, Mat.* 10. 28. with the other like prophecies, by which he foretold that his diſciples were to be perſecuted. Is there any other doctrine in the world, ſays this father, whoſe followers are puniſhed? Can the enemies of *Chriſt* ſay, that he knew his opinions were falſe and impious, and that therefore he might well conjecture and foretel what would be the treatment of thoſe perſons who ſhould embrace them? Suppoſing his doctrines were really ſuch, why ſhould this be the conſequence? what likelihood that men ſhould be brought before Kings and Governors for opinions and tenets of any kind, when this never happened even to the *Epicureans,* who abſolutely denied a Providence; nor to the *Peripatetics* themſelves, who laughed at the prayers and ſacrifices which were made to the Divinity? Are there any but the chriſtians, who, according to this prediction of our Saviour, being brought before Kings and Governors for his ſake, are preſſed to their lateſt gaſp of breath, by their reſpective judges, to renounce chriſtianity, and to procure their liberty and reſt, by offering the ſame ſacrifices, and taking the ſame oaths that others did?

III. Conſider the time when our Saviour pronounced thoſe words, Mat. 10. 32. *Whoſoever ſhall confeſs me before men, him will I confeſs alſo before my Father which is in heaven: but whoſoever ſhall deny me before men, him will I alſo deny before my Father which is in heaven.* Had you heard him ſpeak after this manner, when as yet his diſciples were under no ſuch trials, you would certainly have ſaid within yourſelf, If theſe ſpeeches of *Jeſus* are true, and if, according to his prediction, Governors and Kings undertake to ruin and deſtroy thoſe who ſhall profeſs themſelves his diſciples, we will believe (not only that he is a prophet, but) that he has received power from God ſufficient to preſerve and propagate his religion; and that he would never talk in ſuch a peremptory and diſcouraging manner, were he not aſſured that he was able to ſubdue the moſt powerful oppoſition, that could be made againſt the faith and doctrine which he taught.

IV. Who is not ſtruck with admiration, when he repreſents to himſelf our Saviour at that time foretelling, that his Goſpel ſhould be preached in all the world, for a witneſs unto all nations, or as *Origen* (who rather quotes the ſenſe than the words) to ſerve for a conviction to Kings and people, when at the ſame time he finds that his Goſpel has accordingly been preached to *Greeks* and *Barbarians,* to the learned and to the ignorant, and that there is no quality or condition of life able to exempt men from ſubmitting

mitting to the doctrine of *Chriſt?* As for us, ſays this great author, in another part of his book againſt *Celſus*, " When we ſee every day thoſe events ex-" actly accompliſhed which our Saviour foretold at ſo great a diſtance: " That his Goſpel is preached in all the world, *Matthew* 24. 14. That his " diſciples go and teach all nations, *Matthew* 28. 19. And that thoſe, who " have received his doctrine, are brought for his ſake before Governors, " and before Kings, *Matthew* 10. 18. we are filled with admiration, and our " faith in him is confirmed more and more. What clearer and ſtronger " proofs can *Celſus* aſk for the truth of what he ſpoke?"

V. *Origen* inſiſts likewiſe with great ſtrength on that wonderful prediction of our Saviour, concerning the deſtruction of *Jeruſalem*, pronounced at a time, as he obſerves, when there was no likelihood nor appearance of it. This has been taken notice of and inculcated by ſo many others, that I ſhall refer you to what this father has ſaid on the ſubject in the firſt book againſt *Celſus*. And as to the accompliſhment of this remarkable prophecy, ſhall only obſerve, that whoever reads the account given us by *Joſephus*, without knowing his character, and compares it with what our Saviour foretold, would think the hiſtorian had been a chriſtian, and that he had nothing elſe in view but to adjuſt the event to the prediction.

VI. I cannot quit this head without taking notice, that *Origen* would ſtill have triumphed more in the foregoing arguments, had he lived an age longer, to have ſeen the *Roman* Emperors, and all their Governors and provinces, ſubmitting themſelves to the Chriſtian Religion, and glorying in its profeſſion, as ſo many Kings and Sovereigns ſtill place their relation to *Chriſt* at the head of their titles.

How much greater confirmation of his faith would he have received, had he ſeen our Saviour's prophecy ſtand good in the deſtruction of the temple, and the diſſolution of the *Jewiſh* œconomy, when *Jews* and *Pagans* united all their endeavours under *Julian* the apoſtate, to baffle and falſify the prediction? The great preparations that were made for rebuilding the temple, with the hurricane, earthquake, and eruptions of fire, that deſtroyed the work, and terrified thoſe employed in the attempt from proceeding in it, are related by many hiſtorians of the ſame age, and the ſubſtance of the ſtory teſtified both by *Pagan* and *Jewiſh* writers, as *Ammianus Marcellinus* and *Zammath-David*. The learned *Chryſoſtom*, in a ſermon againſt the *Jews*, tells them this fact was then freſh in the memories even of their young men, that it happened but twenty years ago, and that it was atteſted by all the inhabitants of *Jeruſalem*, where they might ſtill ſee the marks of it in the rubbiſh of that work, from which the *Jews* deſiſted in ſo great a fright, and which even *Julian* had not the courage to carry on. This fact, which

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is in itſelf ſo miraculous, and ſo indiſputable, brought over many of the *Jews* to chriſtianity; and ſhews us, that after our Saviour's prophecy againſt it, the temple could not be preſerved from the plough paſſing over it, by all the care of *Titus,* who would fain have prevented its deſtruction, and that inſtead of being re-edified by *Julian,* all his endeavours towards it did but ſtill more literally accompliſh our Saviour's prediction, that not one ſtone ſhould be left upon another.

The ancient chriſtians were ſo entirely perſuaded of the force of our Saviour's prophecies, and of the puniſhment which the *Jews* had drawn upon themſelves, and upon their children, for the treatment which the *Meſſiah* had received at their hands, that they did not doubt but they would always remain an abandoned and diſperſed people, an hiſſing and an aſtoniſhment among the nations, as they are to this day. In ſhort, that they had loſt their peculiarity of being God's people, which was now transferred to the body of chriſtians, and which preſerved the church of *Chriſt* among all the conflicts, difficulties and perſecutions, in which it was engaged, as it had preſerved the *Jewiſh* government and œconomy for ſo many ages, whilſt it had the ſame truth and vital principle in it, notwithſtanding it was ſo frequently in danger of being utterly aboliſhed and deſtroyed. *Origen,* in his fourth book againſt *Celſus,* mentioning their being caſt out of *Jeruſalem,* the place to which their worſhip was annexed, deprived of their temple and ſacrifice, their religious rites and ſolemnities, and ſcattered over the face of the earth, ventures to aſſure them with a face of confidence, that they would never be re-eſtabliſhed, ſince they had committed that horrid crime againſt the Saviour of the world. This was a bold aſſertion in the good man, who knew how this people had been ſo wonderfully re-eſtabliſhed in former times, when they were almoſt ſwallowed up, and in the moſt deſperate ſtate of deſolation, as in their deliverance out of the *Babyloniſh* captivity, and the oppreſſions of *Antiochus Epiphanes.* Nay, he knew that within leſs than a hundred years before his own time, the *Jews* had made ſuch a powerful effort for their re-eſtabliſhment under *Barchocab,* in the reign of *Adrian,* as ſhook the whole *Roman* empire. But he founded his opinion on a ſure word of prophecy, and on the puniſhment they had ſo juſtly incurred; and we find, by a long experience of 1500 years, that he was not miſtaken, nay that his opinion gathers ſtrength daily, ſince the *Jews* are now at a greater diſtance from any probability of ſuch a re-eſtabliſhment, than they were when *Origen* wrote.

SECTION

SECTION IX.

I. *The lives of primitive Chriſtians, another means of bringing learned* Pagans *into their religion.*
II. *The change and reformation of their manners.*
III. *This looked upon as ſupernatural by the learned* Pagans.
IV. *And ſtrengthened the accounts given of our Saviour's life and hiſtory.*
V. *The* Jewiſh *prophecies of our Saviour, an argument for the heathens belief:*
VI. *Purſued:*
VII. *Purſued.*

I. THERE was one other means enjoyed by the learned *Pagans* of the three firſt centuries, for ſatisfying them in the truth of our Saviour's hiſtory, which I might have flung under one of the foregoing heads; but as it is ſo ſhining a particular, and does ſo much honor to our religion, I ſhall make a diſtinct article of it, and only conſider it with regard to the ſubject I am upon: I mean the lives and manners of thoſe holy men, who believed in *Chriſt* during the firſt ages of chriſtianity. I ſhould be thought to advance a paradox, ſhould I affirm that there were more chriſtians in the world during thoſe times of perſecution, than there are at preſent in theſe which we call the floriſhing times of chriſtianity. But this will be found an indiſputable truth, if we form our calculation upon the opinions which prevailed in thoſe days, that every one who lives in the habitual practice of any voluntary ſin, actually cuts himſelf off from the benefits and profeſſion of chriſtianity, and whatever he may call himſelf, is in reality no chriſtian, nor ought to be eſteemed as ſuch.

II. In the times we are now ſurveying, the chriſtian religion ſhewed its full force and efficacy on the minds of men, and by many examples demonſtrated what great and generous ſouls it was capable of producing. It exalted and refined its proſelytes to a very high degree of perfection, and ſet them far above the pleaſures, and even the pains, of this life. It ſtrengthened the infirmity, and broke the fierceneſs of human nature. It lifted up the minds of the ignorant to the knowledge and worſhip of him that made them, and inſpired the vicious with a rational devotion, a ſtrict purity of heart, and an unbounded love to their fellow creatures. In proportion as it ſpread through the world, it ſeemed to change mankind into another ſpecies

of beings. No ſooner was a convert initiated into it, but by an eaſy figure he became a new man, and both acted and looked upon himſelf as one regenerated and born a ſecond time into another ſtate of exiſtence.

III. It is not my buſineſs to be more particular in the accounts of primitive chriſtianity, which have been exhibited ſo well by others, but rather to obſerve that the *Pagan* converts, of whom I am now ſpeaking, mention this great reformation of thoſe who had been the greateſt ſinners, with that ſudden and ſurpriſing change which it made in the lives of the moſt profligate, as having ſomething in it ſupernatural, miraculous, and more than human. *Origen* repreſents this power in the chriſtian religion, as no leſs wonderful than that of curing the lame and blind, or cleanſing the leper. Many others repreſent it in the ſame light, and looked upon it as an argument that there was a certain divinity in that religion, which ſhewed itſelf in ſuch ſtrange and glorious effects.

IV. This therefore was a great means not only of recommending chriſtianity to honeſt and learned heathens, but of confirming them in the belief of our Saviour's hiſtory, when they ſaw multitudes of virtuous men daily forming themſelves upon his example, animated by his precepts, and actuated by that ſpirit which he had promiſed to ſend among his diſciples.

V. But I find no argument made a ſtronger impreſſion on the minds of theſe eminent *Pagan* converts, for ſtrengthening their faith in the hiſtory of our Saviour, than the predictions relating to him in thoſe old prophetic writings, which were depoſited among the hands of the greateſt enemies to chriſtianity, and owned by them to have been extant many ages before his appearance. The learned heathen converts were aſtoniſhed to ſee the whole hiſtory of their Saviour's life publiſhed before he was born, and to find that the evangeliſts and prophets, in their accounts of the *Meſſiah,* differed only in point of time, the one foretelling what ſhould happen to him, and the other deſcribing thoſe very particulars as what had actually happened. This our Saviour himſelf was pleaſed to make uſe of as the ſtrongeſt argument of his being the promiſed *Meſſiah,* and without it would hardly have reconciled his diſciples to the ignominy of his death, as in that remarkable paſſage which mentions his converſation with the two diſciples, on the day of his reſurrection. St. *Luke,* chap. 24. verſe 13 to the end.

VI. The heathen converts, after having travelled through all human learning, and fortified their minds with the knowledge of arts and ſciences, were particularly qualified to examine theſe prophecies with great care and impartiality, and without prejudice or prepoſſeſſion. If the *Jews* on the one ſide put an unnatural interpretation on theſe prophecies, to evade the force of them in their controverſies with the chriſtians; or if the chriſtians on the other

other ſide over-ſtrained ſeveral paſſages in their applications of them, as it often happens among men of the beſt underſtanding, when their minds are heated with any conſideration that bears a more than ordinary weight with it; the learned heathens may be looked upon as neuters in the matter, when all theſe prophecies were new to them, and their education had left the interpretation of them free and indifferent. Beſides, theſe learned men among the primitive chriſtians, knew how the *Jews,* who had preceded our Saviour, interpreted theſe predictions, and the ſeveral marks by which they acknowledged the *Meſſiah* would be diſcovered, and how thoſe of the *Jewiſh* doctors who ſucceeded him, had deviated from the interpretations and doctrines of their forefathers, on purpoſe to ſtifle their own conviction.

VII. This ſet of arguments had therefore an invincible force with thoſe *Pagan* philoſophers who became chriſtians, as we find in moſt of their writings. They could not diſbelieve our Saviour's hiſtory, which ſo exactly agreed with every thing that had been written of him many ages before his birth, nor doubt of thoſe circumſtances being fulfilled in him, which could not be true of any perſon that lived in the world beſides himſelf. This wrought the greateſt confuſion in the unbelieving *Jews,* and the greateſt conviction in the *Gentiles,* who every where ſpeak with aſtoniſhment of theſe truths they met with in this new magazine of learning which was opened to them, and carry the point ſo far as to think, whatever excellent doctrine they had met with among *Pagan* writers, had been ſtole from their converſation with the *Jews,* or from the peruſal of theſe writings which they had in their cuſtody.

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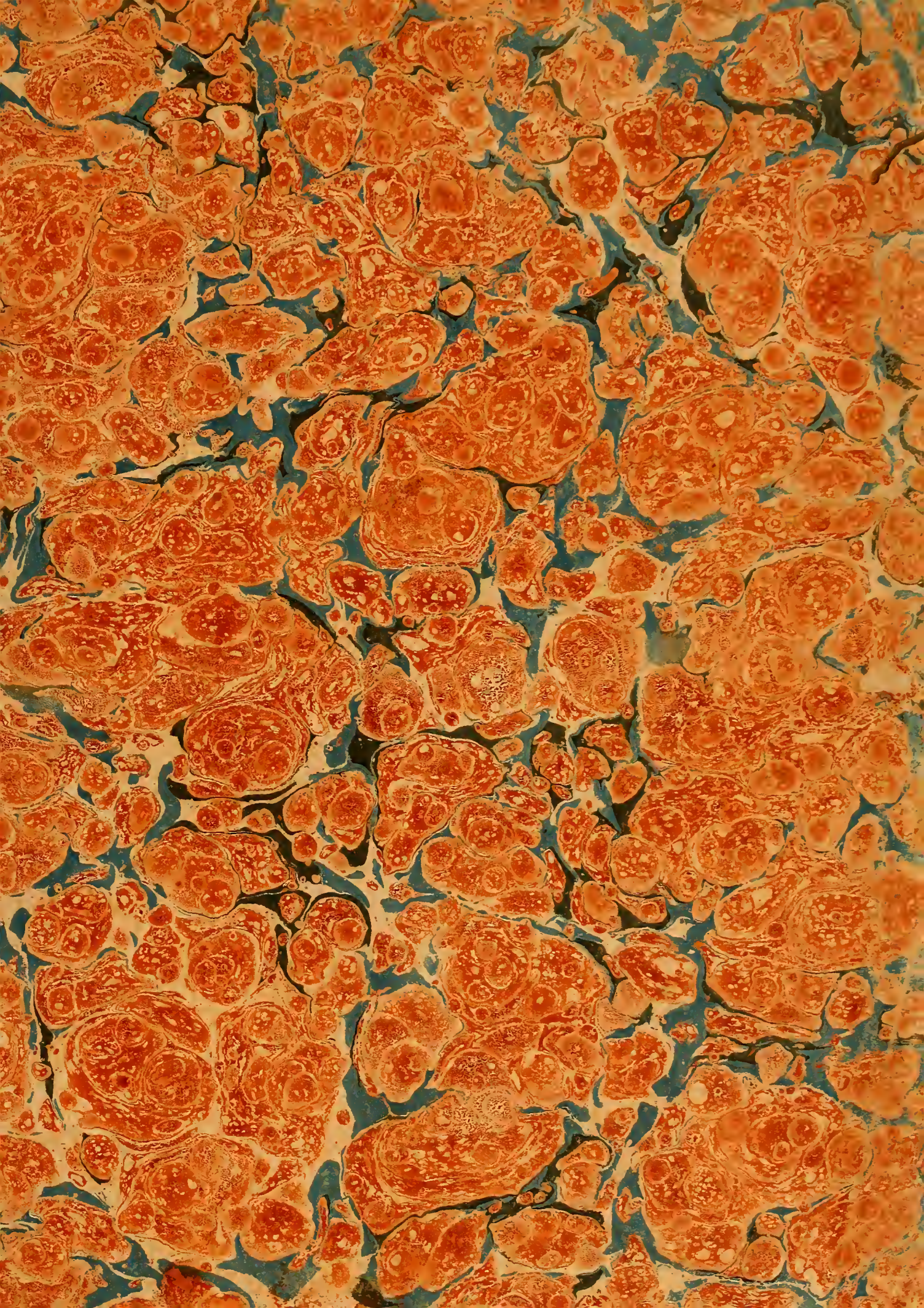
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